THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

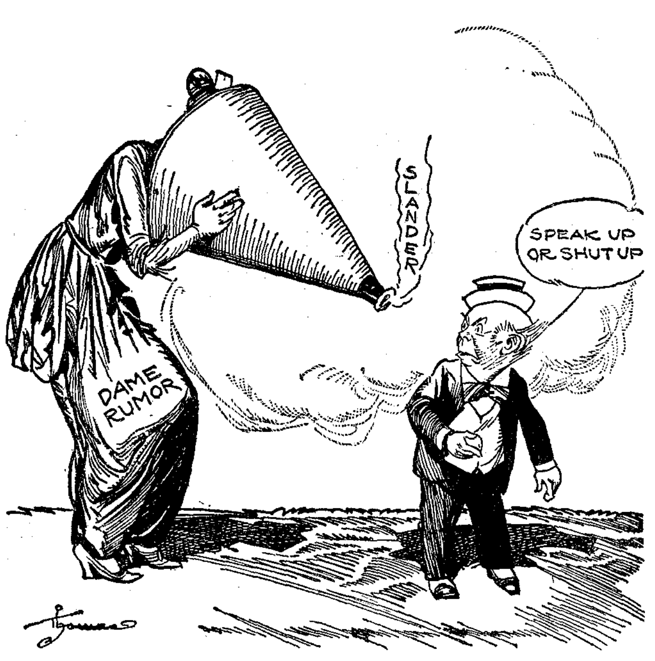
(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THAT "WHISPERING" CAMPAIGN

A CAMPAIGN OF CHARACTER ASSASSINATION, in which the assassins, using for weapons whispers and innuendoes, strike at the Presidential candidates under the cowardly cover of anonymity, is causing embarrassment both to the Republican and the Democratic party leaders. It was whispered diligently, especially during the pre-convention campaign, that Mr. Hoover's Americanism was open to grave suspicion, and that his wealth had been acquired none too scrupulously. Or, as the Republican Hartford *Courant* puts it, he has been called virtually everything "from a traitor to a superior type of horse-thief." The whispers against Governor Smith, which are said to be particularly active and sibilant in the South, seem to be chiefly concerned with two charges—that he is intemperate in his use of alcohol, and that, as President, his appointments and other official decisions would be subject to a religious bias.

Responsible papers, while admitting that the well-known records of the two candidates, both in their private and their public lives, place them far beyond the range of such unscrupulous attacks, nevertheless deplore and denounce this degrading feature of the Presidential campaign. "To be privately traduced has been the common lot of men seeking high office in the United States," the New York *Times* (Dem.) reminds us; but it adds: "Every right-minded citizen must resent the employment of such unfair tactics. It is not a question of the effect upon a party or upon a candidate. What should be of concern is the general influence of all this upon political decency and the morale of voters." "If Presidential campaigns can not be conducted on a plane above the gutter level, we may as well abolish the election and establish an executive dynasty," declares the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.). And it adds:

> "Of all the despicable methods of campaigning, this whispering device is the worst. It spreads poison and lets the poisoner escape. It is base slander which permits the slanderer to sneak away in the dark. While the civilized powers admit the desirability of abandoning poison gas in warfare, civilized society may well declare a war of extermination against this equally reprehensible method of political offense, which is aptly described as organized mud-slinging."

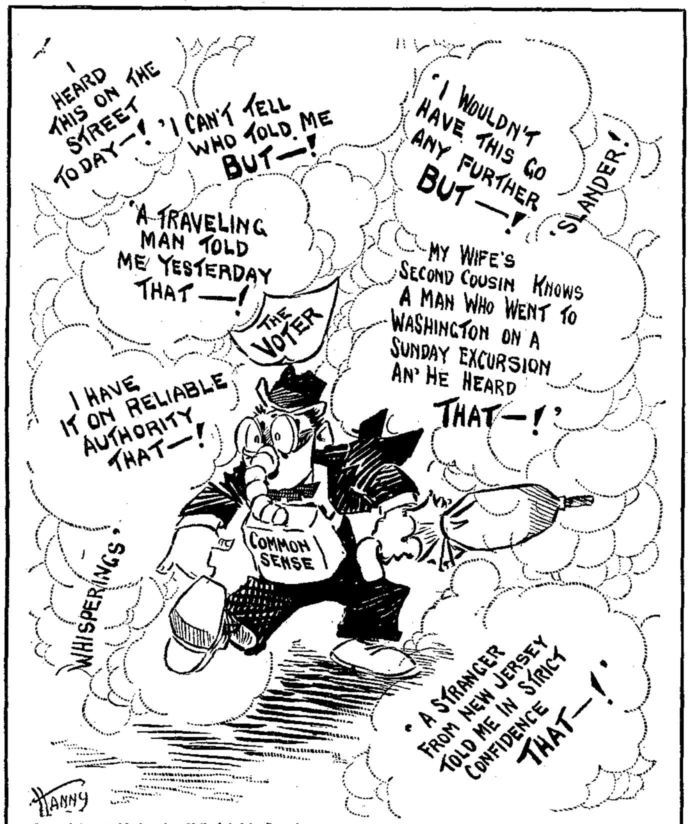


BALLYHOO REVERSED
—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

Similar denunciations are to be found on hundreds of editorial pages, regardless of party affiliation. "There are whisperers because there are cowards," explains the Buffalo *Courier-Express* (Ind.). The Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) speaks of "this diabolical campaign of undercover innuendo." "No other political device is quite so detestable and so hard to combat," says the Troy *Times* (Rep.), because such campaigns "can not be fairly met by those against whom they are directed. This or that false or ugly rumor or accusation, which would not survive or stand up an hour under intelligent scrutiny, is passed along from the places of its origin until finally it becomes a part of the folklore of a period." "It is safe to accept the broad principle that the circumstance that resort is had to the whispering method is *prima facie* evidence of falsity," avers the Portland *Oregonian* (Ind. Rep.). "Let us all do our best," admonishes the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Ind. Rep.), "to get this campaign out of the swamps of slander and up on the plane where such a contest belongs."

But the protest that has attracted the widest attention is contained in a public statement, issued in Washington on September 9 by Dr. Hubert Work, chairman of the Republican National Committee. This acquires an added significance from the report, in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun*, that it was not only approved, but prompted, by Mr. Hoover. Said Dr. Work:

> "Certain disgusting types of periodical articles and anonymous publications directed against the two Presidential candidates have come to my attention. Some of them are so scurrilous that I would not willingly show them as an exhibit. There may be no law to prevent their issue, but they are an offense to common decency, and every true American should and will resent such tactics. I wish to denounce these and similar utterances or statements that may have appeared, or that may subsequently appear, from whatever source and irrespective of which candidate they attempt to malign.
>
> "I can not be too emphatic in saying that no personal attacks have been made, either with the sanction or knowledge of the Republican National Committee. We do not want to win votes on tactics that are opposed to every standard and tradition of our party. They are equally harmful to the candidate maligned, and to his opponent, and constitute an offense against public


I HEARD THIS ON THE STREET TODAY—!
I CAN'T TELL WHO TOLD ME BUT—!
I WOULDN'T HAVE THIS GO ANY FURTHER BUT—!
SLANDER!
A TRAVELING MAN TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT—!
THE VOTER
MY WIFE'S SECOND COUSIN KNOWS A MAN WHO WENT TO WASHINGTON ON A SUNDAY EXCURSION AN' HE HEARD THAT—!
I HAVE IT ON RELIABLE AUTHORITY THAT—!
COMMON SENSE
WHISPERINGS
A STRANGER FROM NEW JERSEY TOLD ME IN STRICT CONFIDENCE THAT—!
HANNY

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YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

morals. Once and for all, I denounce all such activities as vicious and beyond the pale of decent political campaigning. In saying this I am merely iterating the policy which I announced at the outset of the campaign.

"These periodical articles and anonymous materials about the Republican candidate are equally scurrilous and false. Some of the latter are letters sent by presumably responsible persons in the opposition under seal of confidence, but intended to start whispering campaigns. Some of them have been broadcast in certain sections of the country under the protection and privilege of the Congressional frank.

"There are real and fundamental issues in this contest, and vital principles of government are at stake. These immaterial utterances of foolish extremists on either side should not be used to obscure the real issues."

Washington correspondents, however, report that the Republican candidate does not think that muttered slanders, which make their appearance in practically all Presidential campaigns, ever have much effect on the result.

About a week before Dr. Work attacked the activities of the whisperers, Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, had specifically denounced and denied certain anonymously circulated charges against the head of his own ticket. In the course of a campaign speech in Texas, the Senator said: "The charge is going the rounds that Governor Smith is a drunkard. There is not one word of truth in it." Furthermore, "everybody with any sense knows he spoke the truth," says the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.), which adds: "Drunkards do not accomplish what Governor Smith has accomplished in his diligent life, nor are they honored time after time with election to positions of high public trust." "The utterly false charge that Governor Smith is 'a drunkard' is only one of the many deadly concoctions that are being foisted upon the voters of the South," remarks the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (Dem.). And in the Baltimore *Sun*, an independent paper with strong Democratic sympathies, we read:

"There are political observers who take the view that there are perhaps millions of people who would never know that 'drunkenness' is being charged against Governor Smith by the under-cover campaigners if a man of the standing of Robinson had made no public reference to the matter. They deplore the whole business both as bad taste and worse judgment.

"But the Senator is probably pursuing a wise course in dragging the malodorous mess into the open in order that the light of truth may fall upon it. His utterances no doubt will plant ideas in some minds of Governor Smith's alleged unworthiness; ideas that did not before exist. But the Senator's challenge to the whisperers will show many other people that there is no fact about either the private or public life of the Democratic candidate for which apology should be made; certainly none from which his own friends should recoil.

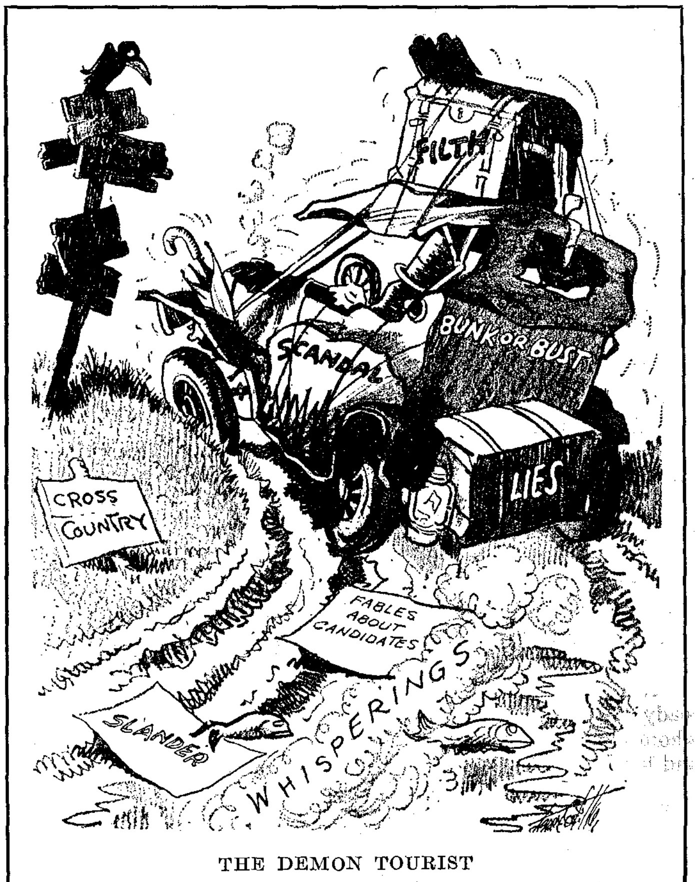
"If the Governor's record as four times the head of the most populous and the richest State in the Union—a record commended over and over again by friends and foes as able, honest, and constructive—if the fact that he has stood up under the fierce light of publicity for a generation in campaigns which subjected him constantly to partizan scrutiny do not dispose of intimations and insinuations against his personal habits, the only method of combating that sort of mud-slinging is to combat it openly and fiercely, as Senator Robinson is doing."

In the course of his Texas tour, Senator Robinson, who is a Protestant, also denounced that phase of the whispering campaign against Governor Smith which is inspired by religious antipathies. Declaring that Alfred E. Smith "has not been a Catholic governor, nor a Baptist governor, nor a Democratic governor, but an American governor," the Senator continued:

"Governor Smith's religious creed, as applied to government, is as soundly American as any Methodist or Baptist ever profest. It comprehends freedom of conscience for all men; equality of all churches and sects before the law as a matter of right, and not as a matter of mere favor; the absolute separation of Church and State, and strict enforcement of the constitutional provision that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

"Those ministers who are dividing their congregations by political attacks on him from their pulpits should be reminded that Governor Smith's cabinet is composed of nine Protestants, two Catholics, and one Jew, and that substantially the same proportion runs throughout his official appointments."

And in this connection the Houston *Post-Dispatch* recalls the



THE DEMON TOURIST
—Costello in the Albany *News*.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Do mosquitoes prefer animal to human food? (p. 24).
2. About how many cars per day were stolen in this country in 1927? (p. 60).
3. How did the negro spiritual originate? (p. 34).
4. Who is the King of Egypt? (p. 22).
5. What causes an "upwind"? (p. 52).
6. What American poet is most popular in England? (p. 31).
7. What city recently celebrated its two thousandth birthday? (p. 46).
8. Why is the Anglo-French naval pact considered doomed? (p. 20).
9. What is the latest reformation being undertaken in Turkey? (p. 33).
10. Who wrote "The Closed Garden"? (p. 29).
11. What modern king was twice deposed? (p. 20).
12. Who has been called the Henry Ford of fiction-writing? (p. 44).
13. What racial group will vote for the first time in the Presidential election this year? (p. 17).
14. What do cormorants feed on? (p. 25).
15. What effect has volcanic action on the weather? (p. 26).
16. What monarch paid $7,000 for a rare Mauritius postage-stamp? (p. 50).
17. What proof, through food, have we of our savage ancestry? (p. 24).
18. Who is the most powerful opponent of royalty to-day in Greece? (p. 19).
19. The daughter of what famous American statesman is running for Congress? (p. 38).
20. What is the proportion of dead churches to live churches in St. Louis, according to a recent survey? (p. 32).
21. What happens when one touches an electric radiator while taking a bath? (p. 23).
22. How long has a motorless glider remained in the air in (*a*) Germany, (*b*) in the United States? (p. 52).
23. What is the relative food value of potatoes and wheat? (p. 25).
24. Name three Americans who tried in 1873 to fly the Atlantic in a balloon? (p. 64).
25. What is the chemical composition of a meteorite? (p. 27).

following statement which appeared over Governor Smith's signature in *The Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1927:

> "I recognize no power in the institutions of my Church to interfere with the operations of the Constitution of the United States or the enforcement of the law of the land. I believe in absolute freedom of conscience of all men, and in absolute equality of all churches, all sects, and all beliefs before the law as a matter of right, and not a matter of favor.
>
> "I believe in the absolute separation of Church and State, and in the strict enforcement of the provision of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. I believe that no tribunal of any church has any power to make any decree of any force in the law of the land, other than to establish the status of its own communicants within its own church."

"We do not believe that a 'whispering campaign' can do very much damage in this election contest," remarks the Utica *Press*, "because there is nothing in the lives of either Hoover or Smith on which it can fasten itself." One possible effect of such a campaign, suggests the New Haven *Register*, "may be to make friends for those against whom it is directed." There have been similar campaigns in other Presidential elections, various editorials remind us; but the intense feelings aroused in connection with Prohibition and religion promise to make this one peculiarly unmanageable. Says the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> "Never before has a candidate for the Presidency been assailed on the score of his religion. Never before have sectarian hate and prejudices been appealed to in an effort to foster a belief that the election of one nominee would destroy the fundamental American principle that Church and State are, and must forever remain, separate institutions. This appeal in itself distinguishes this campaign from all others. It is widespread, ferocious, and persistent, and those who are behind it propose to continue it until the November verdict is recorded."

"Fanaticism is the real source of the present calumnies, and that is beyond the control of party leaders on both sides," remarks the independent Newark *Evening News*. And it adds:

> "It is surprizing how many otherwise level-headed people are ready to believe the most improbable yarns about people to whom they are opposed. They believed ridiculous war stories and hoaxes. They will believe anything."

The only hope of relief from this furtive circulation of slander, thinks the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), is to be looked for in "the rising disgust which such methods infallibly provoke." To quote this New York paper further:

> "Unfounded and virulent assaults upon a public man often bring him support which he otherwise would not have had. Loud protests from the friends of Governor Smith in the name of fair play may do a certain amount of good, tho they will not stop the sneaks and scandalmongers. The chief hope must be that these abhorrent and forbidden efforts to kill a man by stabbing him in the back will be so greatly overdone as to lead to a reaction in his favor that may well cause his friends to be content with the enemies he has made."

This very reaction, several papers point out, has been brought about by vicious campaigning in more than one of our Presidential elections. Such tactics tend to become boomerangs against a party that starts or encourages them, remarks the Detroit *News*, which cites the cases of Lincoln and Garfield:

> "A great deal of the first Lincoln campaign consisted in personal abuse of the Republican nominee. Garfield was charged with excessive use of liquor, with profiting from the Credit Mobilier, with a corrupt bargain with Roscoe Conkling regarding New York patronage, and various other things.
>
> "'He was met with a storm of detraction at the very hour of his nomination, and it continued with increasing volume and momentum until the close of his victorious campaign,' said James G. Blaine. And President Garfield's biographer adds:
>
> "'The attacks on his character seem to have had no perceptible effect on the vote, while his dignified personal bearing during the campaign attracted the favor of thousands whose attitude in politics is chiefly personal.'"

"Within the memory of living men," writes "Uncle Dudley" in his signed editorial column of the Boston *Globe*, "there have been three examples of how whispering campaigns defeat themselves." We read further:

> "There was never a time when more venom was injected into political discussion than when Grover Cleveland was before the country. His personal history, his habits, and his associations alike were brought up as arguments for his defeat. He ran three times, winning the electoral vote twice and losing it once, but upon each occasion he obtained a popular plurality.
>
> "Theodore Roosevelt became the objective of the whisperers when he fell out with the ideas of Mr. Taft. The listening public was given to understand that 'Teddy' was a most undesirable citizen. In the three-cornered election of 1912, Mr. Roosevelt obtained eleven times as many electoral votes as the regular Republican candidate, and also was given a larger popular vote.
>
> "Such notable instances of the failure of mud-slinging should be convincing. The trait in human nature that resents unfairness has its drawbacks, but these are overbalanced by its excellencies. It is well enough recognized to make politicians exceedingly fearful of having any mud thrown in the interest of their candidates."

THE LITERARY DIGEST 1928 PRESIDENTIAL POLL

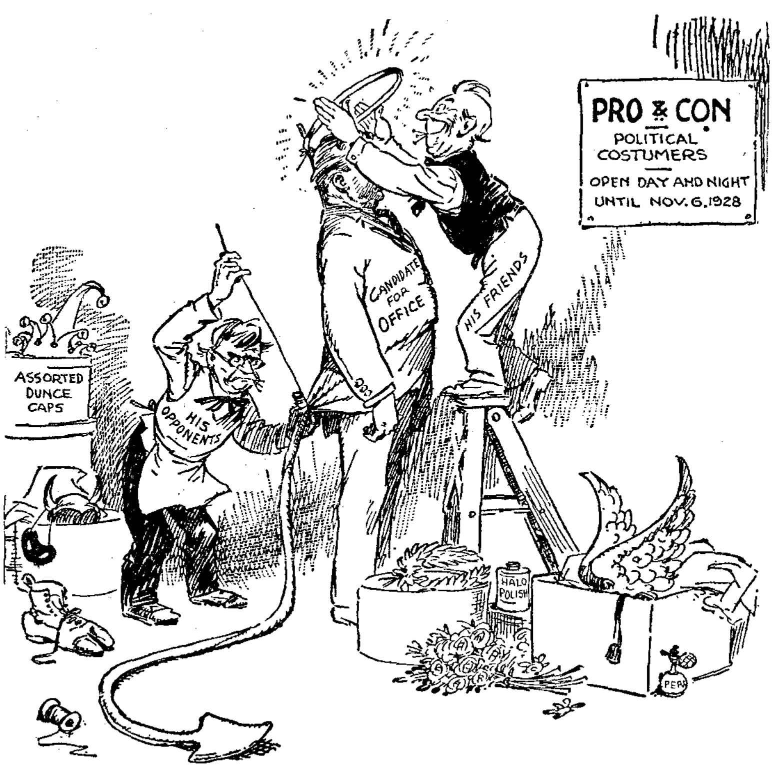
Votes Received up to and Including September 11, 1928

	HOOVER							SMITH						
	1928 Vote	How the Same Voters Voted in 1924						1928 Vote	How the Same Voters Voted in 1924					
		Rep.	*Dem.*	*Soc.*	*F.Lab.*	*Proh.*	*No Vote*		*Rep.*	*Dem.*	*Soc.*	*F.Lab.*	*Proh.*	*No Vote*
California	441	327	47	3	....	2	62	206	126	48	9	....	....	23
Maryland	867	439	282	5	....	....	141	479	105	240	9	....	....	125
Nebraska	2,340	1,515	430	28	....	....	367	1,136	434	468	25	1	....	208
New Jersey	15,420	11,671	1,507	62	1	7	2,172	6,586	2,829	2,451	147	4	2	1,153
Wisconsin	2,688	2,057	150	39	1	5	436	1,815	961	424	73	....	2	355
	21,756	16,009	2,416	137	2	14	3,178	10,222	4,455	3,631	263	5	4	1,864

FIRST RETURNS IN "THE DIGEST'S" PRESIDENTIAL POLL

EARLY BALLOTS, to the number of some 32,000, scattering returns in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S huge Presidential poll of the nation, have come back from various parts of the country in time to be tabulated here. The number of ballots thus far received, tho larger than the "grand totals" of many of the "straw votes" now being taken, represents far less than the proverbial "drop in the bucket" in the present poll, for over 19,000,000 ballots will have been mailed out to individual voters by the time this copy of THE DIGEST reaches its readers. The scattering first returns, tabulated at the top of this page, it must be admitted, seem to show a distinct Hoover trend, which may or may not be changed as the ballots flood in from other States. Mr. Hoover receives 21,756 votes to 10,222 for Mr. Smith, a percentage of 67.3 going to the Republican candidate as against 31.6 to the Democrat.

This is, of course, a far greater preponderance in favor of the Republican candidate than any previous sectional polls, or even than all but the most optimistic Republican prophets, have dared to claim. For a number of reasons, it would be premature to consider these figures closely indicative of the final results of THE DIGEST'S poll. Perhaps a significant commentary on the present figures may be furnished by analogous figures from THE DIGEST'S Presidential poll of 1924, when 16,000,000 ballots were sent out. The first scattering votes in that poll gave Mr. Coolidge 16,071, Mr. Davis 3,792. Mr. La Follette's vote in that poll, given as 5,596 in the first published scattering returns, was drawn, to all appearances, fully as much from Republican as from Democratic sources, so that the Republican candidate began with a lead of more than four to one over his Democratic rival. In the end, the increase of the Democratic vote brought the Democratic total up to practically one-half of the Coolidge vote, a percentage which was shown by the actual election to be substantially correct. The present poll starts with practically the same proportion of votes, two to one in favor of the Republicans, with which the 1924 poll ended, and it remains to be seen whether the Democrats can increase their percentage as substantially as they did in the course of the last poll. Such an increase would indicate a very close election.



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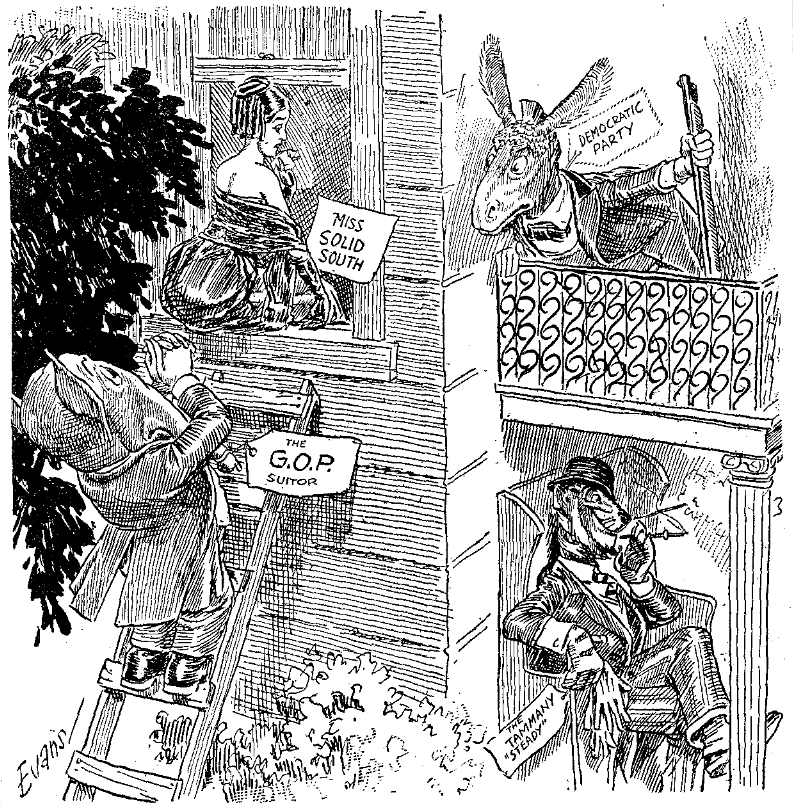
WORKING ON THE CANDIDATE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

New York State, admittedly the most important, if not the decisive, battle-ground in the present election, has not yet been heard from. In New Jersey, which Democratic leaders claim for Smith by from 200,000 to 300,000, it will be noticed that the first returns, published above, give Mr. Hoover a lead of more than two to one. Almost equally surprizing is the vote from Maryland, which now stands at 867 votes for Hoover to 479 for Smith. Both of these States, it may be remembered, are claimed as absolutely certain to go into the Democratic column. Chairman Raskob, head of the Democratic campaigners, in recently setting forth this claim, specified also enough other States as being sure for the Smith column to give the Democratic candidate the 266 votes he needs in the Electoral College, with 80 votes to spare. "And Chairman Raskob's estimate may appear unduly conservative as the campaign progresses," comments the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), while *The Ohio State Journal* (Rep.) concludes that:

> "Really, it may be said with a fair degree of accuracy, the Democratic hope hangs on New York. If Governor Smith loses his own State, as he may, he is a goner. If he carries it decisively, he may win, because the same sentiment controlling New York's vote undoubtedly will control the vote of a considerable number of other States, both East and West.
>
> "Without New York, Governor Smith can not win, while without that pivotal State Mr. Hoover might, altho, if the temper of the people is such that New York will go emphatically Democratic, the chances are that Smith would win, always provided that the Solid South remains unbroken."

The Southern States, it will be noted, are not yet represented in the DIGEST poll, and "in this unusually chaotic campaign," as the Baltimore *Sun* (Dem.) observes, "all former bases of political prophecy may go by the board." Not only the complication of



WILL SHE MARRY HER FATHER'S CHOICE, OR ELOPE?
—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

revolting dry Democrats throughout the South, but revolting Farmer-Laborites throughout the Mid-West, and revolting wet Republicans, or dry Democrats, throughout the rest of the country, must be taken into account. Wisconsin, the only Northwestern State thus far represented in the Digest poll, gives Mr. Hoover the substantial advantage of 2,688 votes to 1,815. By glancing at the column of classified 1924 votes, it will be seen that, of these totals, 150 former Democrats vote the Republican ticket this year while no less than 961 former Republicans are now voting for Smith. That is to say, more than 50 per cent. of the Democratic vote thus far registered from Wisconsin comes from former Republicans, indicative of a considerable change of sentiment. *The Farm Journal*, of Philadelphia, recently took a poll of the Mid-West which showed a preponderance of sentiment for Smith. Wisconsin, which the present Digest vote places in the Hoover column, is given by *The Farm Journal's* poll as in favor of Smith by 601 to 541. The whole of this Mid-Western straw vote, which has attracted some little attention throughout the country, gives a total of 5,607 for Smith to 4,653 for Hoover.

The switch of votes, from Republican to Democratic candidates or vice versa, as indicated by the swing of Republican votes to Smith in the State of Wisconsin, is also conspicuous, it may be noted, in the case of New Jersey. Of the present total for Mr. Hoover, 1,507 voted the Democratic ticket in the 1924 Presidential election. In Mr. Smith's much smaller total, 2,829 former Republicans are represented as against only 2,451 former Democrats. Over one-half of Mr. Smith's vote thus appears to have been drawn from voters who voted for Mr. Coolidge in the last election. On the other hand, 1,507 Democrats as of 1924 transferred their allegiance to the Republican candidate this year. The advantage, both in percentages and in actual votes, would appear to be considerably on the Democratic side. In Maryland, however, 282 former Democrats contribute to Mr. Hoover's total of 867, while only 105 former Republicans are listed in the much smaller vote given, thus far, to the Democratic candidate.

The "cheer and comfort" given to the Republicans by these first returns and percentages in the Digest poll may be offset to some extent by claims made, in the course of the Digest's last Presidential poll, in 1924, that the Digest ballots, especially those earliest received by the voters and classified in the weekly table of votes, tend to reach a list with an "upper-class" color. The Digest polling list, of 19,000,000 names in every part of the country, represents half the sum total of voters who voted in the last Presidential election, but it is confessedly drawn from people likely to have a fixt abode. Telephone and automobile directories have been used in part, while in the larger cities, such as New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, the entire official registration is being circularized. Certain Democratic and Progressive critics protested, in the course of the 1924 poll, that this did not give their more "democratic" sides fair representation. Nevertheless, in the final analysis, the Digest poll was admitted, even by most of its critics, to have been "uncannily accurate." By comparison with the entire popular vote of November 4, 1924, the poll showed an average error of less than 5 per cent., while its correspondence with the vote of the Electoral College was 99 per cent. correct. Tributes to the astonishing accuracy of the poll came from editors of all shades of political opinion, following the election. The comment of a Connecticut editor, near the commencement of that poll, may be appositely quoted here.

> "In a campaign as perplexing as this one such an aid to an understanding of popular feeling should be taken seriously by all those who are invited to vote. As we have already intimated, it is the fact that this poll is being conducted by The Literary Digest that attracts our attention and provokes our confidence."

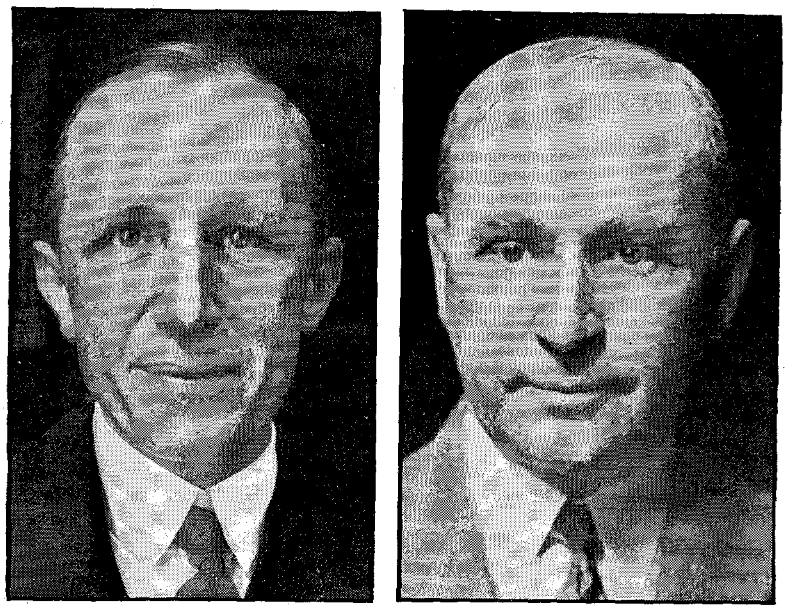
However, it was most apparent that the complexion of the 1924 poll tended to change considerably from week to week, especially in its earlier stages, and with next week's tabulation of returns there will be a larger opportunity "for the sharp fall blasts" as apostrophized by a New Jersey editor, "to show which way the political wind is blowing."

VOTES FOR MINOR CANDIDATES

	THOMAS							FOSTER							VARNEY						
	1928	How the same voters voted in 1924						1928	How the same voters voted in 1924						1928	How the same voters voted in 1924					
	Vote	*Rep.*	*Dem.*	*Soc.*	*F. Lab.*	*Proh.*	*No Vote*	Vote	*Rep.*	*Dem.*	*Soc.*	*F. Lab.*	*Proh.*	*No Vote*	Vote	*Rep.*	*Dem.*	*Soc.*	*F. Lab.*	*Proh.*	*No Vote*
California	2		1	1											2						2
Maryland	1	1													6	1	5				
Nebraska	9	1	4	2			2	8	3	2				3	12	2		4			6
New Jersey	165	23	12	78	1		51	69	9	4	27			29	27	9	3	1		2	12
Wisconsin	35	9	6	13			7	16	1	2	7			6	20	3	1	1		1	14
	212	34	23	94	1		60	93	13	8	34			38	67	15	9	6		3	34

PHILADELPHIA'S FIGHT WITH GRAFT

VICE, CRIME, AND CORRUPTION are still being uncovered in the third week of Philadelphia's relentless war on graft. The staid old Quaker town, say newspaper dispatches, is being shaken to its very foundations by the grand jury's discovery that a bootleggers' ring, with a "czar" controlling it, has for the last year been dealing out bribes amounting to millions of dollars for police protection. Mayor Mackey himself, altho a Prohibitionist and a teetotaler, is being accused in Philadelphia newspapers of allowing conditions to continue which are as bad as those he denounced when he was running for office a year ago. The grand jury's preliminary report early this month, notes the Philadelphia *Record*, "has focused the attention of the country on this city, just as Chicago drew attention to itself by its gang murders and crime waves." "We are dealing with a group of outlaws more arrogant than any criminals of blood-and-thunder fiction," declares the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*. And, adds the neighboring *Inquirer*, "it goes without saying that the police force must be overhauled and thoroughly purged." In fact, the city's press, Republican and Democratic, agree that the problem before Mayor Mackey is not so much the elimination of those who purchase bootleg liquor as the breaking up of the alliance between the bootleggers and the officers sworn to enforce the law.


Acme News picture

International Newsreel photograph

LEADERS OF PHILADELPHIA'S FIGHT WITH GRAFT

Judge Edwin O. Lewis, of the Common Pleas Court, at the reader's left, who was responsible for the grand jury probe into the bootlegging ring, and District Attorney John Monaghan, at the right, who is marshaling evidence for the jury's consideration, that is expected to expose the city's biggest bootleggers, shake the police force from top to bottom, and perhaps create a scandal which will have far-reaching political and financial ramifications.

The gravity of the present situation may be gathered from the fact that the District Attorney, who is conducting the fight on crime with the backing of Judge Lewis, of the Common Pleas Court, has found it necessary to call in not only the county detectives, but the Federal Prohibition unit at Philadelphia, and a special raiding and intelligence unit from Washington. The findings of the grand jury, recommending that a captain of detectives be removed from office, and his immediate suspension by the Mayor; the discovery by county detectives that a Rogue's Gallery photograph of "one of the kingpins of the bootleggers" is missing; the presence of 13,000 speak-easies in the city; deposits of bootleggers in local banks, totaling $10,000,000; the open sale of machine-guns, bullet-proof vests, and silencers for automatics; the arrest of an agent of Philadelphia's "society bootlegger"; the discovery that 350,000 gallons of alcohol, withdrawn from government warehouses, were diverted to bootleg sources by a single Philadelphia distilling concern last year and shipped to all parts of the United States; the promise of the United States Attorney-General that a deputy will be sent to Philadelphia if further drastic measures become necessary; the summoning of persons prominent in society and political and financial circles, whose names are said to have been found on the books of the "society bootlegger"; the questioning by the grand jury of the president of a saloon-keeper's "mutual protective association," with "dues" of $5 a week; and, finally, the Mayor's invitation to the Rev. "Billy" Sunday, noted evangelist, to stage a great spiritual revival in the hope of making Philadelphians see the error of their ways—these have been some of the recent developments in Philadelphia's war on graft. The police, declares the District Attorney, have rendered him no assistance whatever. On September 11, for example, the following dispatch was sent from Philadelphia to the New York *Times:*

> "While Mayor Harry A. Mackey was preparing to-day to conduct his own investigation of the Police Department's reported financial relations with a big bootlegging clique, county detectives made a sensational raid upon a large distilling plant in the heart of a district which police had described as 'clean as a hound's tooth.'
>
> "The detectives' findings, District Attorney John Monaghan announced, included a ledger listing the exact scale of prices arranged between the bootlegging 'kingpins' of the district and police of all grades, from the ordinary patrolman, who walked his beat, to officials of the Bureau of Police.
>
> "The names, Mr. Monaghan said, were down on the ledger in black and white with the notations of amounts paid to the police in weekly instalments. The captain of the district was reported by the prosecutor to be down for a 'salary' of $75 a week. The district detectives were listed at $50, and the street sergeants at $25 each. In addition, the records showed amounts paid to City Hall detectives and officials of the Police Bureau, the District Attorney asserted.
>
> "The county detectives' raid, about which not even an inkling of information escaped in advance, was another move in response to Mr. Monaghan's orders to his force to 'go out and bring them in' after the city police were alleged to have failed."

In a Philadelphia dispatch to the Boston *Globe*, John Barry thus summarizes the investigation by the grand jury, which has been under way since early in August, and whose preliminary report was quoted in part in last week's DIGEST:

> "The bullet from a gangster's gun that ended the crippled life of Hughie McLoon, and the story of a cloakroom girl in Hughie's café who squealed on Dannie O'Leary, tipped over the house of cards.
>
> "The murder of Hughie McLoon, alone, would have created no furor. There are twenty-four murder cases on the criminal court calendar for this month. But when the gangsters got Dannie O'Leary, Philadelphia knew that a gang war had broken out, and District Attorney Monaghan stept in to nip it in the bud.
>
> "A special grand jury went to work on the racketeers. Mayor Mackey called in the captains of the forty-five police divisions and told them to put their 4,500 officers out and close up Philadelphia in twenty-four hours. A number of joints closed up voluntarily with the order, but District Attorney Monaghan says the police aren't cooperating with him, and he ascribes more definite information to his twenty county detectives than he

does to the 4,500 coppers. Lieut.-Col. Samuel O. Wynne, Federal Prohibition administrator for Philadelphia, is cooperating with Monaghan.

"Early disclosures of the special grand jury brought to light by Monaghan resulted in the flaying of the Philadelphia Police Department by the District Attorney, who laid at their doorstep specific instances of graft, corruption, collusion with bootleggers and gangsters, bribery, and partnership in hijacking enterprises. There was such an 'unholy alliance' between police and gangsters, the District Attorney said, that liquor-squad officers had been acting as escorts for beer trucks, and that racketeers, by calling a City Hall number, were immediately furnished with officers to ride on the trucks and protect liquor loads from hijackers.

"Bankers called before the grand jury showed that they had done a business during the past year of $10,000,000 in fifteen accounts under fictitious names, believed to represent bootleggers. A former $12-a-week cigar clerk was shown to be a millionaire and a co-incorporator with a Congressman in a real-estate deal in which a piece of Atlantic City property was on the market for $1,050,000. A safe-deposit box was found in one bank in which was a 'mysterious half million,' said to be in the name of a police official. Another safe-deposit box seized is said to contain books of the bootlegging dynasty, showing the payments to police officials.

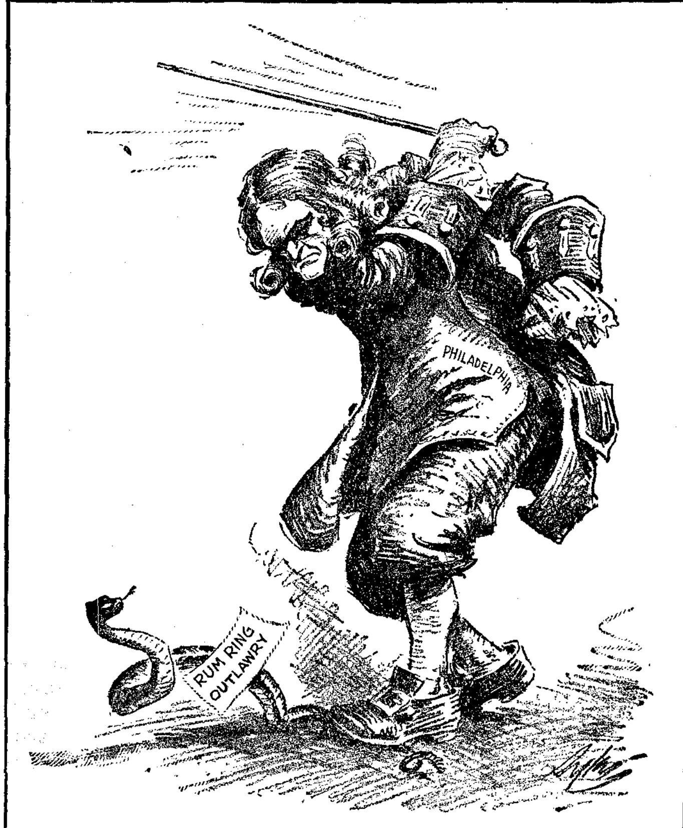
"'Why would the bootleggers be so foolish as to keep books?' the District Attorney was asked.

"He answered that this was further proof of the gang organization. Reports of every transaction in the city had to be made to the 'Czar of the Racket.'

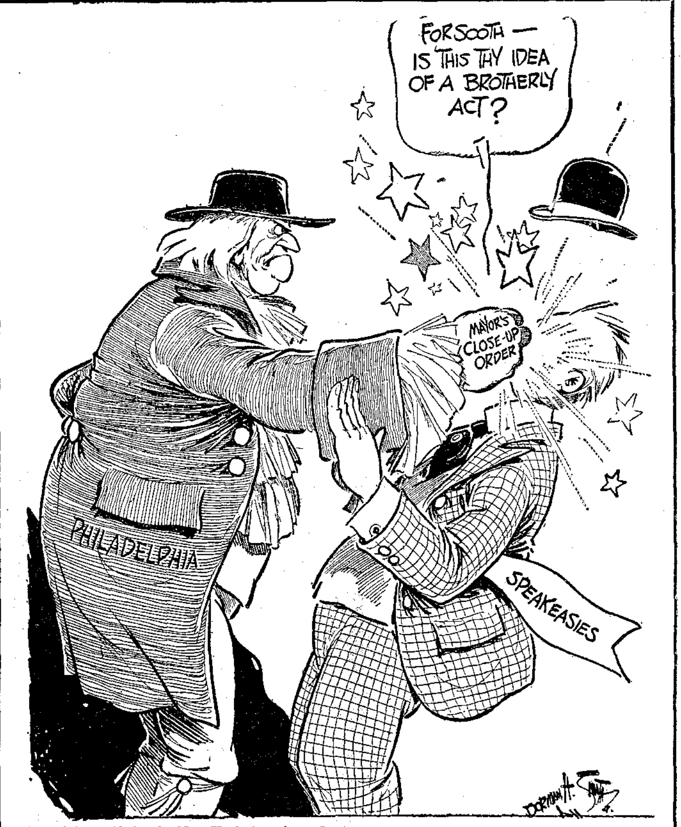
"The proprietor of a store selling military goods was brought before the grand jury, and it was disclosed that he had sold 450 Vickers machine-guns at $150 each and a number of Thompson machine-guns, the kind that can be held to the shoulder like a rifle and fire 100 aimed shots a minute, at $125 each. He had also sold silencers for revolvers, and bullet-proof vests.

"The District Attorney says he has evidence of payments to police officials as high as $25,000 a whack. It is claimed that the 'Czar of the Racket' sits in judgment in disputes and arguments. Contenders appear before him with their attorneys and plead the cases. The 'Czar' is not a lawyer, but he decides, and his decisions are final. If he says death, the machine-guns are brought into action. If he says the penitentiary, some one is framed and incarcerated by due process of law and sent up to show that the law of the gang must be obeyed."

"In some of its aspects," maintains the Tulsa *Tribune*, "conditions in Philadelphia are worse than those in Chicago." "The millions of dollars deposited in Philadelphia banks under assumed names, and to the credit of bootleg kings, tell only part of the story," asserts the Schenectady *Union-Star;* "officialdom, from top to bottom, seems to be more or less honeycombed with graft." To quote again from the Philadelphia *Record:*



NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR "PASSIVE RESISTANCE"
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*



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BROTHERLY LOVE!
—Smith in the New York *American.*

"The whole nation is watching Philadelphia.

"The issue is clear cut. It is not, as the Mayor implied in his statement to the police, a question of stopping bootlegging. The real issue is whether the underworld shall control Philadelphia as it controls Chicago.

"The danger is more imminent than the average citizen supposes. The one official that stands between Philadelphia and that catastrophe is the District Attorney. We want the Mayor to line up with the District Attorney on the side of decency.

"Licensed crime is not a new thing in Philadelphia. Neither is Mr. Mackey a newly inducted Mayor. He has been in full command of the Police Department since the first Monday of January—a period of eight months.

"The present Mayor was one of the severest critics of police conditions under the administration of his predecessor. As a candidate for office, he made his campaign on a blanket indictment of the whole police department. He then appeared to be perfectly familiar with all the circumstances that make for harmonious cooperation between police and criminals. He promised to bring about a change. He has done so. But the change has been for the worse."

"What this community wants to know," declares the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "is whether the forces of lawlessness have become superior to the forces of law?":

"The question confronting District Attorney Monaghan is not one of liquor law enforcement or the lack of it. It is a question of the nature and extent of criminal conspiracies of a profoundly sinister and shameful character that have the Prohibition system as a basis. So it will not be enough to throw a few police officials to the lions.

"Even the most casual observer is able to discern in the background of all the present furor the figures of powerful criminals who, at this writing, seem to be in no fear at all. Are these men protected? Are they stronger than the courts? If they can not be exposed and punished, we might as well admit that law has ceased to have dignity and meaning."

IS MAINE A "BAROMETER"?

A REPUBLICAN "LANDSLIDE" of 80,000 majority in Maine's gubernatorial election revives the old cry, "As Maine Goes, So Goes the Nation," and the reliability of this single pre-Presidential contest as a barometer of results in November is jubilantly proclaimed in Republican party circles and minimized or discounted in Democratic quarters. The barometer theory, we are reminded, is that the size of the Republican majority for Governor in this Republican State indicates how the Republicans will fare in the later vote throughout the nation for President. "In the light of the returns from Maine," where the Republican ticket "won by more than two to one over its own success in 1924," says the Boston *Transcript* (Ind. Rep.), "predictions of the election of Governor Smith in November appear to be 'bologny,' to use the expressive word employed by the candidate when he refused to appear in the rôle of a political bricklayer." That Maine has gone Republican, according to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.), however, simply "shows how much farther sighted that party is than the Democratic, which never thought to arrange for South Carolina to hold its State election during a Presidential campaign." The New York *Evening Post* (Rep.) declares that "the highest majority ever given a Republican gubernatorial candidate gives warrant for the rising 'whisper' that Al Smith will be the worst beaten Democratic candidate in history," while the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.) points out that "the bearing of the result on the Presidential campaign outlook is conditioned by the fact that the Democratic national organization refrained from what it judged wasted effort to carry on a fight in a consistently Republican State." Such contrasting deductions are drawn by many papers. Says the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.):

> "When the Republican candidate for Governor, William Tudor Gardiner, defeats his Democratic opponent, Edward C. Moran, Jr., by a majority of about 80,000, the largest ever given a Maine gubernatorial candidate, Republicans the country over have a right to feel jubilant. Never has a more decisive victory been won in the Pine Tree State. Frederick Hale, United States Senator, won his reelection by an equally large majority. The Republicans elected all their four Congressmen by majorities proportionately as large. They carried every county in the State and all but two of the cities, and even in those cities they greatly reduced the normal Democratic majorities. They won every seat in the State Senate, and nearly all their candidates for the lower branch of the Legislature were successful. It was as nearly a clean sweep as Maine has ever experienced."

In 1924, Mr. Coolidge received 138,440 votes in a total poll of 191,766, and the preliminary vote for Governor in September was 253,907: Republican, 145,281; Democratic, 108,626. Practically complete returns of this year's vote for Governor total 214,026: Republican, 147,463; Democratic, 66,563. The falling off of some 42,000 apparently stay-at-home Democratic votes Senator Moses considers the most significant result in the gubernatorial contest.

"Barometers are difficult to interpret when they show slight changes," premises the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.), but,

> "Once in a while, however, there is a rise or drop so swift that any one can foresee what is to follow. The Republican landslide in the State of Maine plainly belongs in this cataclysmic category. To bring out an 81,000 plurality for a gubernatorial candidate is no ordinary victory. With every allowance for local and temporary conditions, such an unprecedented swing points to fundamental stirrings of political faith. The Maine campaign centered about Republicanism. A plea for a demonstration of party spirit in order to help the national ticket was the climax of every appeal. The campaign assumed that the time was ripe for a revival of Republicanism. The result amply justified the assumption."

On the situation outside Maine the result there "throws no light whatever," according to the New York *Times* (Dem.), which says:

> "While Maine will be 'rock-ribbed,' as usual, in November, it should be remembered that neither the wet Republicans nor the wet Democrats had any means of voting their opinions. A State of villages and small cities, largely aloof from the mighty currents of industrial and urban life, largely homogeneous, traditionally Republican, and devoted to the immortal principle of 'the Maine law,' is fundamentally dissimilar to such States, to name no others, as Rhode Island and Massachusetts. To look to its political course as an indication of that of more complex and radically different Commonwealths is to believe in magic and 'medicine.' But nobody will grudge our Republican friends their hour of tomtomming; and there is not much danger of their being the victims of 'overconfidence.'"

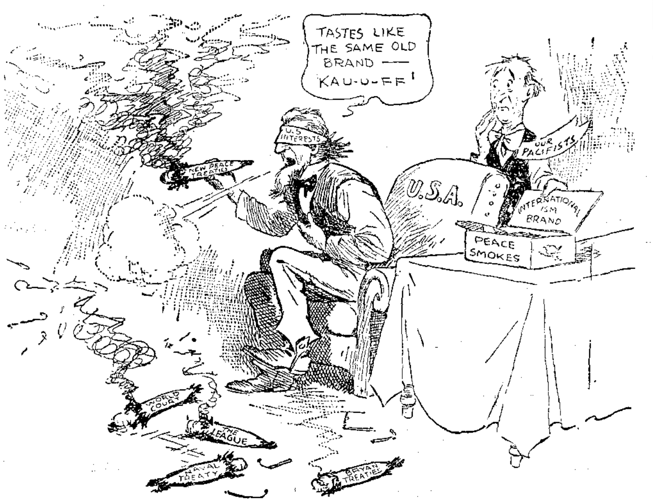
But the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) insists that the Maine "barometer" proves that "this is a Republican year":

> "The Democrats will contend that this test was not fair because Maine is not Massachusetts, where the textile depression is at its peak; because Maine is not Nebraska or Iowa, struggling with the collapse of agriculture; because Maine is not New York, seething with protest against national Prohibition. Only in part are these contentions justified. There has been unemployment in Lewiston and Biddeford and Saco, just as there has been unemployment in New Bedford and Fall River and Lowell. Agriculture in Maine has its ups and downs, even tho the potato farmers of Aroostook do not rush to Washington for a subsidy when the crop is poor or the price is unprofitably low. As for the Prohibition issue, Bangor and Portland have their 'speakeasies' and their bootleggers, and as a border State Maine has had a personal experience with the difficulties of enforcement, yet the Democratic party, committed by its candidate to the wet side, has saved but two of the twenty cities in the State. Maine has had its share, therefore, of the three contributing factors to national discontent—unemployment, agricultural depression, and Prohibition—but Maine has not considered them important enough to wreak vengeance on the party in power."

Mr. Hearst's New York *American* declares that "the lesson of the Maine election is plain beyond misunderstanding. The hard-headed citizens of the Pine Tree State see no reason to take chances with prosperity; the discussion was on national issues. And it was on them that the people's minds turned. There is no reason to believe that the underlying common sense of Maine is different from the underlying common sense of the great majority of our States."

Maine has been carried just once by a Democratic candidate since the Civil War, Woodrow Wilson, in 1912, who polled only 39 per cent. of the vote when the Republican party was split by Roosevelt, says the New York *World* (Ind. Dem.), which reviews the percentages of presidential-year "barometer" polls in that State, and concludes:

> "There has undeniably been a drift in Maine's vote in many instances which foreshadowed a drift in the nation's vote. Thus, the Republican vote in Maine shot up suddenly in 1920, after Wilson's eight years and the end of the war in Europe; and the Republican vote in the nation shot up suddenly in the same year. Again, the Republican vote in Maine dropt off in 1924, and so did the Republican vote outside of Maine. Other instances of the same sort are observable in earlier years, and from this point of view the high Republican percentage of 69 in this year's election of a Governor is anything but encouraging for the Democrats.
>
> "On the other hand, this fact is worth noting: the nearest approximation to the figure 69 per cent. in the Maine election of this year is the figure of 67 per cent. for the year 1896. In that year McKinley ran against Bryan. The Republicans won handsomely in Maine, more handsomely, in fact, than in any other year listed in the table. Yet in that same year McKinley polled only a bare 50 per cent. of the total vote in the nation, winning over Bryan with 7,000,000 votes, as against 6,400,000 for Bryan and 270,000 for two minor candidates.
>
> "The explanation of these figures for 1896 is that the issue of that year, the gold standard, was an issue which provoked sharply sectional points of view. Maine's lead was decidedly not followed by the nation as a whole in 1896; and with many sectional differences in point of view this year (for example, Prohibition in Maine) there is no reason to feel sure that it will be followed in 1928."


TASTES LIKE THE SAME OLD BRAND — KAU-U-FF!
U.S. INTERESTS
NEW PEACE TREATIES
OUR PACIFISTS
U.S.A.
INTERNATIONAL-ISM BRAND
PEACE SMOKES
WORLD COURT
THE LEAGUE
NAVAL TREATY
BRYAN TREATIES

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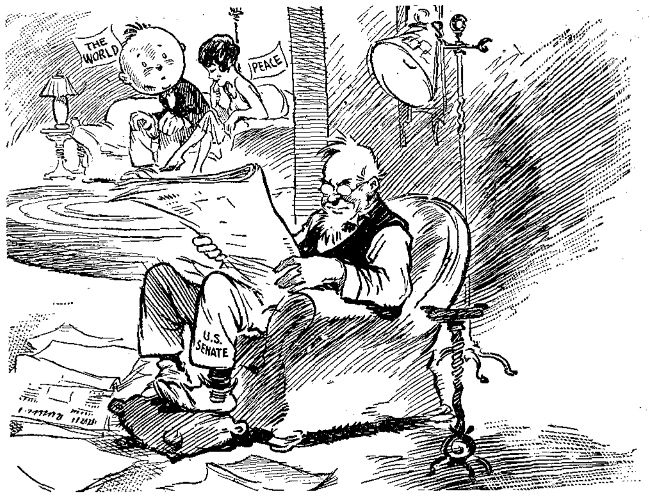
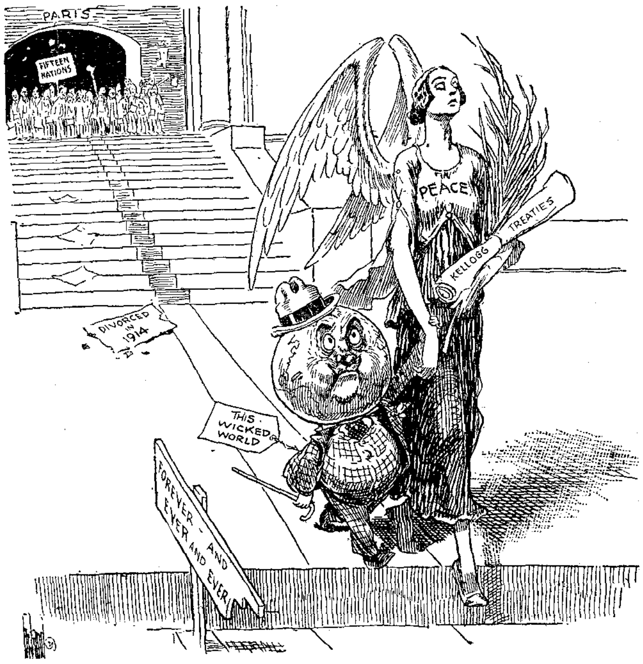
ANOTHER BLINDFOLD TEST

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.


THE WORLD
PEACE
U.S. SENATE

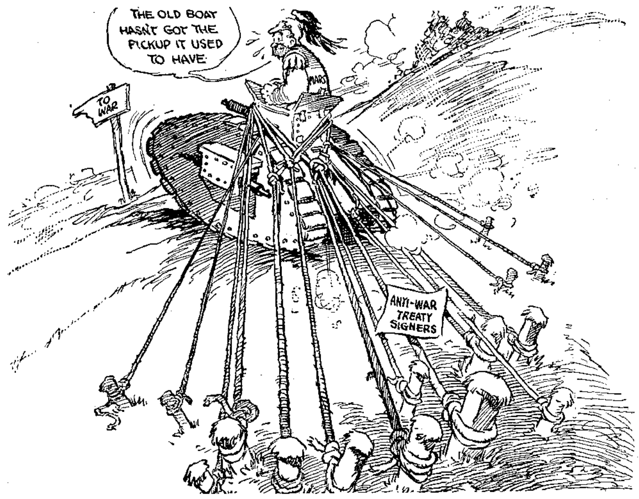
NOW TO ASK FATHER

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.


PARIS
FIFTEEN NATIONS
PEACE
KELLOGG TREATIES
DIVORCED IN 1914
THIS WICKED WORLD
FOREVER - AND EVER AND EVER

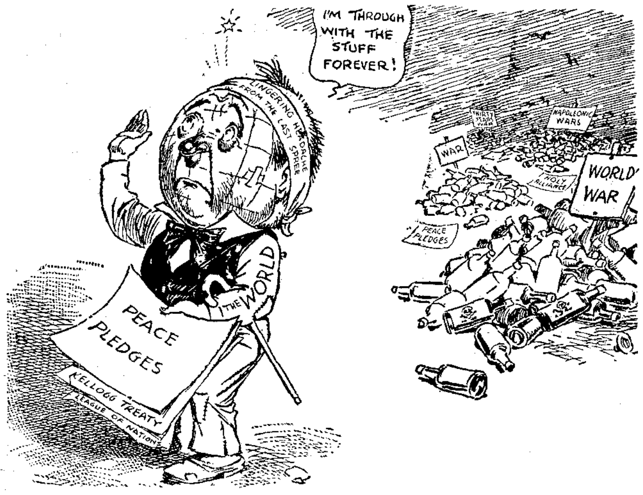
MARRIED AGAIN

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.


THE OLD BOAT HASN'T GOT THE PICKUP IT USED TO HAVE
TO WAR
MARS
ANTI-WAR TREATY SIGNERS

IS IT ANY WONDER?

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.


I'M THROUGH WITH THE STUFF FOREVER!
LINGERING HEADACHE FROM THE LAST SPREE
THE WORLD
PEACE PLEDGES
KELLOGG TREATY
LEAGUE OF NATIONS
THIRTY YEARS WAR
NAPOLEONIC WARS
WAR
HOLY ALLIANCE
WORLD WAR
PEACE PLEDGES

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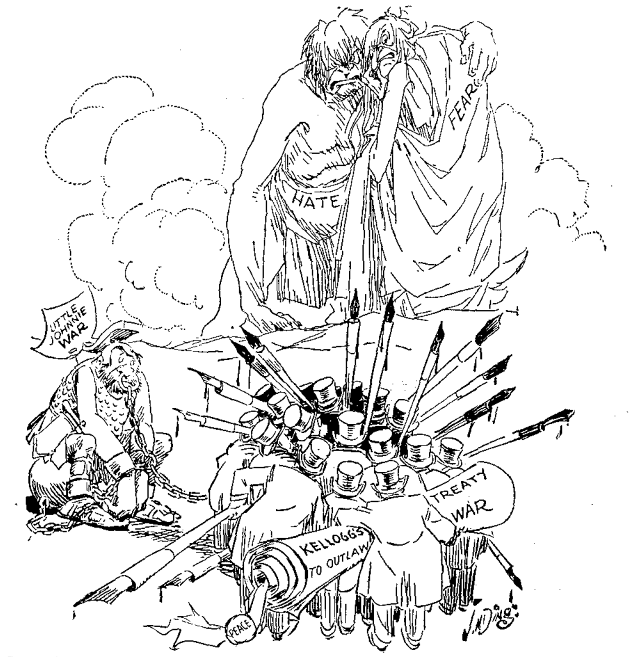
HE ALWAYS SWEARS OFF AFTER EVERY BIG SPREE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.


HATE
FEAR
LITTLE JOHNNIE WAR
KELLOGG'S TO OUTLAW
TREATY WAR
PEACE

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GOOD CATCH! NOW IF WE COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIS PAPA AND MAMA

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

HOW THE KELLOGG PEACE PACT STRIKES THE CARTOONISTS

THE CANDIDATES ON IMMIGRATION

ONE OF THE ISSUES in the present campaign that has not received the attention it deserves, declares the Republican Springfield *Union*, is immigration. Yet the problems connected with immigration, maintains another Republican daily, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "are as acute as at any time in the history of this country. They are difficult and vital, and they must be analyzed and determined in a manner that will best serve the interests of the American people." Other editors apparently have been looking over those portions of the Hoover and Smith acceptance speeches dealing with immigration, for a number of editorials reprint the salient points of each. From the resulting comment and a comparison of the sections of the speeches, it appears that Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith agree that provisions of the existing law which compel the separation of families and work similar hardships should be repealed; and that the total number of immigrants to be admitted each year (2 per cent. of the number of natives of each country already in America, according to the 1890 census) should remain as it stands. But they are in sharp disagreement as to the quotas which should be assigned to each nationality. To the Springfield paper, "the issue seems clearly joined: Mr. Hoover favors the retention, with modifications, of the existing law; Governor Smith apparently favors the repeal of the existing law." To quote from the Hoover acceptance speech:

> "No man will say that any immigration law is perfect. We welcome our new immigrant citizens and their great contribution to our nation; we seek only to protect them equally with those already here. We shall amend the immigration laws to relieve unnecessary hardships upon families. As a member of the commission whose duty it is to determine the quota basis under the national origins law, I have found it is impossible to do so accurately and without hardship. The basis now in effect carries out the essential principle of the law, and I favor repeal of that part of the Act calling for a new basis of quotas."

In his acceptance speech, Governor Smith remarked that—

> "During all of our national life the freedom of entry to the country has been extended to the millions who desired to take advantage of the freedom and the opportunities offered.
>
> "Every race has made its contribution to the betterment of America. While I stand squarely on our platform declaration that the laws which limit immigration must be preserved in full force and effect, I am heartily in favor of removing from the immigration law the harsh provision which separates families, and I am opposed to the principle of restriction based upon the figures of immigrant population contained in a census thirty-eight years old. I believe this is designed to discriminate against certain nationalities, and is an unwise policy."

One of the Governor's most influential newspaper supporters, the New York *World* (Ind. Dem.), nevertheless finds itself unable to agree with the Democratic candidate. In fact, it considers the Smith plan "an unwise proposal, which can do nothing but awaken antagonisms and jealousies without any compensating national benefit." According to *The World:*

> "There are three plans for fixing these quotas. The first plan, which is in effect now under the present law, makes the annual quota of each nationality 2 per cent. of the foreign-born of that nationality who were here in 1890. There is a second plan, known as the national origins plan, which was to have been put into effect July 1, 1927. It is supposed to be put into effect on July 1, 1929, but Mr. Hoover, who was on the committee to fix these quotas, declares that the scheme is unworkable and should be discarded. The general effect of this plan, if it were put into use, would be to favor Great Britain greatly at the expense of Germany and the Irish Free State.
>
> "The third plan, which seems to be Governor Smith's, is to base the quotas on the 1910 or 1920 census. The effect of this would be to decrease the quotas of Germany, the Irish Free State, and Great Britain, and to increase the quotas of Italy, Poland, Greece, and Russia.
>
> "No quota system can, of course, be ideally satisfactory to everybody. The very effort of restriction, which is now a settled national policy, involves disappointment and dissatisfaction. But the present law is in operation, and there is no sense in reopening the question and starting a debate all over again as to what percentage of Irishmen, Germans, Poles, and Italians should be admitted each year."

Departure from a policy "that works reasonably well would create bitterness and disunity at a time when the great need is to amalgamate the different racial stocks already here," agrees the independent Newark *News*. That the rest of the country, with the exception of a small section, feels this way about it, is indicated by the roll-call in Congress in 1924, believes the Republican Hartford *Courant:*

> "The present immigration law, fixing quotas on the 1890 basis, was adopted in Congress by a vote of 318 to 72. Of these seventy-two votes, fifty came from the East; twenty came from New York City. Only two Representatives of twenty-two States west of the Mississippi opposed this measure; only one Representative of twelve Southern States opposed it.
>
> "The purpose of the immigration law of 1924 was to provide a method of making annual immigration henceforth correspond roughly with the immigration into the United States since the beginnings of our history."

In the opinion of the Winston-Salem *Journal*, an independent Southern daily with Democratic leanings, "Governor Smith will win some votes among the foreign-born population of New York and other Eastern cities by injecting the immigration issue into the campaign. But in the country at large he stands to lose more than he will gain." In North Dakota we find the Fargo *Forum* (Ind.) saying: "If we mistake not, the Governor's viewpoint will not be accepted by the Northwest," and in New England the Springfield *Union* (Rep.) says the New York Executive's point of view "is not one that can be shared by the country at large. This is also the view of the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), which believes "the American economic system can be preserved only by limiting the number of newcomers to the ranks of American labor," and that the political system can be preserved only by limiting the number of immigrants who do not fit into the American scheme of things.

Some Democratic organs, however, take the stand that the Democratic nominee's views on immigration are being misrepresented before the voters. And in Buffalo we find *The Courier-Express*, listed as independent, saying:

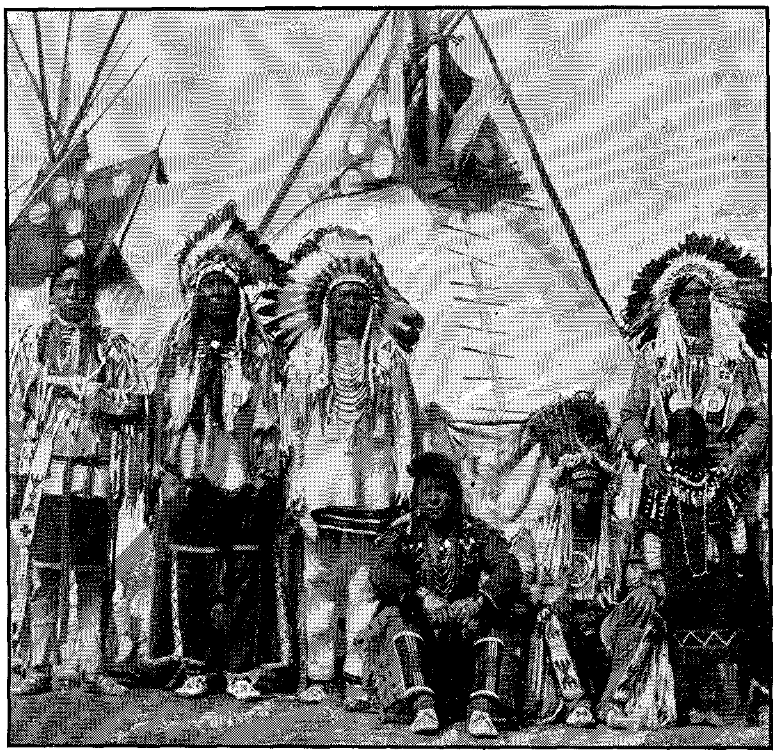
> "There is, apparently, a well-defined attempt among the Republican publicists to make the country, especially labor, believe that the Democratic Presidential nominee would lift restrictions existent in the present immigration law, and so let in a flood of cheap labor to compete with American workers.
>
> "Governor Smith's remarks on immigration in his acceptance speech permit of no such interpretation. He clearly declares himself for preservation 'in full force and effect' of the laws limiting immigration. He just as clearly declares himself against the quota provision, based on the 1890 census, because he considers that it is racially discriminatory. And in that opposition there are good Republicans on his side."

To the independent Democratic Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

> "Nothing could be clearer than that Governor Smith is unqualifiedly for the maintenance of the laws limiting immigration. His commitment in this respect is as positive as Mr. Hoover's. The amendment that Governor Smith advocates envisages, not an increase in the total number of immigrants, but a basing of the quota system on some other census than the census of 1890, which is the basis of the present quota law.
>
> "Basically, the immigration views of both platforms and both candidates are in accord. Neither party and neither candidate would increase the number of aliens to be admitted or would favor an abandonment of the quota system. Both parties and both candidates favor amendments designed to mitigate the hardships brought about by the separation of families.
>
> "Those who fear that Governor Smith would 'let down the bars of immigration' may set their minds at rest. They have either not read the Democratic platform or Governor Smith's acceptance speech, or they have misunderstood what they read, or they have been misinformed."

ORIGINAL AMERICANS' FIRST VOTE

FOR THE FIRST TIME AMERICAN INDIANS get a real chance to vote for the Great White Father this year, according to political correspondents of the press, who remind us that altho Congress in 1924 passed a law giving citizenship to all native-born Indians, the franchise was so new that little use of it was made four years ago. In the present campaign, however, "the Indians will have no cause to complain about a lack of political attention," concludes the Indianapolis *News*. Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, of the Blackfoot tribe, is the first in the field with an appeal to the chiefs of all tribes in behalf of the Hoover-Curtis ticket, based chiefly on the inherent friendliness of Senator Curtis's ancestry, which goes back to a Kaw grandmother. Senator Curtis "has slept in a wigwam; he has eaten of the buffalo; he has seen tribes on the war-path, and has sat in their council," reads this novel appeal for supporting friends at the Capitol "from which come all the measures that can help the Indians." Chief Buffalo adds this reminder: "The Indians deserve to aid in the councils of the government, for they had established a democracy on this soil long before the white man came. The great Iroquois confederation was so perfectly formed that their constitution was largely adopted in framing the one under which the country exists to-day."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

NEW VOTES FOR THE GREAT WHITE FATHER

Aboriginals of the Blackfoot tribe who, like all native-born Indians, may for the first time vote this year as American citizens.

Campaign prophets have thus far volunteered little information about the trend of the Indian vote, according to the Philadelphia *Record*, which observes:

> "Now the adult members of some 193 tribes, comprising a total population of about 340,000, are in a position to act upon their political preferences. That old ungracious provision of the Constitution establishing the political ostracism of 'Indians not taxed' lapses into desuetude. All Indians are officially civilized. They assume their share of the burden of taxation, and also the compensatory privilege of voting.
>
> "Doubtless the fine war showing made by descendants of the original settlers of this domain—nearly all the Indian soldiers were volunteers—contributed something toward recognition of their value as citizens. At any rate, an act of long-belated justice has been performed at last. There is no longer a 'wild' population in the country.
>
> "Indians' complexions may not satisfy the Caucasian standards of the Invisible Empire. Nevertheless, our copper-colored races can not be ranked as other than American. Even the Daughters of the Revolution will have to admit that fact."

Before 1924, it is noted by many commentators, the basis of Indian citizenship was "competence," that is, "ability to handle his own affairs," and some two-thirds of the Indian population had reached that point when the law was extended to cover all native-born too late to affect that campaign, but none the less now deemed "an event in American history as well as in the progress of the aboriginal denizens" by the Washington *Post* and other papers. It is also noted that among the conspicuous Democratic bolters this year is ex-Senator Robert L. Owen, Oklahoma, of Cherokee descent. Concerning the importance of the Indian vote, the Indianapolis *News* says:

> "No State east of the Mississippi has a large number of Indians, compared with its total in population. The census of 1920 put the total members of the red race residents in Oklahoma at more than 57,000, and recent unofficial estimates say the number is much larger. That State has usually been Democratic in Presidential contests, but is regarded as doubtful in the present campaign for a variety of causes. One of the prominent factors is the Indian vote. Arizona, New Mexico, Montana, and South Dakota are other States in which, with the balloting close, practically solid voting by Indians would be influential in determining the outcome. Throughout the country, of course, the number of adult Indians is too small to have much influence. The total in the United States, including minors, is only about 340,000. As far as Oklahoma is concerned, political strategy is including careful study of the Indian situation. Party managers are especially interested as to whether old tribal jealousies will cause a gain in one quarter to be offset by a loss in another."

North Carolina has the largest Indian population of any Southern State, almost 12,000, according to the Charlotte *Observer*, which explains that—

> "The Croatans in Robeson County are quite numerous, but the real Red Man inhabits the regions of Jackson and Swain counties. He is a farmer and is well equipped with churches and schools—and generally votes Republican. The question of the Indian voter does not bother much in South Carolina, where but a remnant, mainly of the Catawba tribe, remains, with a count of only 304 noses."

In census figures for 1920 we find the following States having an Indian population exceeding 4,500:

Oklahoma	57,337
Arizona	32,989
New Mexico	19,512
California	17,310
South Dakota	16,384
North Carolina	11,824
Montana	10,956
Wisconsin	9,611
Washington	9,061
Minnesota	8,761
North Dakota	6,254
Michigan	5,614
New York	5,503
Nevada	4,907
Oregon	4,590

"So this year," the South Bend *Tribune* reminds us, "sees 340,000 Indians, members of 193 tribes, prepared for the first time to take an active part in the affairs of the nation which belonged exclusively to their forefathers. The noble red man whose immediate forebears placed a high value on the scalps of white men is doubtless weighing the campaign utterances of Hoover, Smith, Raskob, and Work. It is indeed an ironical situation."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

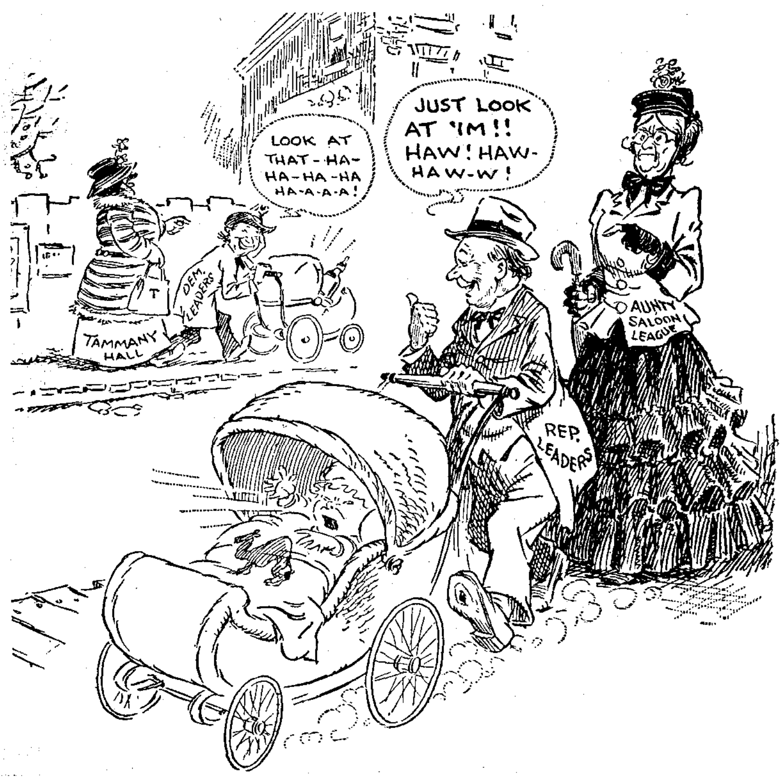
The most effective oratory in Chicago, it would seem, is bombastic.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

All campaign managers seem to have been born equal in the capacity to claim elections.—*Asheville Times.*

"Give me England," says a novelist and traveler. We think his demand comes at an inconvenient moment.—*Punch.*

Perhaps the easiest way to keep in touch with all of your relatives is to own a cottage at a summer resort.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

It is said that President Coolidge doesn't like to hear anybody swear. So the G. O. P. farm-relief program ought to include the abolition of mules.—*San Diego Union.*


LOOK AT THAT-HA-HA-HA-HA HA-A-A-A!
JUST LOOK AT 'IM!! HAW! HAW-HAW-W!
DEM. LEADERS
TAMMANY HALL
REP. LEADERS
AUNTY SALOON LEAGUE

Copyright, 1928, by the Chicago *Tribune*

THE HENPECKED HUSBANDS

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

Like other moderns, the New Tammany wishes it could hide the old family album.—*Detroit News.*

Perhaps those people who stay away from the polls are merely voting as they think.—*Mesa (Ariz.) Journal-Tribune.*

Manchuria is that part of China where General Chang minds the flies while Japan milks the cow.—*Birmingham News.*

Chase's portrait is to be placed on the new $10,000 bill. Personally, we'd rather have our hands than our portrait on it.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Of course everything is relative anyway, and maybe the committee saw Tilden's acting and decided it must be his tennis that was professional.—*Detroit News.*

A returned traveler reports that there is a Hindu ascetic in Benares who has kept his hands in the air for twenty years. That ought to give Chicagoans a new incentive.—*New York Evening Post.*

As we recall it, complaint about the high cost of living began about the time patches went out of style.—*Bakersfield Californian.*

That loud guffawing you heard was just old John Barleycorn and James J. Mars laughing about how dead they are.—*Macon Telegraph.*

We have often wondered, in our innocent way, whether the inventor of the telephone booth also designed the breakfast nook.—*Louisville Times.*

However, the evolutionary process by which monkeys made men of themselves was considerably slower than the reverse system.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Philadelphia bootleggers have more than $10,000,000 on deposit in the banks of that city. And all their other assets, we presume, are liquid.—*Mobile Register.*

This is such a spirited campaign that about the only really safe thing an editor can do is to write a ringing, clarifying and fearless editorial in praise of Charles E. Hughes.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Worse than a grapefruit that squirts is one that doesn't.—*Detroit News.*

War is now illegal in fifteen nations, but no enforcement act has yet been written.—*Asheville Times.*

If all the motor-cars in the United States were placed end to end, it would be Sunday afternoon.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"War is now criminal," says *Osservatore Romano.* War should worry, as criminals are treated nowadays.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It would have been so much simpler if Mussolini had merely annexed the North Pole without sending General Nobile up there to reconnoiter it.—*Beloit News.*

If you decline to act like a dictaphone, the whispering campaign will have no effect upon you. —*Milwaukee Journal.*

This column was quoted in The Literary Digest last week. The Digest is getting better and better.—*Mesa (Ariz.) Journal-Tribune.*

This is interesting. The U. S. Department of Agriculture rules that the watermelon is a vegetable—not a fruit or a bath.—*Detroit News.*

A technical writer says there are some chemicals for which man has found no use. Evidently he has a limited knowledge of beverages. —*Washington Post.*

It's a queer campaign when the announcement of a prominent Democrat that he will support the Democratic nominee is considered a setback for the Republicans.—*Detroit News.*

A Birmingham woman recently gave birth to a girl on a Friday and a boy and a girl on the Saturday. The instalment system seems to be spreading.—*Punch.*

All that will really happen, no matter who's elected, is that the country will muddle along about as usual.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Fame is relative, and Bill Shakespeare is known to thousands of moderns only because he is a friend of Gene Tunney.—*Beloit (Wis.) News.*

No matter which candidate is elected, the formula for getting rich quick would seem to be to buy a farm before next March 4.—*San Diego Union.*

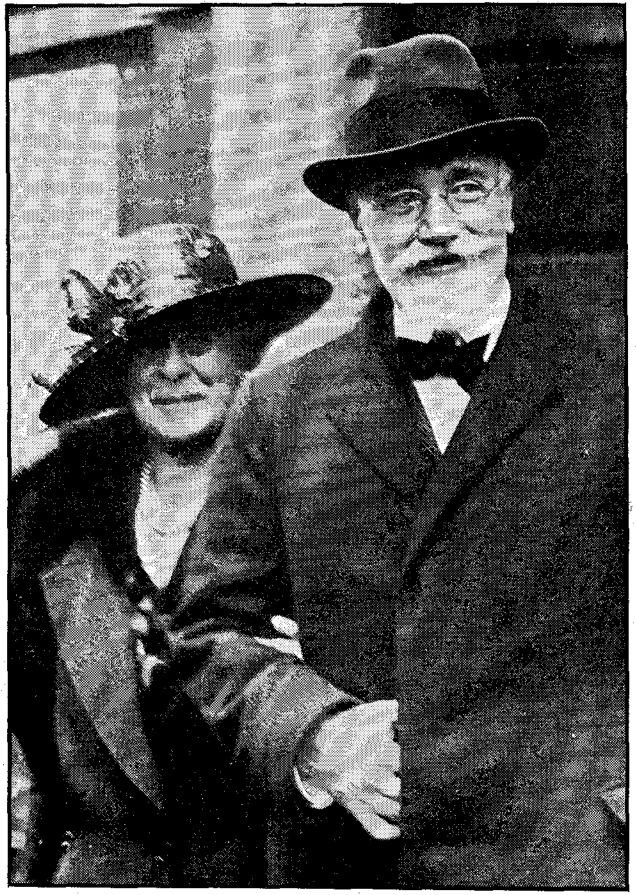
It is said an out-of-town farmer has several tons of straw he would like to sell The Literary Digest for its pre-election poll. —*Terre Haute Tribune.*

Just a few days before the fifteen nations outlawed war, with reservations, China launched a war-ship named *Peace.* The Orient is learning Occidental logic.—*Asheville Times.*

There may be a moral for youth in the fact that it was after John Coolidge had begun to devote himself to home practise on the saxophone that his father took up practise in trap-shooting and began to talk about getting the young man a regular job somewhere.—*Providence Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GREEK MONARCHIST HOPES SMASHED BY VENIZELOS



International Newsreel photograph

THE "GREAT CRETAN" WHO NOW DOMINATES GREECE

Eleutherios Venizelos, with his bride, the former Helena Schilizzi, whom he married when he was fifty-seven years old.

"VENIZELOS FIRST, THE REST NOWHERE," is the most appropriate summary, we are told, of the results of the Greek General Election, in which the Liberal party headed by Premier Eleutherios Venizelos won a victory that is said to have smashed the Royalist cause and fixt Greece firmly in position as a republic. While various observers remind us that a stable government in Greece means much for peace in Europe and for Greek-Turkish concord, they also call our attention to the striking contrasts in the career of Premier Venizelos, who at times has been in power, at times in exile, and is now the dominant personality of his country. The victory of the "great Cretan," remarks the London *Times*, is astonishingly decisive in that the Liberals have a clear majority, so that their leader will not be compelled to depend for parliamentary support upon the hazards of a coalition. According to the Athens correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, the violent campaign of the Royalist press against Venizelos contributed not a little to his triumph; and the principal Royalist organ, *Kathimerini*, is quoted by this informant as saying:

> "We are thoroughly beaten, not only by the refugee vote, but also by that of the natives. Our struggle was destructive, and not creative. We were holding in our hands execration stones against Mr. Venizelos, but not stones with which to build a State."

Another Royalist paper, the Athens *Vradyni*, says: "Our opponent's victory is real, astounding, and unprecedented, because it is a victory due, not only to the refugees, but also to the people of old Greece." *The Daily Telegraph's* correspondent reports the final electoral results as follows:

Venizelists	184
Mr. Papanastassiou's Democratic Union	17
General Condylis	8
Mr. Zavitsanos	5
Mr. Michalacopoulos	4
Independents	5
Total Government parties	223
Royalists under Mr. Tsaldaris	20
Republicans under Mr. Cafandaris	4
Anti-Venizelist Republicans (ex-Pangalists)	3
Total Opposition	27

The Royalist leader, Mr. Tsaldaris, is quoted by this Athens correspondent as saying that he will continue to support the Monarchist cause even with the handful of followers left to him, but this journalist adds: "I understand that a movement is on foot by many Royalists to recognize the republican régime, since the death-blow has been given to the monarchy, and to conduct their opposition to Venizelos as republicans." In the view of the Manchester *Guardian*, the prospect that Greece will have a stable republican government and some, perhaps many, years of tranquillity is now very fair, and "tranquillity is her greatest need after all her foreign wars and her innumerable internal convulsions." This newspaper goes on to say:

> "The Greeks are a highly gifted and intelligent people. They are capable of big things in banking, commerce, and the sciences. To call them 'Balkan' is misleading. Their real political problems are akin to those of Western Europe. All the Balkan countries are still in a semiprimitive state. Bulgaria is shaken by sanguinary feuds between Macedonian comitadjis. Jugoslavia is in danger of being broken up by the hatred between Serb and Croat, a hatred intensified by murders committed on both sides. In Roumania the peasant 'Tsaranists' are making an almost revolutionary bid for power. But Greece, now that stable government seems to be assured, will have to solve more familiar problems. She has just passed through a general strike, and will not cease to be concerned with a growing demand for higher wages and better living conditions, problems that can not be solved by purely Balkan methods. Venizelos is an acknowledged master of international diplomacy. He will now have a chance to display civilized and liberal statesmanship in a Western European sense."

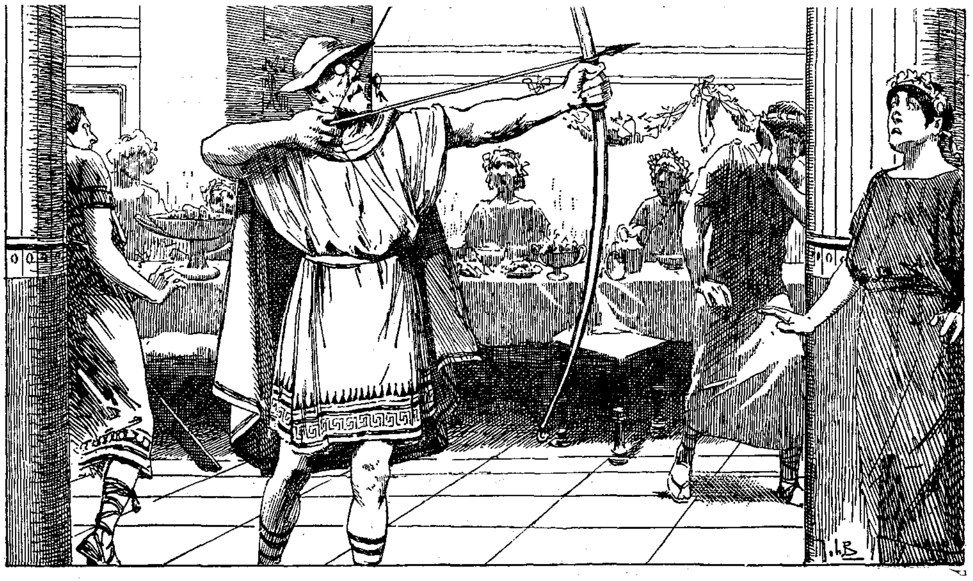
All who believe that stability in the Near East is a necessary condition of European peace will welcome the extent of the victory of Venizelos, observes the London *Morning Post*, which avers that if Greece is to enjoy a period of internal peace and prosperity it is essential that an unquestioned majority of the people should be in favor of one form of government or another. We read then:

> "In certain ways Venizelos recalls the Odysseus of Homer. 'The Fisherman of Crete,' as he was known in the old days, is a man of many wiles; and no one can question his knowledge of cities and of peoples. He has shown a capacity for waiting which challenges the faithful perseverance of Penelope; and on this occasion he seems to have made short work of those who have been striving for the last few years to bend the bow of Greek politics. In the past, in the most glorious hour of Athenian hegemony, the Greek people have always been handicapped

by a certain instability and opportunism. Throughout history they have been looking for some new thing, and very rarely have they found it."

In recalling the amazing career of Premier Venizelos, Robert Byron declares in the London *Daily News* that he will go down to history as a great patriot and a great statesman. It was owing to his reorganization of her Army, we are told, that Greece won Saloniki and the northern provinces of her present dominion in 1912. Furthermore, this writer asserts, it was due to the enormous power of his personal contact with the Allied statesmen at Versailles that she was permitted to overreach herself in the occupation of Smyrna. Mr. Byron continues as follows:

> "After the final expulsion of the Greek troops by the Turks, in 1922, King Constantine was deposed for the second time, and Venizelos, whom he had ousted, returned to power. But he was worn out with his efforts. And after three weeks he retired once more into exile. A little later I met him at a party in London. There moved toward me a short figure with a waxen, ivory face, against which a snowy beard showed even whiter. But it was the vigor of his movements that caught the eye. These did not indicate a worn-out man.



THE RETURN OF VENIZELOS

Odysseus stretches his bow.

—*De Groene Amsterdammer.*

> "At length he returned, not to Greece, but to his native Island of Crete. And there I also was taken by circumstances last October. In the residential suburb of Haleppa, outside Canea, the capital, a new house was building. By the gates, blazoned with the monogram of the statesman's father, stood a gray Renault car, a distinguished vehicle among the battered Fords and picturesque two-horse cabs that are the island's transport. At length, as I waited in a room upholstered with bright cretonnes, Madame Venizelos appeared. Her husband, she said, was ill with phlebitis. Would I come for a drive with her instead? . . .
>
> "After an hour we reached the village of Mournies. In the main street was a ruined house, with railings guarding its entrance.
>
> "We walked inside, where a kind of rough altar was strewn with bunches of flowers and overgrown with the purple trumpets of morning glory. For it was here, more than sixty years ago, that Eleutherios Venizelos was born. The house was destroyed by the Turks, almost prophetically, in a subsequent insurrection. And it is now preserved by the villagers as a shrine.
>
> "The Cretans adore their great leader. Madame Venizelos described to me the occasion of her husband's first reappearance in public after his retirement in 1923. It was at Candia, the second town of the island. And such was the crowd that it took their car two hours to accomplish a distance that can ordinarily be walked in ten minutes.
>
> "What would be his reception at Candia now, were Venizelos to appear there in the flush of his victory, may be left to the imagination!"

END OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH NAVAL PACT?

IN SPITE OF OFFICIAL DENIALS of reports published in London newspapers that the Anglo-French naval agreement (discust in THE LITERARY DIGEST for August 18) would be abandoned, and in spite of Aristide Briand's spirited defense of the agreement in a speech before the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, there are many indications that this so-called "pact," or "compromise," will soon be a thing of the past. "The Anglo-French naval agreement may not have been abandoned," says J. L. Garvin's well-informed Conservative paper, *The Sunday Observer*, "but reports to that effect should be taken as erroneous only in the sense of 'intelligent anticipation.'" The London *Daily Express* refers to the agreement as "doomed" and as "now trembling on the edge of its unwept, unhonored grave."

The fate of the pact is said to be principally due to American disapproval. So far from developing into a general accord satisfactory to the United States, as at first hoped, the agreement took on a more and more bilateral aspect, and aroused dislike not only by reason of the nature of its proposals, but also because of the secrecy with which they were surrounded. While the State Department at Washington has not admitted that Secretary Kellogg's failure to visit London after his recent visit to Paris was dictated by President Coolidge because of irritation over the Anglo-French agreement, it has not been denied that Mr. Kellogg took up the subject with the President just before leaving to sign the Peace Pact. In Paris, following news of the alleged collapse of the agreement, Representative Fred A. Britten, of Illinois, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, was quoted:

> "Publication of the secret British-French naval agreement is not now necessary because the world knows already that it was but another British attempt to further domination of the seas through subversive diplomacy, such as has always been practised in Europe.
>
> "The failure of the British statesmen and admiralty lords to tie up the principal nations of the world in a naval armament treaty which would positively have assured Great Britain's control of the seas at Geneva last year has evidently been forgotten, and another attempt prompted, with France as bait, to draw America into conference.
>
> "But again they have failed.
>
> "If another war must come over Europe, the very surest way to get it is through continuance of just such tricky diplomacy as is now being exposed to the whole world. The quicker the old-school statesmen still in power realize this, the better. I am surprized that the statesmen controlling the destinies of France would lend themselves to England for the purpose of submerging the American world position.
>
> "The British-French treaty, aimed at the limit of cruisers carrying eighty guns and also fleet submarines, might some day have affected the very future of America. It is contrary to our best interests.
>
> "It is hard to reconcile this new treaty with the repeated announcement of British-French friendship for America."

A second and potent factor making for the dissolution of the agreement was the outcry against it in the English press. The mere suggestion that the "naval compromise" was part of a "new entente" stirred up alarm. England's leading liberal weekly, *The Nation*, printed a series of vigorous editorials in which it exposed what it regarded as the sinister features of the pact, and took the line:

> "More disquieting than all else are the rumors with regard to a secret understanding behind the Anglo-French compromise on naval disarmament. The current versions of the actual naval formula are contradictory and unreliable; but they give reason to fear that the emphasis has been laid on 'security' rather than on limitation, and that a classification has been adopted which will render agreement with the United States more difficult, and range London and Paris against Washington. Still more serious is the allegation of a secret understanding—not embodied in any written document, but underlying the whole purpose and conception of the agreement—by which, in certain contingencies, the whole naval forces of the two Powers would be pooled for the protection of their common interests. This understanding is said to cover an agreement on the limitation of land armaments which would leave France, virtually, a free hand, and would necessarily imply a common policy on such questions as the Rhineland."

The Liberal Manchester *Guardian*, with a national and international influence, interpreted the pact as giving a new lease of life to conscription:

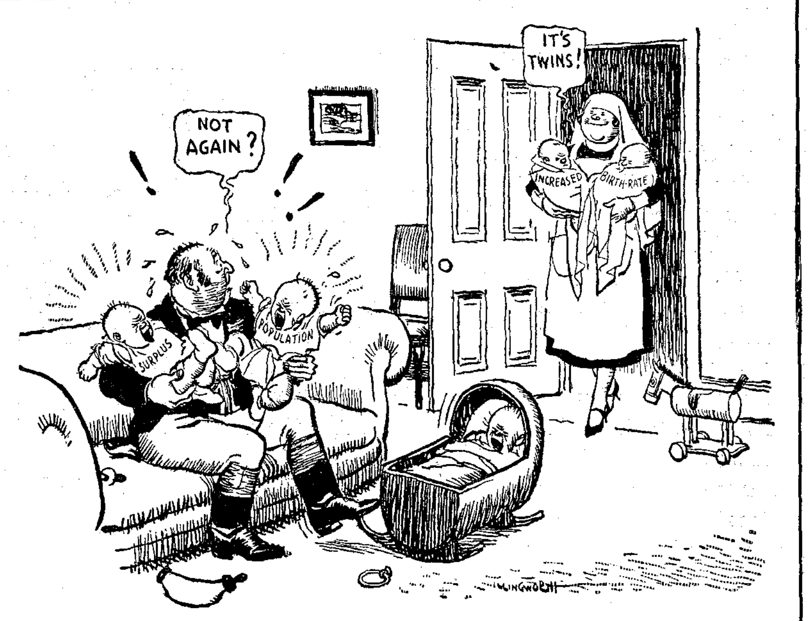
> "We are not a conscript country, and to ourselves it is of little immediate moment if trained reserves are excluded from the limitation of armaments on land. But when the Peace Treaty was drawn up, the British Government insisted that compulsory military service should be prohibited in Germany, holding that Continental militarism and conscription are inseparable. The disarmament of Germany, a boon to Germany herself and one of the few good things in a bad treaty, was to be a precedent for universal disarmament. The British Government was right, and Continental militarism and conscription are still inseparable, now as before the war. The whole military system of France and her Allies is based on a small long-service army which is the nucleus of a vast army of reservists trained in short-time compulsory service. The system has been expanded far beyond its pre-war limits and is now almost synonymous with the 'nation in arms.' It is being imitated even in Russia, where boys and girls are learning how to use the rifle. This is the system which England hitherto opposed.
>
> "She has now abandoned her opposition by agreement with France. No wonder that the French press is jubilant, no wonder that across the Channel there is confident talk of a 'new entente,' for it is actions such as this that together make up an 'entente' and, little by little, bind us closer to France—not by signed treaties or even by written agreements, but by friendly assurances and cooperation—until one day we discover that we are what even now one responsible French paper says we are, 'the sailors of France,' while the French are 'the soldiers of England.'"

Even Conservative papers such as Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* poured scorn on the pact, and declared: "We have rarely known a matter of high politics to be handled with so little adroitness or imagination. Dropping the pact may be a little ignominious for the two Governments chiefly concerned, but it will be a gesture that will do much to smooth the ruffled feelings of other countries."

Defending the accord, its British sponsors have explained that it was "tentative" and intended to end the deadlock which prevails in the subcommittee of the Geneva Disarmament Conference. Lord Cushendun, Acting Foreign Secretary, has stated at Geneva that there is no "agreed policy between ourselves and the French," and that there are no "secret clauses nor any arrangements as to an alliance or cooperation of navies." M. Briand declares that the agreement will be published in full during the course of disarmament discussions soon to be held in Geneva. He is confident that it will then be revealed as aiming solely at disarmament. But, in spite of all, the pact seems to have passed into the realm of futilities.

BRITISH HOPES FOR MORE BABIES

THE FACT THAT MANY BRITISH editors and cartoonists are inclined to rejoice when even a slight increase in the birth-rate is recorded, would seem to indicate that more babies are greatly desired in the British Isles. The London *Star* refuses to get excited over the birth-rate at a time when unemployment figures have reached the alarming total of 1,300,000. But other commentators find significance in the facts that, according to the latest report of the Registrar-General, more babies are being born in England and Wales than in 1927, and fewer are dying in infancy. As the London *Daily Telegraph* remarks, the Registrar-General is a public official whose labors are never allowed to pass unregarded, because they deal with the vital things of human existence—with birth, marriage, and death. It is a popular delusion, we are told, that blue books and government publications generally are uniformly ponderous and uninviting. The truth is quite otherwise. The same paper points out that during the second quarter of 1928, 171,241 babies were born alive in England and Wales, and this total is said to be equal to a birth-rate of 17.5 per thousand. It is the second successive quarter in which an arrest has been recorded in the decline of the birth-rate. On the other hand, weddings in the first quarter of the year were considerably fewer than those in the previous three months, and were 5,296 below the total for the first quarter of 1927. In its summary of the Registrar-General's report, this London daily advises us that the number of children born alive in England and Wales in the second quarter of 1928—



AN ANNUAL AFFAIR

According to the latest returns there is an increase in the birth-rate.

—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

> "was 3,142 more than in the preceding quarter and 161 above the total for the corresponding quarter of 1927. Illegitimate births numbered 7,699, or 168 more than a year ago. 'This arrest in the rate of decline of the birth-rate,' says the Registrar-General, 'may be due in some measure to the increase in the number of marriages solemnized in the year 1927.'
>
> "Live births registered in the quarter correspond to an annual rate of 17.5 per 1,000 of the estimated mid-year population for the year 1927. This is equal to the rate recorded in the corresponding quarter of 1927.
>
> "'Measured by the proportion of deaths of infants under one year of age to births registered, the infant mortality was equal to 60 per 1,000. This rate was 12 per 1,000 below the average of the ten preceding second quarters.'
>
> "For the year 1927 as a whole, the birth-rate was the lowest in the history of civil registration, the rate for the entire country

being 16.7. The birth-rate to-day is half what it was forty years ago. The following table indicates the fluctuations of the past fifteen years:

1913	24.1	1924	18.2
1914	23.8	1925	18.3
*1918	17.7	1926	17.8
1920	25.5	1927	16.7
1921	22.4	1928 1st Qtr	17.4
1922	20.4	1928, 2nd Qtr	17.5
1923	19.7	*Lowest for war years.”	

A NEW KIND OF FASCISM IN EGYPT

THE POST-WAR WORLD, in which the Russian and Italian dictatorships have made familiar the theory and practise of autocratic rule, is now watching the application of the same principle in Egypt. On July 18 King Fuad issued a proclamation dissolving the Egyptian Parliament for three years, and suspending the clause of the Constitution which makes it incumbent on the Government to hold a general election within two months of the dissolution of Parliament. In this simple fashion a constitutional régime was swept away to make room for a new political experiment which, to most Egyptian and foreign observers, seems to be a form of modified Fascism.

One of the first results of the edict was a secret “sitting” of both Houses of the Egyptian Parliament, despite stringent police precautions. This gathering of over two hundred deputies and senators, organized under the auspices of the “Wafd,” or Nationalist, party, passed resolutions denouncing the new Cabinet and its “unconstitutional” actions.

The train of events which led up to the edict and the protest against it began with the dismissal, early in July, of the Nationalist Premier, Mustafa Nahas Pasha, who succeeded the late Saad Zaghloul as leader of the movement opposed to English control of Egypt. Following this dismissal King Fuad summoned the leader of the Constitutionalists, Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha, who was entrusted with the formation of the new Cabinet. According to the Constitution of Egypt, every new Premier has to appear before Parliament and ask for a vote of confidence not later than a month after his appointment. However, the chief of the new Government could not appear before the Egyptian Parliament without being defeated, because four-fifths of its total membership were adherents to the Wafd, of which Nahas Pasha is the leader. To have dissolved Parliament and held new elections could only have resulted in one more victory of the Nationalist party. Therefore King Fuad, with the assistance of his new Premier, had the Constitution suspended.

In the London *Times* the new Premier, Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha, has explained his position by stating that—

> “I and my colleagues have accepted a great responsibility; but it had to be done. The way in which the business of the country has been carried on of late has been intolerable. Every branch of the Administration and of the national life has been thrown into disorder. We are going to try to clean up the mess; to purify the Administration and to introduce sanity into the conduct of affairs. We place the material prosperity of the nation before everything. We are going to tackle the vital question of increasing the supplies of irrigation water. I hope that this winter we shall settle the question of heightening the Aswan Dam and also reach a decision in regard to the Gebel Aulia project. As soon as our decisions are taken the work decided upon will be put in hand.
>
> “Then there is the project of canalizing the Sudd area. This must be examined and a decision reached, and if the scheme is proved to be capable of giving the advantages claimed for it the work must be put in hand.
>
> “Meanwhile, I do not intend to use my powers to stifle legitimate criticism. On the contrary, I invite fair and constructive criticism. The opposition press can criticize me as much as it likes. But I will not have it try to stir up revolt against the Government.
>
> “Already a press campaign has been started to incite people to refuse to pay taxes. That strikes at the very root of government. No government can tolerate that sort of thing, and we certainly will not stand it. . . . I shall not be a tyrant, but if necessary I will be a dictator—a benevolent dictator. We are not afraid of the task that we have undertaken, for we are determined to get decency and order back into the government of this country.”

The only Egyptian paper which has approved these tactics is the *Ittihad*, which says that “the mismanagement and the political graft of the Nationalist party is in fact chiefly responsible for what happened in Egypt.” The great independent but moderate Cairo daily, *El Mokattam*, altho expressing regret that the Constitution should be suspended, adds:

> “An effort should be made to remedy this untoward situation by eliminating the original reasons that brought about its creation. We can not approve of the abolition of the freedom of the press, and we appeal to those who ordered it to reconsider this decision. . . .
>
> “There is no doubt that we find ourselves in the face of civil war, in which brother is arrayed against brother, and we only hope that those who were brothers yesterday will feel the same way, if not to-day, at least to-morrow.”

The Nationalist *El Ahram* takes the view that “the Wafd will remain as a national political body, whose object will be to continue the struggle by peaceful means until the liberties and the Constitution of the country have been reasserted again.” “There is not the slightest doubt,” it says, “that by oppressive measures the extermination of the Wafd is being sought. Some people have even asked us, if, in view of what happened, we are not going to issue our paper with a black border of mourning. We are not going to mourn, because we have not despaired of the people. We have asked for a Constitution and have obtained it, and we are again going to have it. Such trials are often helpful to the peoples. History proves that liberty is not offered as a gift, but taken by those who want it, and we will do all we can to obtain it once more.”

Much more outspoken in his criticism was the outgoing Premier, Nahas Pasha, who said in an exclusive interview in the Athenian daily *Embros*, which has many intimate ties with Egypt:

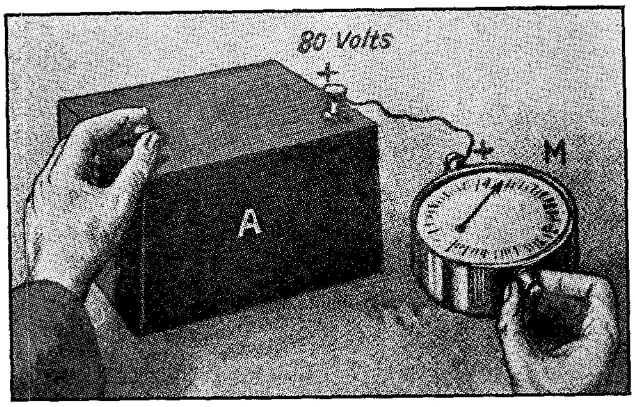
> “I would be the last one to deny that England has done much for Egypt. It is just for this reason that we want a close and lasting friendship with England. But this will not be accomplished as long as the relations between the two countries are those of master and servant. Our rights are not lessened in any degree simply because England is a great country and Egypt a small one.
>
> “England must choose between the sincere friendship of the Egyptian people and its hostility. I am not declaring war against Great Britain. We can not imitate the Americans of 150 years ago; we are powerless; but I say this for England—that it is much better for her to have the spontaneous friendship of fourteen million people than their hidden enmity. I told Lord Lloyd [British High Commissioner in Egypt] that when Great Britain recognizes our rights, and is ready to execute the promise she has given us not less than sixty-two times, by withdrawing the occupation troops from Egypt, she will have a friend and an ally in Egypt. There is nothing impudent about this demand of ours. . . .
>
> “Such independence as we have now, subject as it is to the control of England, is no independence at all. George Washington, who liberated his country from the British yoke, would never have signed such a treaty as we have been asked to sign; and no American Congress would be found to ratify it.”

In view of the above statements of the former Premier of Egypt, it is perhaps right to add a note from the Alexandria correspondent of the Athens *Patris*, who says: “It is absolutely certain that in the recent crisis Great Britain has not taken any part at all. The whole matter is simply one of Egyptian internal policy.”

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

HUMAN RADIO RECEIVERS

HOW THE HUMAN BODY MAY FUNCTION in place of all sorts of electric devices, and in particular as an animated radio-receiver, is told in an illustrated article printed in *La Nature* (Paris). The body, we are reminded, is the seat of physical and chemical phenomena that are pretty well known, at least superficially, and it is not difficult to conceive that these may be accompanied by electrical action. We read:



Illustrations from *La Nature* (Paris)

HOW MUCH IS YOUR ELECTRICAL RESISTANCE?

A simple way to test it. Keep hands dry to avoid injury.

"Some time ago an eminent physicist thought that he had discovered the emission of a special form of radiation by the human body; but the 'N rays' are still an unproved hypothesis. Recent studies of carrier pigeons, some species of butterflies, etc., by physicists and physiologists, regarding instincts of direction apparently inexplicable, furnish reasons for hope that the day will come when we shall understand the part played by radioelectricity in manifestations of life.

"We shall here examine some more precise phenomena—the effects determined in the human body by electric currents, from the continuous current to the very high-frequency currents of wireless.

"The human body is a conductor, more or less perfect according to circumstances. Take hold, with the thumb and finger of the left hand, of one of the terminals of a battery or accumulator of eighty volts, of the model well known in radio, and in the same manner, with the right hand, a terminal of a milliampere meter graduated from zero to three or five milliamperes, whose other terminal is connected with the second terminal of the battery, keeping the hands perfectly dry.

"The needle of the milliampere meter will indicate the passage of a current of about one milliampere, which shows that the resistance of a human body is about 70,000 to 80,000 ohms. This evidently varies according to the pressure of the fingers and the character of the subject, and it diminishes very greatly if the body is wet with an electrolyzable liquid such as salt water. The intensity of the current traversing the body then increases so much that it may cause serious injury.

"It is for this reason that fatal accidents have happened to persons taking a bath, who have inadvertently touched some object connected to the electric wiring system at 110 volts—an electric radiator, for example.

"Every conductor of sufficiently large surface, and well insulated, may serve as a receiving antenna for radio. We may thus, in certain conditions, utilize the human body as an improvised wave-collector.

"Place several persons, preferably holding hands, on a rug, or better, on a rubber mat, and direct the one at the end of the line to grasp with his fingers, preferably moistened, the antenna terminal of a wireless station whose normal antenna has been disconnected. By properly regulating the apparatus, the signals can be heard as if this human chain constituted a sort of antenna, more or less satisfactory.

"If we change the number of persons or replace one by another, we shall find that the receiving apparatus will require regulation anew, which shows that the capacity of the body varies with the individual and renders possible some interesting comparisons.

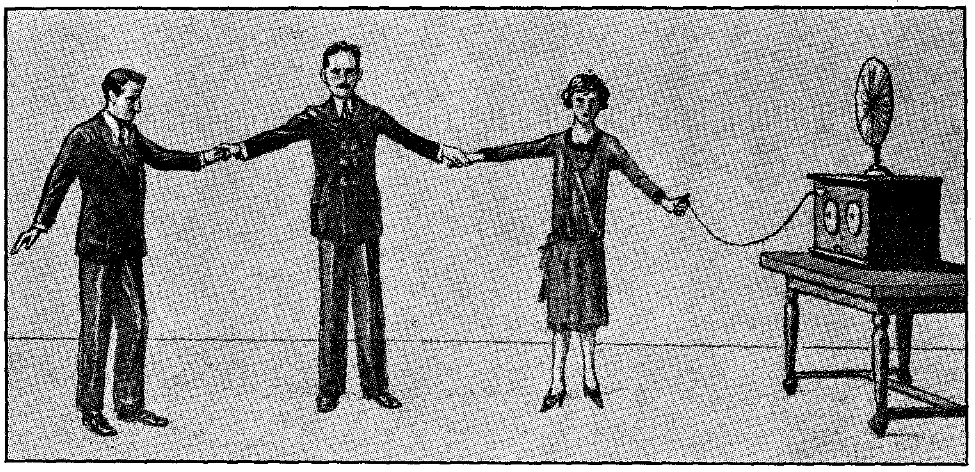
"The body gives passage more easily still to the low-frequency telephonic current. If we include the bodies of several persons, holding hands, in the outgoing circuit of a radio-receiver, between the outgoing terminal and the loud-speaker, this will not interfere at all with audibility of the apparatus.

"Let two persons, wearing glazed kid gloves on one hand, hold in the ungloved hands the ends of the double-wire cable of a telephone circuit. They then press their gloved hands over the ears of a third person, preferably insulated, when this person will be able to hear a telephone message.

"The explanation is simple. The body of the subject acts as a conductor placed between the non-conducting layers of the kid gloves, and the operators' hands also act as conducting plates. In reality, we have thus included in the telephone circuit two 'speaking condensers,' whose vibrations affect the ears of the subject.

"This experiment, which attracted much attention when introduced in 1889, may now be repeated in more modern guise by using the low-frequency telephonic currents coming from a radio receiving outfit and destined normally to operate a loud-speaker.

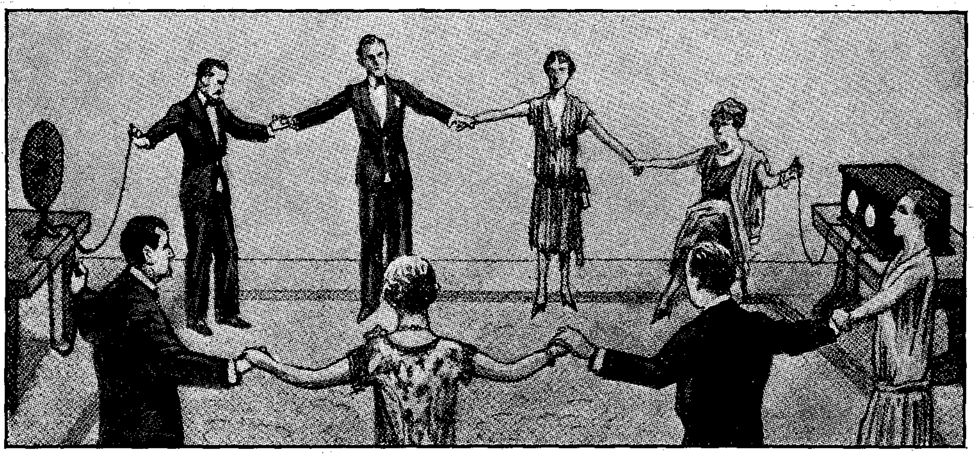
"Two operators, each having one hand covered with a tight kid glove, hold in their other hands the unrolled ends of the loud-speaker's telephone cable. When they press their gloved hands on the ears of a 'subject,' the latter hears very clearly the radiophonic emission. Of course the apparatus must be previously well regulated, and powerful enough to furnish nominally excellent audition through the loud-speaker.



HUMAN CHAIN ACTING AS A RADIO ANTENNA

"Instead of employing as a dielectric the skin of a kid glove, we may, more simply, use a sheet of strong paper, as shown in the figure [page 25]. The experiment seems more original in this way, but the result is the same. There is still another form of this experiment, possibly more simple still, but much more mysterious to the uninitiated spectator because it requires absolutely no special accessory.

"An operator holds in his bare left hand the uninsulated end of one of the outgoing connections of a radio apparatus, normally leading to the loud-speaker, and another operator holds the end of the other connection in his right hand. In these conditions, when one of the operators presses the palm of his hand on the other's ear, the latter will hear the radio message clearly. This phenomenon is simply explained by noting that between the operator's palm and the subject's ear there is always a thin layer of air which acts as a dielectric and causes this original 'speaking condenser' to operate.


TELEPHONE CONDUCTOR FORMED BY A HUMAN CHAIN

"We see thus that the human body may serve as a resistance, a condenser, a wave-collector, a cable-conductor, and even as a telephonic receiver! Nature has apparently forseen the discovery of radio!"

BETTER HOUSING AND FOOD FOR MOSQUITOES—The mosquito may be kept from biting human beings by providing him with shelter and food elsewhere than in the dwellings of man. That he often prefers other food to human blood appears from facts quoted in a recent editorial by *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). We read:

"Newspapers recently announced somewhat humorously that 'mosquitoes prefer horses to men on their menus.' The statement was based on a study made by the Bureau of Malarial Control of Porto Rico. When horses and men slept in the same house, the mosquitoes attacked the horses and only rarely the men. The men later slept, without animals near by, in a house of the kind used by the poorer Porto Ricans; they were severely bitten by mosquitoes. Subsequently, when horses were tied at the door, only two mosquito bites were inflicted on the inmates of the house. In Europe, Roubaud has recently been engaged in related investigations. He has found that the mosquito is highly adaptable to conditions that affect its opportunities to feed on animal blood. Mosquitoes which feed on live stock develop more formidable mouth parts than those which feed on man. If live stock is kept outdoors, in a windy country, mosquitoes seek the interior of houses, away from the wind, and feed on the human beings who occupy the houses. On the other hand, if animals are housed in good stables the mosquitoes are content to remain in the barns. Moreover, if a barn stands between a swamp and a farmhouse, the family at the house will be relatively free from annoyance, for the mosquitoes will have become accustomed to feeding on the animals in the barn. Roubaud is convinced that in farming countries antimalarial work must take account of two factors: on the one hand, the presence of domestic animals and, on the other, the treatment of stagnant water. The inference from his work is an unusual one. Man may be as ruthless as he will in destroying the breeding places of mosquitoes, but some will succeed in breeding in spite of his efforts. These, it seems, can be rendered less menacing to man by the provision for them of shelter and of food elsewhere than in human habitations."

FOOD PREJUDICES

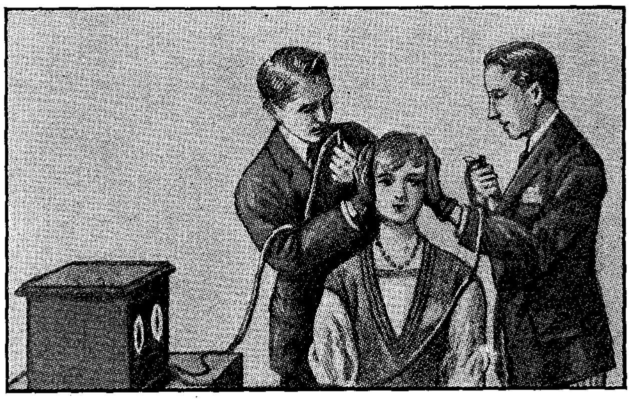
THESE ARE FOUND to exist in all parts of the world by Dr. Charles W. Townsend of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who writes of them in *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa.). They are the cause of an enormous amount of waste, perfectly good nutriments being thrown away by the ton as "not fit to eat." The educated cosmopolite, says Dr. Townsend, does not hesitate to try strange foods. Not so the savage, the child, and the ignorant. In these three classes, food prejudices—often curious and irrational—abound. He goes on:

"In a hostile world, the savage must take heed what he eats or he may rue the day. His tribes for generations have known what foods are good, and he avoids all others. Food prejudices to-day are due to inheritance from our savage ancestry.

"On both the American and European shores of the Atlantic Ocean two shellfish are common, the soft-shelled clam, and the edible mussel. The species of these two mollusks are the same on both sides of the water. In Europe, mussels are eaten freely but not clams, while the reverse is the case on the American side. This prejudice extends back to prehistoric times, for while clam shells abound here in ancient shell heaps, and mussel shells are merely accidental, in Europe the exact opposite is the case.

"Prof. Edward S. Morse, in his study of the changes in the shell of the clam, was amazed to find no clam shells in the Baltic shell heaps, while the living mollusks abounded in the near-by estuaries. 'It was the same in England; the clam had never been eaten, even in ancient times. It is a common shell there, and thousands of barrels are shipped to the Newfoundland fisheries for bait. We learned the epicurean delights of the clam from the North American Indians.' In a recent visit on the Norfolk coast of England I had great difficulty in persuading a company of educated English people to taste the clam!

"Children are nearer the savage state than their educated parents, and strange foods are often to them abominations. The wise parent instils the precept, 'Eat what is set before you and be thankful.' The unwise parent allows the innate talent for food prejudices to grow strong in his young hopefuls, and even boasts that his little Johnny or Mary can not eat this and can not eat that.

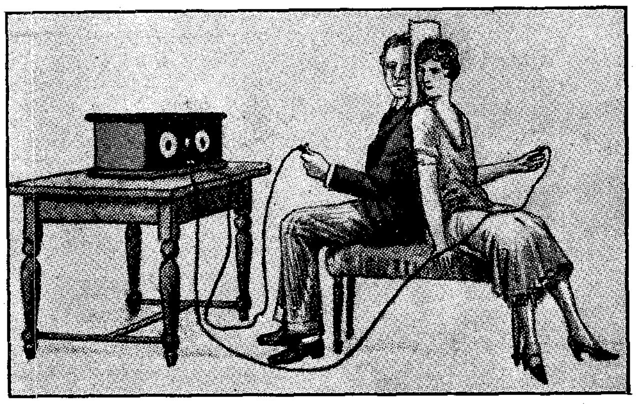

KID-GLOVE RADIO RECEIVER

"The third class, the ignorant, is well represented—or rather used to be—by the peasant servant girl, who was content with corned beef and cabbage, and refused even to taste venison and wild duck."

All of us are very near the savage state, Dr. Townsend believes.

He finds that food prejudices abound even among the educated. In the matter of fish, he says, this is strikingly the case. We read:

"In England and in this country the various kinds of flatfish, whether known as sole, plaice or flounder, are considered good and delicate eating. In the Gaspé Peninsula, in Newfoundland and in Labrador, this is not the case. At Grand Grève in Gaspesia, I told a fisherman and his wife the high esteem and high price in which the flounder was held in Boston, and suggested that the next he caught should not be wasted. A few days later I saw several flounders deposited as fertilizer in the garden, and, on my exclaiming at the sacrilege, he said, 'Oh, they are not fit to eat!'



HUMAN RADIO RECEIVERS, WITH SHEET OF PAPER

"In my youth, when on codfishing excursions I caught pollack, no matter how large and fine, I was told to return them to the water as they were 'not fit to eat.' Nowadays this prejudice seems to have disappeared. At Grand Manan, New Brunswick, haddock and hake were formerly thrown away, and nearly everywhere along our coasts the dogfish, hated by fishermen, is destroyed and cast out. It is true that the dogfish is a shark, but it has firm white flesh which is nearly as good eating as that of the swordfish.

"In Labrador, young gulls are considered great delicacies as food, while the mere idea of eating cormorants is a thing abhorrent, yet gulls feed on the flotsam and jetsam of the sea, on long-dead fish as well as on fresh ones. Cormorants, on the other hand, feed exclusively on freshly caught fish.

"To eat 'crow' has an unpleasant metaphorical flavor. Equally unpleasant, even abhorrent to most people, is the idea of eating crow in the literal sense. Now a properly broiled or roasted crow, especially if young, compares well with pigeon or squab. Rook shooting and rook eating in Pickwick's time, at least, was common sport in England. A rook is a crow.

"I remember reading a sportsman's recipe for cooking porcupine, which included long stewings and changes of water. The recipe concluded with the advice—which was excellent under the circumstances—to throw it all away without serving. A nicely broiled procupine steak or hind quarter, I can, however, aver from experience, to be excellent. The same can be said of woodchuck, muskrat, and skunk; I have tried them all."

Explorers in savage regions often learn to divest themselves of food prejudices. Captain G. F. Lyon, of H. M. S. *Hecla*, in a voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions under Captain Parry, was a good example. He says, "All were horrified at the idea of eating foxes, but very many got the better of their delicacy and found them good eating." Other instances cited by Dr. Townsend are as follows:

"Captain George Cartwright, who lived from 1770 to 1786 on the Labrador coast, was another such adventurous soul. He found his men rebelled at being made to eat venison in winter in order to conserve the salt pork which they preferred, and only by an artifice did he get them to eat polar bear.

"Stefansson, in 'The Friendly Arctic,' gives a very good account of food prejudices among Esquimau dogs. Dogs brought up far from the sea and fed on caribou and rabbit would not eat seal meat, while those brought up on the seashore would not touch other game when they were taken inland. In young dogs the prejudice was more quickly overcome than in old.

"It is well known that the introduction of potatoes and tomatoes in Europe was a slow and difficult process, and that Indian corn-meal is even now considered fit only for poultry in most parts of the British Isles, while the introduction of grapefruit as a part of the breakfast ritual has met with considerable opposition. In Labrador, turnip greens are eaten, but beet greens are thrown away.

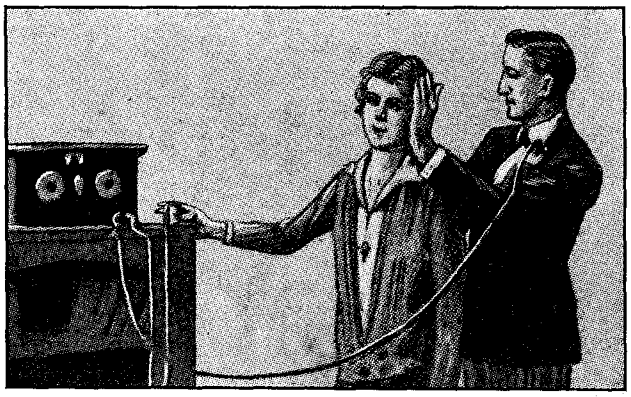
"I discovered recently an intelligent and educated man over three-score years of age, who admitted that until he was twenty-one he had refused to taste any vegetable but the potato. He still refuses to eat or even taste beets. Of banana, watermelon and cantaloup he has never even tasted, and he shudders to think of trying them. Altho he is fond of apple pie, he can not bring himself to try squash or pumpkin pie. How many good things in life this man has missed owing to his treasured food prejudices! How much better for him had he been brought up to eat the food set before him, and be thankful!"

VIRTUES OF THE HUMBLE "SPUD"

ONE MAY LIVE ON IT INDEFINITELY, with no other food except a little fat, says the writer of an editorial in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). In fact, popular as the potato is, he believes that we have not given it full credit for its dietetic value. As it may yield from twenty to thirty times the weight of wheat, barley or oats, he regards its importance as a food supply in densely peopled regions as apparent. He writes:

"Next to corn it is our greatest food plant, and outside the corn-belt it is without a rival in North America, Europe, or Asia. An economist has remarked that if need be the potato may revolutionize the economic status of a great section of central North America from central Ohio to the forests of the Ontario highlands, and from Newfoundland to Michigan, Manitoba, Alberta, and Alaska. He adds that if at any time any one fears the early approach of serious food shortage, let him consider the potato and take comfort. This article of food is second only to wheat in the number of times a year that it is eaten in America, and in Europe it probably stands first. Analysis shows that it is close to wheat in actual food value, but it contains so much water that four times as much potato as wheat must be eaten in order to obtain the same amount of nourishment.

"Perhaps these tubers, sometimes called 'spuds,' have not acquired the dietary reputation to which their nutritive properties entitle them. The fuel value of the potato is as well utilized as that of most foods. The credit of whatever excellence it may possess is usually attributed to the starch content. Potatoes are, of course, predominantly a carbohydrate food, but the evidence is becoming more conclusive that the protein in the tubers, small tho it may be in quantity, is by no means of inferior value. Hindhede and his coworkers in Denmark reported their ability to live over long periods of time on a diet in which the nitrogen was derived solely from whole potato. One person partook without detriment of a diet of between 4½ and 9 pounds of potatoes daily, with some vegetable margarin, during nearly 300 days. This has led a physiologist to remark somewhat facetiously: 'What could be more simple than stocking the cellar with coal,



HUMAN RADIO RECEIVER WITHOUT ACCESSORIES potatoes, and a tub of margarin! Who then would worry about the complexities of modern life?'

"The large-scale natural experiments of potato-eating nations seem to establish the high value of potato protein. The satisfactory value of tuberin, the globulin of potato, has been established anew by Kon at the Biochemical Laboratory in Cambridge, England. Furthermore, Kon and Klein, working in the State School of Hygiene at Warsaw, Poland, have described an experiment in which two adults, a man and a woman, lived for a period of 167 days in nitrogen equilibrium and in good health on a diet in which the nitrogen was almost solely derived from the potato. Necessarily the daily intake of potatoes (which was supplemented with fats and a few fruits) was large. The digestion seems to have been excellent throughout the experiment, and both subjects felt well. It is reported, moreover, that they did not tire of the uniform potato diet, and that there was no craving for change. It is said that deficiency diseases are not common where the potato enters liberally into the diet. Such favorable reports give renewed assurance that the popular tuber is truly endowed with nutrient merits alike 'for man and beast.'"

VOLCANOES AND WORLD WEATHER

WEATHER MEN ARE WATCHING with heightened interest the series of volcanic eruptions which have been taking place this summer, culminating with the explosion of Rokatinda, which is reported to have killed a thousand natives on the Island of Paloweh. Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), thinks that if the recent eruption was severe enough, or if it is followed by an even greater outburst, there is a chance that the following summer may be abnormally cool. We read:

"Prof. W. J. Humphreys of the U. S. Weather Bureau has made a study of the weather records following periods of intense volcanic activity for the past three centuries, and finds that each great explosive eruption has been followed by one or more cool, cloudy summers. The famous 'year without a summer,' 1816, followed upon the heels of a terrific explosive eruption of Tomboro volcano, in the East Indies, during 1815. This correlation between volcanic eruptions and weather is believed to be due to the loading of the upper atmosphere with clouds of extremely fine volcanic dust, which stays aloft for months and is carried all over the world.

"Volcanic eruptions of the explosive type show a tendency toward grouping. Two or more will occur close together within a couple of years, and then there will be a period of relative quiet until the next group outburst. Thus, one of the earliest group entries on Professor Humphreys's list shows the eruption in 1766 of Hecla in Iceland and Mayon in the Philippines; the latter volcano is in eruption again at present. Between 1783 and 1785 occurred the eruptions of Asama in Japan, Skapta Jokull in Iceland, and Vesuvius in Italy. In 1799 there was an isolated volcanic explosion on Tierra del Fuego off the tip of South America, which may have been responsible for a cool summer following.

"From 1808 until 1815 there was a long succession of great outbursts; St. George in the Azores, Etna in Sicily, Soufriere on the Island of St. Vincent, Mayon in the Philippines, culminating in the terrific eruption of Tomboro, which destroyed 56,000 lives. The 'year without a summer' followed in 1816; but during this period there were several years of abnormally low temperature.

"Fifteen years later, in 1831, a new series began, with explosions in the Babuyan Islands, Mt. Coseguina in Nicaragua, and Awatska in Kamtchatka. There followed a long period of relative freedom from great explosions, ending in 1872 with an eruption of Vesuvius, followed by Morapi in Java and Vatna Jokull in Iceland. This series ended in 1875.

"In 1883 came the most terrific eruption in the memory of living men, when the great East Indian volcano Krakatoa shattered the whole island on which it stood and wiped out 36,000 Malay lives. This eruption was followed before 1886 by outbursts of St. Augustine in Alaska and Tarawera in New Zealand. The low-temperature period following this group was second only to that of 1816.

"The next period was between 1890 and 1892, with explosions of Bugoslov in Alaska, Awoe in the East Indies, and Bandaisan in Japan. Ten years later came the disastrous eruption of Pele on the Island of Martinique, and the outbursts of Santa Maria volcano in Guatemala and Colima in Mexico.

"The most recent group of eruptions started in 1912, when Katmai in Alaska blew off its top, followed in 1913 by another eruption of Colima, and in 1914 by Sakurashima in Japan.

"The present year has been marked by four volcanic outbreaks. Ometepe, on an island in Lake Nicaragua, erupted in January. There have been reports of explosions at Krakatoa, quiescent since its great eruption in 1883. Mayon in the Philippines has been driving the inhabitants of its neighborhood away from their homes, and finally has come the destructive explosion of Rokatinda. None of these has been at all comparable with the great explosions, such as those of Krakatoa and Asama, or even with the erupton of Katmai; but there is no telling whether they may not be merely the preliminary bouts of a really huge outburst, which may again bring us a year without a summer."

METEORS AND METEORITES

THESE CELESTIAL BODIES, "the only links between the earth and the rest of the universe," are discust in a recent bulletin of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (San Francisco) by Dr. N. T. Bobrovnikoff of Lick Observatory. There is now no doubt, he says, that "empty" space is not wholly empty. In the space about the sun and its planets are particles of dust and larger fragments, all pursuing paths around the sun, yet too small to be seen through our largest telescopes. He proceeds:

"When any of these particles or fragments happen to pass near enough to the earth, they are diverted from their orbits. And if they enter the earth's atmosphere, sufficient friction is engendered to cause them to glow and to become perceptible as meteors. When exceptionally large they are known as bolides or fireballs.

"Calculations show that meteors even as bright as Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, may have very small masses, mere fractions of an ounce. No wonder they burn themselves up and thus fail to reach the surface of the earth, except in the very few cases where they can be picked up and studied. These are the meteorites; they differ from meteors in that they stay with us on the earth, whereas the meteors are only seen, and sometimes heard, and are then 'melted into thin air.' It is estimated that several million meteors enter our atmosphere in the course of twenty-four hours.

"The mass and size of meteorites vary greatly, from several ounces up to many tons. The largest as yet studied probably fell in prehistoric times near Melville Bay in Greenland; it weighs about thirty-six and one-half tons, and its length is about eleven feet. It is now in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, together with a number of smaller specimens. In the Field Museum, in Chicago, there is another great collection of meteorites. If we recall that more than three-quarters of the earth's surface is covered with water or is otherwise inaccessible, we may consider as probable the fall of still larger pieces, never to be discovered.

"About thirty-five miles east of Flagstaff, in Arizona, near Canyon Diablo, there is a remarkable 'crater,' 4,000 feet in diameter and 600 feet deep. No evidence of volcanic activity exists in the neighborhood; the only possible explanation is that the 'crater' was made by a large meteorite or body of meteorites that fell there, probably several thousand years ago. Many meteorites have been excavated from this place and distributed among different museums or individuals. Several are on exhibition at the Lick Observatory.

"Another fall of a very large meteorite occurred quite recently, on June 30, 1908, in the primeval forest of Siberia, in the Province of Yenisei. Its flight across the sky was witnessed by many persons, as far as 400 miles from the place where it fell. The air-wave accompanying this unusual phenomenon was of such intensity as to throw men and animals to the ground. At the nearest settlement, some fifty miles away, people were scorched by the heat and houses were damaged. On the site of the fall, the trees over a large area, as well as a herd of some 1,500 domesticated reindeer, were destroyed. Within a circle many miles in diameter, the fallen trees, stript of their bark, lie in concentric rows, their tops pointing outward from the center. In the marshy ground there are dozens of large funnel-shaped cavities, showing that the meteorite really consisted of many pieces that have sunk deep into the earth. Their excavation will not be an easy matter. The shock of the fall of the meteorite was registered on the seismographs at Irkutsk (600 miles distant) and at Kirensk (300 miles away). In the latter city the barographs registered the air-wave accompanying the meteorite. The total weight of the fallen pieces may amount to thousands of tons. Fortunately, this region is sparsely populated and the settlements are widely scattered."

If such a meteorite had fallen in a city, Dr. Bobrovnikoff goes on to say, the loss of life and property would have been considerable. However, there is little reason, he tells us, to fear such a calamity. Of the millions of meteors that reach our atmosphere daily, only an infinitesimal proportion are of any material size, and of these an exceedingly small number actually reach the earth's surface. The probability of a city being struck by a larger meteorite is negligible as compared with the risk from an earthquake or a tornado. He goes on:

"Chemical analyses of the meteorites reveal that they are of two kinds, the metallic meteorites that consist chiefly of iron with a small percentage of nickel and cobalt, and the stony meteorites that consist of silicate rocks, similar to those on the earth. Apparently less than 3 per cent. of the meteorites that are seen to fall are of the metallic kind. There are also mixtures of both classes. When heated, meteorites give off gases such as hydrogen, carbon monoxid, and hydrocarbons. Altogether, about thirty of the chemical elements, including argon and helium, have been found in these celestial immigrants.

"The thunderlike sound accompanying the fall of some meteorites does not always mean an explosion. It may be due to disturbance of the air, as in ordinary electrical storms.

"Sometimes meteorites occur in large swarms, containing thousands of pieces. The great bolide of February 9, 1913, was observed from Canada to the Bermuda Islands as a stream of ten separate groups, each consisting of dozens of individual bodies.

"The popular notion that meteorites reaching the ground are red-hot is totally erroneous. Indeed, one of them, at Dhurmsala, India, in 1860, was picked up coated with ice soon after it had fallen, in moist ground. Why, then, do they shine and even burn themselves up? The answer is simple. They have the temperature of interplanetary space, about 400 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, before they enter our atmosphere. The friction of the air then heats and fuses their surface layers, but the heat has not time to penetrate deeply. As soon as one reaches the earth's surface, the high temperature of its exterior layers is neutralized by the average low temperature of its entire mass, so that it quickly becomes lukewarm, or even actually cold.

"One of the astonishing results of the study of meteoric showers has been the discovery of their kinship with comets. A comet is not a single body; it really consists of innumerable meteors. These meteors, in the course of time, leave their parent comet, due to various causes, and travel in the same orbit around the sun, either in front of or behind the comet. When the earth comes near enough to the orbit of such a comet, some of the meteors are drawn into our atmosphere, and we then observe them.

"Many bright comets have such meteoric swarms, producing meteoric showers. The famous Halley's Comet gives us a shower early in May of each year, the so-called Aquariids, from their radiant in the constellation Aquarius. Another shower, the Perseids, in the beginning of August, comes from the bright comet Tuttle, of 1862.

"Such are our ephemeral celestial visitors, the meteors, or their more intimate variety, the meteorites. They tell us a story of the comets which generate them, of the properties of our atmosphere which ushers them to our attention, and of the intense cold of space; and they are the only material links that connect our earth with the rest of the universe."

From the American Museum of Natural History

THERE IS LITTLE RISK OF BEING HIT BY ONE OF THESE

Largest meteorite to be recovered and studied. It is about 11 feet long and weighs over 36 tons. It fell in Greenland in prehistoric times and is now in the Museum in New York City.

BATHING IN POLLUTED WATERS

WATERS COMMONLY USED FOR BATHING in the vicinity of large cities are frequently so polluted that they constitute a danger to health. This is certainly the case in New York, according to Dr. Louis I. Harris, health commissioner of that city, who, in an interview printed in the New York *American*, declares that some of its encircling bays are so polluted that they present a genuine menace. He adds that it would not be far-fetched to say that death lurks in every mouthful of their waters swallowed by bathers. We read:

"In a conference recently between Dr. Harris and Dr. Charles F. Pabst, it was developed that in addition to the many internal diseases which the filthy waters carried, there were many serious and painful skin diseases against which the public should be warned. Dr. Pabst, an authority on this phase of the menace, is a city physician and chief attending dermatologist of the Greenpoint Hospital.

"Following their talk it was said that physicians and surgeons would not be astonished to see an epidemic of furuncles or boils, abscesses, and other inflammatory diseases of the skin and blood stream. It was said that these are quite likely to be contracted by bathers in the condemned waters, where the subject has slight cuts or abrasions.

"These abrasions, it was shown, need not be pronounced, but might merely be the result of chafing by a woolen bathing suit in order to give the bacilli a point of entry.

"Eye specialists have pointed out, too, that these waters present the constant peril of pink-eye and all forms of conjunctivitis, some of which could conceivably result in permanent injury to the eye, or even total blindness.

"Perhaps the most prevalent aftermath of bathing in water containing sewage, it was said at the Health Department, is that of middle-ear infection, often leading to mastoiditis, abscesses, ear-drum infections, and often deafness, especially where the eustachian tubes become involved.

"Respiratory diseases also play their part in the lives of bathers who ignore the Health Department warnings. At the department it was said that 'colds,' which bathers imagine they contract from staying around too long in swimming suits, really are contracted from the organisms in the filthy waters.

"Many cases of pneumonia have been traced directly to this source, as have cases of tonsilitis, bronchitis, pharingitis, and all of the common nose and throat ills.

"Swallowing these waters, it was declared, might easily lead to disturbances of the digestional tract, not from the water itself, but from the dangerous bacilli they contain and might easily be a predisposing factor of appendicitis."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

D'ANNUNZIO'S AMAZING AUTOBIOGRAPHY

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO "TRANSLATES into living words even those which appear to be dead." So an admirer speaks of him, and his influence during the late war would seem to justify the praise of his fellow countrymen even if his previous literary efforts failed in making him the "lord of language." He is writing his autobiography, tho the book appearing in instalments under the general title of "*Le Faville del Maglio*," which might be translated "Sparks from the Hammer," is anything but conventional. Speaking of his mastery over words, Renato Simoni, writing in *L'Illustrazione Italiana*, declares that "he makes the blood of youth course in their veins by means of his approaches, his interweavings, his inveiglements, his musical inventions, his daring effects, his fusions, and combinations of incomparable beauty." If the idea does not come through this Italian exuberance, here is another that follows and clinches: "The Italian language lives in him, the whole of it, through the long centuries of its history and glory." Mr. Simoni is now dealing with the second section of D'Annunzio's work, which bears the weird title of "*Il Compagno dagli Occhi Senza Cigli*." Literally this would mean "The Companion of the Eyes Without Lashes." D'Annunzio figures, however, not another person, but his own youth who accompanies himself in his hairless age. As his interpreter presents the poet to us, or rather the poet's evocation of his youth, we get this:

D'ANNUNZIO AT FIFTEEN

When a rebellious student in the Collegio of Prato.

> "The Companion of the Eyes Without Lashes has shared the wonderful and bitter years of boyhood with the poet. He reappears, precociously old, burned by a mad passion, eaten away by life, humiliated in misery. This shadow of a man whose glance is timid and full of suffering, bears within himself the memories and the specters of the past. A tragic figure, but the youth which he has been, lo, he advances with him. The prophetic, splendid, proud boy which the poet has been goes to meet him. The band of friends are all present. We will never again forget them. By this time we know their faces. Their voices sound familiar.
>
> "His life at school is represented as in the captivity of pedantic discipline and bitter obedience, replete with the mental rebellions of the prisoner. The picture takes shape before us with a surprizing completeness and variety. The soul of the pupil Gabriele d'Annunzio gives us the design and the coloring, and, this soul, as it grows up and matures, seeks freedom and comes into conflict even with the somber architecture of the querulous building (i. e. the school building). He considers this little world with curiosity, with a grace which is now condescending, and then again contemptuous, ready to take refuge in hermit-like solitudes, proud and impatient of his own future.
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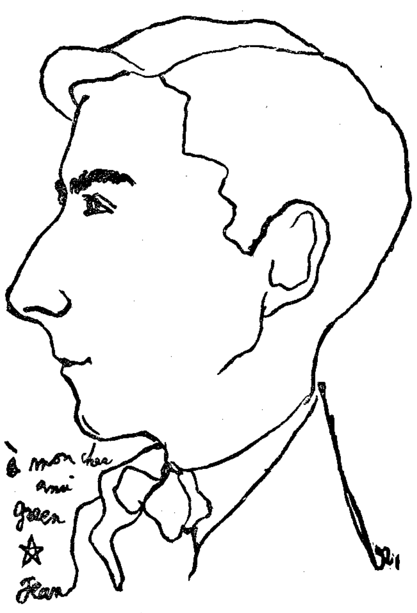
> "The poet himself discloses to us his youthful years. His testimony, truthful and lyrical at the same time, does not tell us about this sweet and trepidating period. Rather he recreates it, with an admirable semblance to life, so that, in our reading, it seems as if we can see the figures in the transparency of the air and the variety of the light.
>
> "It has been said that the war has demonstrated the magnificent sincerity of the heroic ideals of Gabriele d'Annunzio. This schoolboy, who now appears before us, gives us the man and the poet which we have loved later on in the deliciousness and in the bitterness of his evocations. His enthusiasms, his moments of despair, his animosities and his ironic lack of feeling are already to be found in him as a boy. . . . We can realize already how study for him will later develop his immense culture, not a knowledge which is cold and sure of itself, but a transforming energy. The student is already capable of discerning the facts of life in his school subjects themselves. Already the great outlines of history and the works of art are seriously and consciously projected by him into a little contemporary world under the urge and love of heroic ideals. . . . As a climax to his tale is his escape from the 'prison' of the school, on to the roofs, nearer the blue skies, and then beneath the crackling rain, enjoying both the propitious and the adverse elements, his soul full of panic, and rebellious withal. It is a laughable liberation, devoid of all misery, all hindrances, and anything savoring of viciousness. A song between the gables of the roof, purer, more airy and colored than if the impervious mountain peaks had heard it. . . .
>
> "The Companion of the Eyes without Lashes has become a forger. He has forged the signature of his school friend and come to beg immunity. The magic illusion of boyhood disappears in the midst of this period of squalor, decadence and crime."

Written in poetic prose, this work claims the license of poetry. It seems also to inspire its reviewer to emulation, for he writes:

> "There is a world in this book: the past and the present, youth and old age, the enthusiasms of health and the horrors of sickness, the heroic ideals and the portrait of the man himself, the softness of the violet and the vastness of the heavens, the clearness of the morning and the tragic shadows of the night, air, water, fire, the myth and sad reality, the sound and precise modeling of the body and the lightness and vapors of the spirit. The peerless artist employs the most gentle language or the most savage terms in each form, each description, and each invention. He dominates them all. He renders them all harmonious. He almost recreates them, bedewing them with holy and harmonious youth, as if they had just been shaped and filled with a fragrant breath. He frequently contends with painting and music in order to overcome them. He enjoys breaking up the truth at his ease, the truth which he has conquered in polychromatic exactitude, in order to ascend from rhythm to rhythm, even to the loftiest and most startling transfigurations. He also interprets the same thing in a different manner, often an opposite one, with equal lifelike neatness, as when he presents to us in dialogs of superb dramatic force Napoleon the hero, idolized in the affections of some enthusiastic youths, and Napoleon the actor, mocked by the irony of a bitter opponent. Here his art is so great, and each of these two characterizations are so marvelously clear, that we can not make up our minds which we prefer. Both are living soul and living body. . . .
>
> "In this book we read other pieces of prose, already familiar to us. Among these are the protraits of Giosue Carducci and the dying Giuseppe Giacosa. Now amid our sorrowing and silent memories these specters take on their mortal remains once more. They move, they reopen their eyes. They can speak again. They come back to us. The illusion is such that the small hand of Giosue Carducci still seems to be clasping his wrathful and yet generous pen. One can even hear the heavy tread of Giuseppe Giacosa."

AN AMERICAN WRITER IN FRENCH

THE BEST NOVELIST of the younger generation in France is not French but American. The French may legally claim him, for he was born in France, but his parents are American; and the tribute of being the "best of his generation" is conferred on him by "several fine minds" of France. Thus is Julian Green introduced to us by André Maurois, the author of the lives of Shelley and Disraeli, in the modern biographical manner. So far four titles stand to his credit, where his name follows the French form of Julien. Two of these have been translated into English, and have won a high appreciation in America. But he is not to be classed with our group of expatriates who may be found frequenting the bars of the Latin Quarter. The current issue of *The Living Age*, which has migrated to New York, and transformed itself out of all semblance to its former habit, contains a sketch of Green by Harry Lorin Binsse, beginning with a warning about assigning him the usual classification of the Montparnassians:



FRENCH BY CIRCUMSTANCE

Julian Green, born in France of Virginian parents, who writes French novels and has this portrait drawn by Jean Cocteau.

> "To the ordinary man, supposing that he has heard of Julian Green at all, the name of this young Franco-Virginian calls to mind a vague image of the Latin Quarter, mixed with 'The Sun Also Rises,' of some half-baked Europeanized American who is fool enough to write in French and get away with it; in fact, of a twentieth-century, esthetical Henry James. Nothing could be more mistaken. Green was actually brought up to speak French; he was largely educated in France; he loathes Montparnasse with all his heart; when he is writing a book, he retires into the provinces and works with the methodical diligence of a Trollope. The only thing which he has in common with expatriate American artists is his poverty.
>
> "It is inevitable that Julian Green's relation to this country should be misunderstood. Hitherto, and probably for some time to come, the flow of population has been and will be from Europe here rather than from here to Europe. It is nothing extraordinary that an American son of German parents should gain distinction in American letters; the thing has happened again and again. Exactly so, Julian Green, the son of American parents, has gained distinction in French letters. He is a French author, not by choice, but by circumstance.
>
> "Green's father was the Paris agent of an American business house. The family was of that Scotch-Irish-Virginian strain which has contributed so many outstanding characters to American history. Julian Green himself was born in France twenty-seven-odd years ago. He went to a French preparatory school, but, when he became of college age, he came to the country of his ancestors and attended for two years the University of Virginia. It was while at the University that his first work appeared, in the undergraduate magazine—a long tale, later to be published in French as '*Le Voyageur sur la Terre.*'
>
> "Julian Green first attracted general attention to himself in the field of letters by a pseudonymous '*Pamphlet contre les Catholiques de France,*' a copy of the first edition of which will soon become a collector's item, for it is already completely out of print, and one may scour the usual sources for a copy without avail. His other short book, '*Le Voyageur sur la Terre,*' is about the length of a German *Novelle*, eighty closely printed pages. It undoubtedly shows a strong Poe influence, as would be natural in the first work of an American whose knowledge of American literature had largely been acquired under French auspices. The story is striking, altho there is a certain lack of firmness in its construction which leaves one a little doubtful as to the author's intention. *Daniel O'Donovan* is a young college student apparently dwelling in the southern part of the United States. He is found dead, floating on the surface of a river, and his death is laid to suicide. In *O'Donovan's* room, however, his landlady discovers a manuscript account of his life, which leads the authorities to believe that he did not kill himself; the major portion of '*Le Voyageur sur la Terre*' consists of a 'translation' of this manuscript. Here Green's peculiar bent first comes to light, namely, the knack of catching and making live those little details of conduct and thinking which characterize the slightly insane, or, as a psychologist would put it, the 'psychopathic.' *Daniel O'Donovan* is a melancholiac. He has been brought up in very solitary fashion; the early fears of childhood have not been driven out of him by contact with a workaday world, for he has had no such contact; he is constantly being seized by a vague, all-powerful fear, which makes him run away, somewhere . . . anywhere, as fast as his legs will carry him. All this is of little moment so long as he lives on in the house of his uncle and aunt, who are his foster parents, but when his aunt dies, the even tenor of his ways is disturbed; he begins to have hallucinations. It is here that Green's lack of firmness becomes apparent; the reader is left in some doubt whether these hallucinations are really such, or whether they are meant to be genuine apparitions. Finally young *O'Donovan* goes off to the University, where he is, of course, completely isolated. His hallucination, if such it be, is of an omniscient, Godlike person, named *Paul*, who completely dominates his life. This *Paul* becomes mixed up with the vague fears mentioned above, becomes transferred into nightmares, and generally absorbs *O'Donovan*, until at last (the reader is left to infer this), in one of his mad spasms of fright, *O'Donovan* falls off the edge of a high, rocky bank into the river and is killed. To this tale Green prefixes a quotation from Malherbe: There is nothing 'which weighs one down so much as these melancholy imaginings.'"

"Avarice House" and "The Closed Garden," both published by Harper and Brothers, are the English titles of his two novels. In Maurois's introduction, reprinted from the *Journal de Genève*, we get this estimate of the young Americans:

> "Let us now look at 'The Closed Garden.' It is a novel of provincial French life which opens with 150 pages of astonishing reality. The subject-matter is drab: an hysterical girl, in love with a man to whom she has never spoken, and who will end in madness after having killed her father. The treatment of the whole first part is remarkable. One can imagine nothing more vivid than the depiction of this sad house, of the monotonous and tragic life of its three inmates: *Mesurat*, the father, *Germaine* and *Adrienne*, the daughters. Above all I have been struck by a power to evoke details which at times recalls Tolstoy. Green records with admirable acuteness, sounds, images, and odors. While reading him, many sensations of my younger days in the country revived: the strong odor of cyclamens which was wafted over a neighboring wall; the heat reflected by this wall which scorched the cheek of the passer-by; the gutter whose waters seemed to be plaited by the stones; the sounds of footsteps on the pebbles of the garden—sounds so well differentiated by small-town ears that by their very intensity *Adrienne* could tell the exact location of the person walking; the grinding noise of the hired vehicle which stopt in front of the door. It has been said that Green got the inspiration for his whole novel from a painting by Utrillo of one of those banal and dull houses which by their very bareness achieve a mysterious beauty. Green denies this legend, but it is none the less likely; his talent has the smooth, monotonous, and often perfect purity of Utrillo's.
>
> "The nature of his work raises several problems. He writes long novels. His latest book is two or three times as long as the novelettes which during the past ten years we have called novels. A certain number of critics have chosen to find therein the influence of an Anglo-Saxon heredity, and have traced numerous affinities between Green and the English novelists. I wonder if they would have given proof of so much perspicacity if the name Green had not permitted a safe diagnosis. For my part, I see very well wherein Green resembles the Brontës, but I see also wherein he resembles Balzac; and as to the length of his works, the novels of Stendhal and 'Madame Bovary' are

longer than 'The Closed Garden.' Furthermore, a novel should be long. It requires a certain time for the reader to get that feeling of the real existence of a new world which is so essential to successful illusion in a novel."

A PAINTER IN WILDEST AFRICA

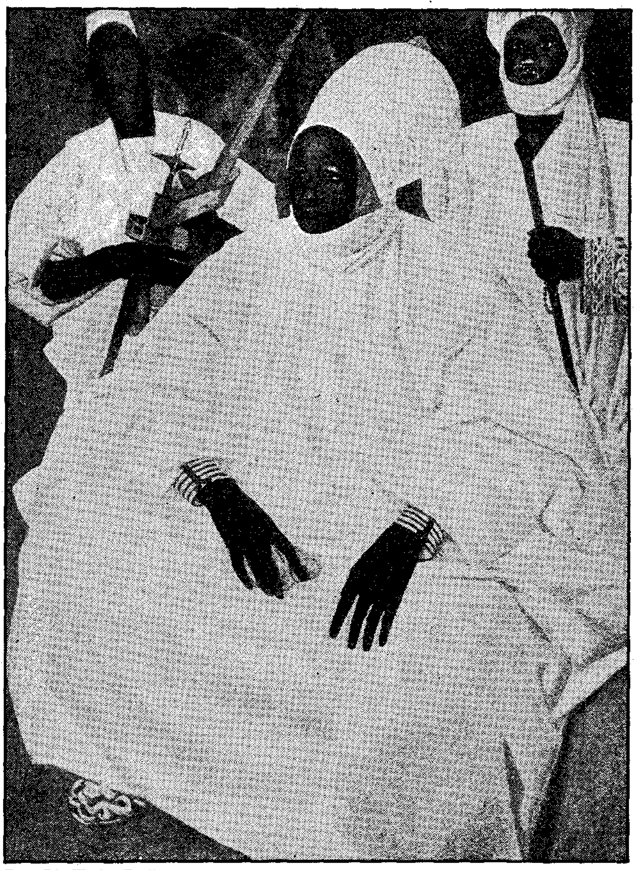
PAINTING PORTRAITS OF BARBARIC RULERS and their court beauties in the heart of tropical Africa, we are told, is the strange and interesting task that has brought fame to Alexander Jacovleff, official artist of the Citroen expedition through the Sahara Desert, Central Sudan, and the vast forests of the Belgian Kongo. The primary object of the expedition was commercial and scientific, but European art critics say it has produced one of the best educational motion-pictures of African life, "The Black Race," and now the same judges are pronouncing Jacovleff's paintings even more valuable than the movie as a record of native life. Thus a German critic, Heinz Herr, writes of Jacovleff's pictures in *Die Woche* of Berlin:

"In scientific circles, the subjectivity of a painting is often objected to, but the works of Alexander Jacovleff, the painter attached to this expedition, silence any such objections. Incidentally, he is the best of living colonial painters. He is never afraid of overdoing a point under the spur of this strange, tropic world. He exaggerates the long, black bodies of the swamp-dwellers in the Shari Basin, allows the pot-bellied negro children to appear more misshapen than they are, and lengthens the artificially formed, sugar-loaf skulls of the Mangbetu women to almost incredible dimensions. A remarkable mixture of objectivity and expressionism comes to life in the majority of his paintings. One might almost say that he outrages the colorful beauty of the tropics in his mastery."

"Pitiless," this German critic calls Jacovleff, because of the way he places the greenish blue of the sky against the tawny sands of the Sahara or against the red of the African soil; but he feels compelled to praise the artist's wonderful studies of movement—the swaying bodies of women carrying burdens, the convulsive twitchings of dancers, the rowing motions of black boatmen—and he continues:

"The great individuality of this artist might lessen the scientific value of his paintings if it were not for his keen observation and essential truth. Because of this, he has been able to tell things which no film can tell. Those who have seen the furious consecration dance of the Bandas in the film will be astonished at the faithful reproduction found in Jacovleff's painting of the same subject. In his picture, indeed, the white bodies of the novices—smeared with whitewash—and the symbolic crowns which they wear for the occasion, are even more effective than they are in the film.

"Jacovleff has had the good fortune of being able to carry his artistic skill into regions almost unknown to the outer world. He has seen the ancient city of Zinder, the capital of Hausaland, in the Sudan, where the conical-roofed huts of the natives are enclosed in high, square walls of clay. He has painted a portrait of Sultan Barma-Mata of Zinder, and has discovered traces of ancient Byzantine art. He has seen the idyllic villages of the Mangbetus on the northern edge of the Kongo Forest, and he has come face to face with the Heredot pigmies."



From *Die Woche* (Berlin)

A LEARNED SULTAN IN CENTRAL SUDAN

Jacovleff's portrait of Barma-Mata, Sultan of Zinder—ancient capital of Hausaland—who is famed in Moslem Africa as a scholar and artist.

OUT IN OREGON

THE SCENE PRESENTED ON THE COVER is made in eastern Oregon. In the arid and semiarid regions of the West great tracts of bench land are cleared of sage-brush or shad-scale and planted to grain. In the early summer it grows up readily owing to the late spring rains. As the warm days lengthen, the lack of moisture causes the vegetation to speed up its maturity and to ripen earlier than the ordinary harvest. The soil is baked to a crisp in the hot summer days and must remain a full season with no crop. Even weeds are crusht down the following summer to prevent them taking strength from the soil so that the second year another yield may be harvested. Thus half the land is tilled while the other half is summer fallowed and allowed to rest. The subject of our painting represents gathering the sheaves from a dry-land farm on a dreary chalky hillside of eastern Oregon. The mid-day sun casts short shadows over the sparse stubble which has yielded a few bundles of well-filled heads of grain. Wearied under the ripening harvest-sun, the workers trudge on at their task, glad of the bounty that rewards their earnest toil.

J. Leo Fairbanks, the artist of Dry Land Harvest, is a pupil of his father, J. B. Fairbanks, who is also a landscape painter. In Europe, Mr. Fairbanks received his training in the Ecole National des Beaux Arts, and the famous Académie Julien of Paris, under the painter J. P. Laurens and the sculptor Verlet. In both branches he received special recognition. Under Max Bohm and Lucien Simon he did notable work. In American Schools he has studied at Chicago University, New York University, and Columbia University. Mr. Fairbanks has devoted much time to art in education as supervisor of art in metropolitan cities and as head of art departments in colleges. He is essentially a western man with ideals of American art for America. He believes in the democracy of art and art for democracy. Art must be native, he says. "It must be indigenous and thrive in the soil from which it takes root. Art can not be a thing that is added on or imposed from without: It must be born of the people, and encouraged by the people if it thrives. Our business is to help people to understand art as part of their lives and as their native expression if we are to have a great art. America is now advancing with the greatest art movement of all time." Mr. Fairbanks is represented by large mural decorations in the library of Oregon State College.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

ARE ACTORS WORTH THEIR WAGE?

THE COMBINATION OF BUSINESS and literary man is highly exemplified in Edgar Wallace, who writes novels and plays for England, presents his plays in his own behalf and is alleged to make a fabulous income. All this is shown in an article in the Personal Glimpses department of this number of THE LITERARY DIGEST. His popularity with the public might be hard to duplicate with his artistic associates of the theater when they read his exposure of their avidity to equal his gains. Mr. Wallace is also a newspaper man and contributes to the London *Morning Post* a column of comments three times a week. In one of these he recently dealt with the high cost of English stars, and declares that "when you are losing money on a play, you invariably lose an amount equal to the biggest salary in the cast." "Ten thousand a year"—pounds, not dollars—is regarded over there as a princely salary; also the belief is current that "the £10,000-a-year-man is a rarity, and that there are more posts providing that noble income than there are men capable of filling them." This rate, according to Mr. Wallace, is "a fraction only of what some theatrical stars demand." His words, presently to be quoted, called for editorial comment in the same paper on the strange contrasts between supply and "demand" in the commercial world. *The Morning Post* observes:

> "This situation is scarcely surprizing. In any State men are paid £10,000 a year only because their qualities are regarded as rarities, which can command a special price; and, generally speaking, such men are capable of making their own posts. Long ago Mr. John Burns decided that no man was worth more than £500 a year. Happily, experience soon proved to him the fallacy of this assumption; and humanity continues to offer great pecuniary rewards for exceptional ability, and generally receives in return its money's worth. The Socialist may say with truth that the greatest benefactors of mankind have never made anything like £10,000 a year. There is much work that is its own reward. Generally speaking, the highest incomes go to those whose work possesses little of the ecstatic charm which belongs to artistic creation. The greatest captain of industry can only envy, if he is wise, the modest circumstances and transcendent satisfaction of a great poet, a great painter, or any other genius."

Now turn to Mr. Wallace and his appraisement of the worth of theatrical stars:

> "The other day I was talking to a brilliant young actress. She is a lady with unusual gifts, and in a certain type of play I doubt if she can be bettered. I have a very strong personal liking for her, and my predilection is generally shared by the public. Naturally, we discust plays and plans, and I mentioned the possibility of her appearing in a play of mine.
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> "'What are your terms?' I asked, a little awkwardly, because I do not like to discuss money with beautiful leading ladies.
>
> "'Oh,' said she, 'so much per cent. of the gross takings, with a guaranty of so many hundreds a week, and 20 per cent. of the profits.'
>
> "Because I was a polite man I did not ask her whether the author got anything, and whether the man who financed the play (which in this case would be I) would have any return for his outlay. I didn't ask these things, because I knew it was unnecessary to ask. The author would get his fees; the manager would, with a bit of luck, make just enough money to pay off the production, unless the piece was an enormous success.
>
> "I spoke to a well-known actor a few months ago and asked him whether we could do any kind of business together. He said yes, he thought we could. He wanted a percentage of the gross takings, a guaranty, etc., etc.; and a few days afterwards I read an article by a prominent actor-manager bitterly assailing the commercial spirit behind the theater. He used the blest word 'mortar'; he wrote sneeringly of the soulless men who, with no knowledge of the theater, charge enormous sums for rental, thus driving great actor-managers from London; but he said nothing whatever about the stranglehold of the 'star.'
>
> "You can not produce a play without a theater, whether it is made of bricks and mortar or built of solid marble or steel girders and concrete. But you can produce a play without a star; and that is the lesson which has not yet been learned by certain managers.
>
> "In England you can count on the fingers of one hand the actors and actresses who draw money into a theater, and who can keep an indifferent play running for three months. I am not so sure that you would not have a thumb to spare. I do not refer, of course, to such great vaudeville artists as Lauder, Robey, Merson, and Bobby Howes; they are in themselves solo attractions. I am speaking more of the legitimate and the musical comedy stage.
>
> "Some of the salaries which are being paid and offered nowadays are impossible. I know of one lady who takes £400 a week and has taken £600. I know of one gentleman who draws from the Treasury £350; I know of another lady who would laugh at you if you offered her anything less than £300. In England, in my humble judgment, there are not ten actors and actresses who are worth more than £50 a week to any management in any play.
>
> "The terrible thing is that very few actors or actresses who have received, say, £70 a week, will ever take a penny less, however badly they may need money; and I have watched, I don't know how many, people disappear from the West End of London, have seen their careers ruined, because of their refusal to go back by so much as a penny on their best salaries."

A good play, Mr. Wallace argues, does not require a constellation of stars to help it on its way to success: it requires a workmanlike and capable cast. For proof:

> "We have seen plays like 'Yellow Sands,' 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' 'The Farmer's Wife,' to name three which occur to me, enjoying very long runs without a single star name on the program. On the other hand, we have had evidence that even the cleverest, the most brilliant of artists, are of no value in a bad play. We have seen such artists as du Maurier, Owen Nares, Mrs. Pat Campbell, and Tallulah Bankhead in plays that ran only a week or two. Not all their genius could attract an audience to sit through the boring medium of their art. Even the great Irving had his 'flops.' With a very few exceptions people go to the theater to see plays, and not artists.
>
> "It is a consequence of this salary fetish that we have been deprived of a great deal of attractive acting. There are names which appear at rare intervals on the playbills. It is a mystery to the public why they are not to be seen constantly in London. The truth is that managements can not afford to pay them. A salary list with a couple of stars is more formidable than the rent.
>
> "I know of a case where a man produced two plays: one with five or six characters, and one with thirty. The small play was a failure, because the salary list for those five or six characters, which contained two or three stars, was £120 a week more than the salary list for his play with thirty. And that is the experience of almost every management."

WHERE LONGFELLOW STANDS—Longfellow holds his own in England where his popularity during his lifetime, perhaps, excelled what he enjoyed in his own land. It is the common assumption of the younger generation that Longfellow has had his day, and his name is scarcely mentioned except with the accompaniment of slurs. George E. MacLean, former Director of the American University Union, recently lectured at the Cambridge [England] University Summer Meeting on "A Trio of American Poets Laureate." Before the lecture he took a poll, the results of which he communicated in a letter to the London *Times:*

> "Ballot papers were distributed containing nine names in Edmund Clarence Stedman's 'Poets of America.' The votes were cast before the lecture for three out of the nine names. The aim was to get the choice of the hearers unbiased by the lecturer. As the topic of the Summer Meeting was 'The Victorian Age,' the poets chosen were within the nineteenth century. The result of the poll was: Longfellow, 216; Poe, 130; Whitman, 119; Emerson, 108; Whittier, 97; Lowell, 77; Bryant, 43; Holmes, 40; Bayard Taylor, 6.
>
> "This result shows that the traditional English view still prevails. I gave as a definition of an American poet laureate, 'one acknowledged by his contemporaries as the master poet of their time—*i.e.*, the most popular, and in my judgment the most worthy to be popular. It may foreshadow absolute or permanent merit, but upon that only the future can pronounce.' The reader may be interested to know who the trio were I selected by applying the definition. They were (in order of time), Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

IS THE CHURCH DYING AT THE TOP?

MODERNISM IS NOT FILLING the churches, as was predicted it would, according to two authorities quoted in these pages September 8, and now an outside observer notes that the Church may be "dying at the top" because those educated away from the creeds seem gradually to lose their faith altogether. Instead, then, of reestablishing their faith on a firmer foundation, it would appear, we gather from these observations, that the Modernists find their faith evaporating into the thin air of agnosticism. The pews they once warmed in the heyday of their spiritual enthusiasm are warmed now only by those graduating from orthodoxy into liberalism, who, in turn, soon join the increasing hosts outside. As they were quoted in these pages September 8, the Rev. William Henry Spence, himself a Liberal, says the Modernists are missing from the altar, and Dr. Frederick Lynch says that the indifference of the intellectuals is explained by their dislike of the Ten Commandments rather than by their opposition to theology. Now Mr. William W. Gregg, a lawyer, tells us in *The North American Review* that such data as are available "confirm the belief that most of the so-called liberal, or advanced, or Modernist churches, whose appeal is chiefly intellectual and to the highly educated, are losing ground or barely holding their own as compared with churches where the appeal is more to the emotions." As there is obviously no falling off, but rather an increase in the numbers of the intellectuals, he writes, "if the liberal Church is losing ground the reason must be that it is being gradually deserted by the very class which formerly supported it and which, one might suppose, would naturally support it now." Let us turn back a moment to the data, which have appeared at various times in these columns, and with which Mr. Gregg supports his argument. He writes:

> "A recent religious survey of the city of St. Louis reveals that for every four living churches there is one dead church. A more recent survey of Springfield, Massachusetts, gives Protestantism there only 'a fighting chance.' In another large city less than 24 per cent. of all the churches of a single denomination are supported from living sources. The Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy embitters religious conventions and has spread to the foreign-mission field. Many teachers and ministers are under suspicion as not being doctrinally 'sound.' Rumors of heresy trials and church 'splits' are in the air. The Presbyterians have appointed a notable committee 'to study the causes of unrest within the denomination,' while the eminent Episcopalians who are sponsoring the 'Bishops' Crusade' describe their church 'as idle as a painted picture.' Dr. Stelzle, after conducting an extensive religious questionnaire, concludes that 'the Church as a whole has lost its grip upon a very large percentage of its members,' and Dr. Carroll in his report to the Inter-Church Conference describes as 'alarming' the waning membership in Protestant communions. The Men's Church League announces that 'over 32 per cent. of the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches of the United States failed to add a single convert in 1927.' Dr. Fosdick says: 'Religion in the United States is in a badly muddled state.'
>
> "In brief, if the watchman on the walls of modern Zion be not stone blind and deaf, he must now hesitate long before crying 'All's well!'"

To return to the main argument, Mr. Gregg writes:

> "As every social or political movement has its 'lunatic fringe,' so every church has its agnostic fringe; that is, nominal adherents and often contributors, loosely classified as indifferent, who are not fully 'sold' intellectually on their organization, and whose allegiance for this reason falls short of whole-hearted devotion to its belief and doctrine. The strength of this fringe varies widely. Possibly some primitive or well-disciplined religious groups may claim a 100 per cent. loyalty from every member, but most churches carry on their rolls many who are members in name only.
>
> "This fringe is especially in evidence in the liberal churches. Independence of thought is hard to bound. When once the orthodoxy of the past has been abandoned, there is no limit to the range of private judgment that may make one disaffected even with an organization that takes pride in its liberality. In the orthodox churches lines are drawn hard and fast. One is in the fold or out of it, a sheep or a goat is saved or lost, as determined by well-defined tests of creed or practise. There is no middle ground. But the 'new theology' has a twilight zone for all problems of right and wrong, of belief and unbelief, of salvation and perdition. Eschatology gives way to sociology; soul-saving to social service. No longer a strenuous earthly soul-pilgrimage to a definite other-world objective, life here becomes for advanced Modernists merely 'the great adventure.' Regarding the life hereafter their attitude may fairly be summarized as 'We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way.'
>
> "In the liberal Church the historic creeds, liturgies, and hymns, altho meticulously retained and in constant use, become symbolic and nebulous. They do not mean what they say, or at least what they once said to believers. Liberal churchmen defend the practise of mental reservations. They refuse to be bound by the plain wordings of the ancient confessions and demand the right, under the plea of private judgment as to non-essentials, to reject all parts which do not meet with their approval. The old question, 'What is the Constitution between friends?' finds its up-to-date ecclesiastical counterpart in 'What is a creed between Modernists?'"

Certain primitive types of Christianity, as of Judaism, says Mr. Gregg, appeal to only the poor and ignorant, and many other types offer at best small attraction to the educated and well-to-do:

> "Take, for example, any religious sect that flourishes in primitive or backward communities, and let one of its members become wealthy. He, and possibly his family, will continue in attendance as before if old associations are strong. But what of the next generation? With a different financial and cultural background, his children as they reach maturity will lose interest in the old church, and if they are connected with any church it will usually be with one of a broader type. As has been observed: 'When a Protestant gets into the surtax class, he is apt to acquire an interest in Apostolic Succession.'
>
> "The economic and social progress of many a family is reflected in its changes of church or synagog affiliation, sometimes in a single generation, but especially over two or three generations."

Few appeals by means of missions, revivals, and evangelistic campaigns are made by the Modernist Church, says Mr. Gregg. Its accessions come largely from those who already have church connections. This complaint, we are told, goes to the root of the whole matter. The question, then, as Mr. Gregg sees it, is:

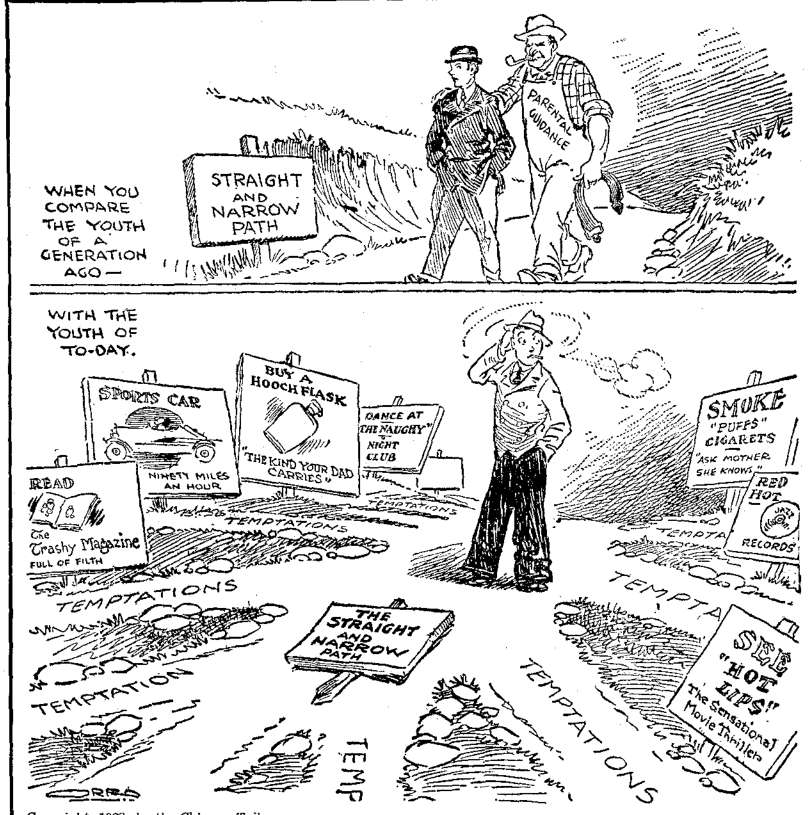
> "Does, or can, organized Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, in any form appeal to our intelligentsia, even to the extent that orthodox religion now appeals to the masses? The man on the street, however remiss himself in religious practises, will usually admit belief in some form of religion. But what about students, scientists, and thinkers in general, especially the more distinguished? Do they have any religion at all, properly so-called? The statistics published by Professor Leuba are significant, as is also the fact that most of our colleges no longer offer courses in religion that are at all comparable in intellectual appeal to the old 'Evidences of Christianity.' Modern curricula no longer include the Christian metaphysics of McCosh, Hopkins, Garman, and many another great teacher of former generations. The noteworthy report of the Education Committee of the Harvard Student Council recognizes that 'organized religion has ceased to command the allegiance of a large number of students,' and urges a course in the 'Philosophy of Christianity.'

"It seems reasonable to expect that as society at large, or a particular group, advances in wealth and especially in education, it will gravitate away from a crude, or orthodox, or Fundamentalist type of Christianity, to a more intellectual or liberal type. Ph.D.'s are presumably rare among the Amish Mennonites or Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Baptists. Must it also be expected that ultimately the most cultured and best educated will in turn drift away from liberalism, or Modernism, into a non-Christian religion, or else will abandon religion entirely for some cult of philosophy or ethics?

"Frankly, to use the vernacular of the day: Unless organized or institutional Christianity is to be confined to the lowbrow and mezzobrow, some type of church must make good with the highbrow, and that soon. Apparently orthodoxy has failed. Can the Modernist Church succeed?"

THE NEW FREEDOM VS. THE OLD

TIRED, PERHAPS, OF BEING MADE THE SCAPEgoat of society, youth wants to know why so much criticism has been leveled at it, and is told, in return, that it is living by a false philosophy induced by the psychoanalysts' emphasis on sex, that it lacks a proper sense of moral values, and that it fails in courtesy. As a matter of fact, the older generation has been taking stock of itself recently, and in view of its own responsibility and vicious errors is more and more inclined to temper the former harsh criticism of the younger generation with an appreciation of its apparent frankness and sincerity. Now Dr. Robert E. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, California, answers the question put to him by the young people in his congregation, "Why is the older generation antagonistic to the new?" His reply, given in the form of an address, appears in *The Congregationalist*. It comes appropriately during the beginning of the school season.


WHEN YOU COMPARE THE YOUTH OF A GENERATION AGO—
STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH
PARENTAL GUIDANCE
WITH THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY.
SPORTS CAR
NINETY MILES AN HOUR
BUY A HOOCH FLASK
"THE KIND YOUR DAD CARRIES"
DANCE AT THE "NAUGHY" NIGHT CLUB
READ The Trashy Magazine FULL OF FILTH
SMOKE "PUFFS" CIGARETS "ASK MOTHER SHE KNOWS"
RED HOT JAZZ RECORDS
TEMPTATIONS
TEMPTATIONS
TEMPTA
TEMPTATIONS
TEMPTA
THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH
TEMPTATION
TEMP
TEMPTATIONS
SEE "HOT LIPS!" The Sensational Movie Thriller
ORR

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THE PATH IS HARDER TO FOLLOW THAN IT USED TO BE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

The word "antagonism" is too severe, thinks Dr. Brown, as an expression of the relation between the old generation and the new; but he discusses the chief faults generally ascribed to the youth of to-day. He says, in part:

"Your critics say that you are the victims of a false philosophy. You have been told that you are creatures of desire; that to repress these desires is evil and to express these desires is good. In my judgment, the psychoanalysts, with their exaggerated emphasis upon sex, their one-sided view of desire, and their blindness to the necessity of ideals of self-control, will have more to answer for in the day of judgment than any other class of blind guides that are ditching our youth. They have hung the millstone of their vicious philosophy upon your necks. Libertinism has never produced either happiness or character. All our human experience proves the necessity of the gospel of restraint and obedience to the ideals of chastity and self-control.

"This false philosophy will reap a terrible harvest in the days to come. It is utterly bankrupt in any power to lead us into the fields either of achievement or idealism. Broken homes, broken hearts, broken hopes, broken lives follow in its wake. With centuries of human experience behind us, with the facts of indulgence before us like an open book, it seems impossible that men could be found to advocate a philosophy which makes sexual expression a god and restraint a crime.

"Your critics say that your lack of courtesy and your low sense of moral values go back to your lack of appreciation of spiritual values. It has often been maintained that all of our problems are ultimately religious. Therefore, it is not strange that the application of this principle has been declared to fit your case. You can not be held to be sinners above all others in this matter, for it is part of the universal problem of life. Religious history is full of the doctrine of conflict, between the flesh and the spirit, between pleasure and happiness, between selfishness and character, between worldliness and the higher interests of personality."

"Must I be a slave to my ideals all my life?" youth will ask. "Will following the ideals of Jesus not cramp my spirit, deny my liberty, and run me into a stiff, solid mold of killing conventionality?" Putting these questions into the mouth of youth, Dr. Brown replies:

"I do not think so, for 'Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.' I know of no man so truly free as the man consecrated to God. He submits to limitations as a river to its banks, but the limitations are the channels of life. The artist, the musician, and the poet—all recognize the necessary limitations of form and color, melody and harmony, rime and meter. These very limitations are grounds for their highest achievement. To live nobly is the highest art. Sin is ugliness, vice is distortion, crime is discord and death. The very restrictions inspired by our ideals only challenge our originality and open new doors of joy, service, and character.

"You have no right to ask that your generation should escape the laws and conditions of the common lot of humanity. Your fathers toiled over sandy plains, keeping the vision of a land unseen. They faced steep mountains, their courage mounting with every new peak, and they found the values hidden in the rocks without crying out against the toil imposed.

"Do not be tempted to join the bandits and the brigands of modern society. They would persuade you that there are easier and shorter ways to success and happiness than by the road of Christian idealism. Virtue is your path; the ideal is your star; Jesus is your companion and guide; God is your inspiration on your climb to destiny."

MODERNIZING MOHAMMEDANISM—Mohammedanism is to be modernized. At the instance of Mustafa Kemal, we read in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), a commission of the faculty of theology of the University of Constantinople has reported a general plan for bringing Mohammedanism down to date and reconciling it with the scientific conceptions and the practical demands of the modern world. As we read further:

"This is conceived as a part of the nationalistic movement which is transforming Turkey from 'the sick man of Europe' to a nation with adolescent vigor. 'In language, morals, law, and economy, the Turkish evolution draws its inspiration from science, reason, and logic. . . . In the Turkish democracy, religion, like everything else, must enter into the new era of vitality of which it has need. . . . Religious life must be reformed, like moral and economic life, by means of scientific procedure and by the aid of reason, so that it may move forward in line with the other social institutions and give all the results of which it is capable.' Specifically, there must be attention to comfort and hygiene in the mosques. The prayers and the portions of the Koran used in services should be in Turkish. There must be a reinterpretation of the sacred book by trained men acquainted with philosophy and modern thought, for 'if one does not examine the contents of that book with a scientific mentality there is no means of understanding anything therein.' In brief, a comprehensive plan must be worked out 'to render our religious ceremonies conformable to hygiene, to Turkefy them, to imprint upon them a certain esthetic character, and to reconcile them with philosophy.' By doing these things Turkey hopes not only to make the Mohammedan religion a factor in the renaissance of Turkey, but to make Turkey the educator and guide of the more backward Moslem nations."

DOGMAS NOT YET OUT OF DATE

THE CHURCH CAN NOT DISPENSE with its creed and live, asserts Dr. John A. Hutton, minister of Westminster Congregational Church, London. Writing in *The British Weekly* (London), he challenges those who maintain that doctrinal statements are not essential, and says that the Church has its constitution, and must have its rules. "It must indicate in some way the extremes within which it permits liberty." Dr. Hutton, who is a frequent visitor to this country, where he lectures occasionally at Northfield, Massachusetts, and where he has preached in New York and other cities, holds no brief for hard-and-fast dogmas which oppose themselves to the increasing knowledge of mankind, but he does believe that the Church must hold some definite and exprest form of faith, elastic enough to incorporate new discoveries in truth. "The very reason for a Church's existence," he writes, "is that it stands for something, that it stands for certain convictions or doctrines or dogmas regarding God and man, regarding faith and duty. No society can even so much as begin to exist, far less sustain itself and develop amid all sorts of fluctuations," he argues, "until it lays down some basis in thought or ideas or experiences which is to be regarded as common and essential."

"But it ought to be as clearly understood that the Church has an inherent right from time to time to expound her beliefs, to make new applications or reservations of her doctrine in view of such signs of the times as God may discover to her. It is no part of the Church's obligation to alter her voice at the bidding of the world, but it is her duty to pay heed to any signs of growth or change in the experience of her members under the guidance of God and events in the world. All that should be understood by us. That is what our freedom exists for.

"Indeed, we shall go farther. Those who speak to-day as tho people were tired of dogma seem to us to be reading too lightly the times in which we live. Our own very strong conviction is that we are suffering for the most part, both in Church and State, both in things spiritual and in things secular, from a too great and a too long-continued liberty or want of thoughtfulness. The soul of man will not consent to remain unsettled for more than a certain time. That time we think has almost expired. It seems to us as tho we were on the eve of a great change in the temper of our minds. It may very well be, for example, that we or our children shall see, accepted by us and in operation, a far more rigorous idea of the solidarity of the State, a far more commanding idea of what is due by each of us to that social unity which secures us all in what freedom we possess. All talk of 'each of us being able to do as he likes' may soon cease. Indeed, it has already ceased in the sense that it is no longer publicly avowed."

And in those deeper matters with which the Church deals there may come also a new craving for decisive and authoritative guidance, says Dr. Hutton. As he puts it:

"For what is the meaning of all those perversions of Christianity which are finding eager and even abject disciples in all highly developed Western nations? What is the meaning of a certain superstition and reaction from reasonable faith which is creeping back amongst ourselves? We hold the reason to be just this: that there is one thing which the soul of man loves as much as he loves liberty, and that is bondage. We can not live for long without something immovable beneath our feet.

"Life is too grave, too sinister, the insinuation which comes to us from the face of life, from decay, from death is too awful for man to go on for long without the peace and security of a body of belief on which his soul may rest. We were made and meant for and must have God, and God not merely as a subjective experience, but God as an object of thought, God as an object of adoration, of adoration because of what He has done for us in history out of the plentitude of His charity."

THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL

THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL has, in late years, become part of our general, if not of our sacred, literature, as expressing the emotions and longings of a race physically limited by the civilization of the day. It is because of its appeal to all human emotion that has not been alloyed with the materialism of a succeeding civilization that it has been taken over in our song and story, and it may not be amiss to discuss the spiritual briefly in these columns. As he is quoted in *The Christian Observer*, a Presbyterian weekly published at Louisville, Kentucky, Prof. Frederick Hall, director of music of Clark University, tells something of the origin, nature and history of the negro spiritual, thus:

"The spiritual had its beginning in the heart of the negro as he labored in the fields of the South. These songs are outbursts of religious fervor, and in many cases are influenced by conditions which surrounded the people in whose minds they were born.

"They are called spirituals, jubilees, melodies, folk songs. Either name is correct. They are called jubilees because of the ray of hope that is exprest in each. Regardless of how sad the song might be, or how miserable the conditions surrounding its birth, there is always found in it a definite pointing to a great day of jubilee when all sadness will be turned into gladness. They are called spirituals because of the deep religious feeling they express. They are called melodies because of the striking melody built upon a scale that was originated by the slaves. When a new song was born it usually began with a new melody hummed by one person. After the tune was caught, the whole group or congregation would join in, increasing the strength of the melody and adding harmony. These songs are called folk songs because they satisfy the scientific definition of folk song, which definition is too well known to mention here.

"The negro spirituals express a sympathy of feeling between words and music not always found even in the compositions of learned musicians. In many songs that we see to-day, the tune gives one idea and the words another. In the spiritual the words spoken convey a certain idea, and the tune sung or played gives a similar feeling. For instance, the originators of these songs would never have taken words such as 'Nobody Knows De Trouble I See,' and set them to a happy tune like 'Every Time I Feels the Spirit.' In every instance words and music harmonize, and herein lies a thread of real artistry.

"Some of these songs are sad and some are happier. This is true because of the difference in living conditions of the people who originated them. In different sections there are different interpretations, different words and slightly varying melodies of songs that originally were the same. This is true because at first the songs were not written down, but carried from place to place in the minds of the negroes, and very frequently a new condition caused a slight change of the song.

"These songs are deeply religious and should not be sung in such a way as to cause laughter or ridicule. Instrumental accompaniment always spoils the effect of the songs, and sometimes robs them of their identity. They can be sung artistically and according to all modern rules of vocalization and choral expression without being robbed of their real simple meaning.

"The spirituals show the character of the people in whose hearts they had their being, expressing patience, simplicity, sincerity, and the firm belief in the God of all mankind."

for Economical Transportation

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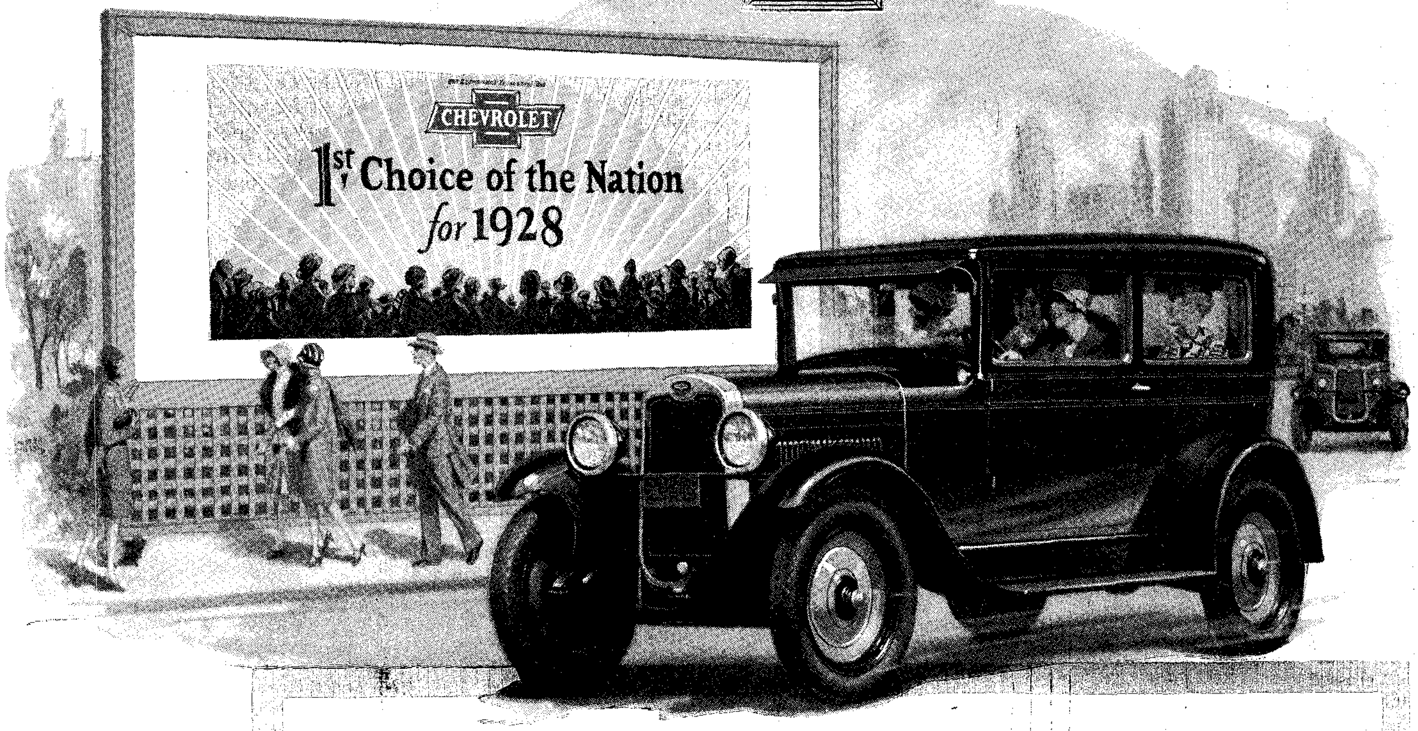
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CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

HERE is the New England of Mary Wilkins. Perhaps it still persists other than in literary tradition, tho, no doubt, New Englanders will protest. *Poetry* (Chicago) prints it:

THIS IS NEW ENGLAND

By Margery Mansfield

This is New England, past my heart's believing!
In sleep, or in a picture, I have seen
These white and oblong houses, shuttered with green,
And the high elms with vaulted branches weaving
Over the still street. For strange they are, and past believing.
Not mine these hills of blue, birch-striped like shadowed snow,
Not mine the porchless towns, for long ago
Blood that was mine
Left for wider rivers flowing,
For deeper soil, hot roads, and a song in the going.

The Great Valley was shouting: "I wait to be crossed
Only by those who are gladly lost
Each in each, and all in me.
Come who are free,
Come who are young, come eager to be men,
But never think your soul will wait, self-complete again."

Two stood where one man should be,
(The winter bitter, the land accursed)
And eye looked into eye of kin.
And did the best go, or the worst?
O drama of scorn and envy and grief!
(That was New England, past belief!)

I rode through Indiana, and the ragged hedges cried
In whimsy gipsy beauty,
"Your father lived here, and your father died."
My feet went scuffing through the singing sand
Of Michigan. I understand
The quick-caught breath and the tears in my throat,
The wave-ribbed shore and the wild bird's note.
I am child of these. Yet it is known
New England never loses—quite—its own.

Her daughter still, I am returned
To hard hills where the first fires burned,
To find mine ancient kin, at last,
Incredibly here still,
Walled in by the demoniac
Wail of the whippoorwill.

I do not ask the porches to be wide
Upon their hearts—
The soil is stubborn and the folk have pride;
And when the bowl is empty,
The soul in duress finds
Nobility in staying in behind the doors and blinds.
But must we stand here, looking each at each,
With slow embarrassed poverty of speech?

Their eyes have a trick of looking back
Into themselves; they are compact
Of something I cannot surmise.

O strangely quiet hands and eyes,
And low deliberate voice! Reproof
To my unquiet even lies
In the chastely drooping line of roof.

How can I pry the thoughts apart,
Or look within the close-locked heart
Of two gray sisters as they sit
Behind their door when lights are lit;
Or know the thoughts they do not say
When they clear the cups away!
Yet in sleep I hear the sound
Of the last echo of their talk,
And feel beneath my feet the ground
As I go down their kitchen walk—
Or did, a hundred years ago!
The same low roof, the lights within, the tall elm's droop and the dusk-bird grieving. . . .

I almost know, yet do not know;
I almost am, yet cannot be. . . .
This is New England, past believing . . .
This is New England! . . .

Those interested in the latest slang will find a brief anthology in F. P. A.'s lines, taken from the New York *World:*

LINES ON "LINES"

By F. P. A.

To the dull and stupeficient
I too numerously meet
Am I tolerant and patient?
I am absolutely sweet!
Yet a faint and shallow furrow
Deepens in my tranquil brow
When a braying human burro
Says, "And how!"

Sing, my merry heart a song now,
Breaks it now to smithereens,
As one says, "It won't be long now,"
And I wonder what it means.
Angry ripples, once atomic,
Lash into an angry sea
In my soul when says a comic,
"Perdon me."

As a cowboy or a pigboy
I remain serene and cool
At the zob who calls me "Big boy";
At the "hot-and-bothered" fool.
But I'll shoot without repentance,
Cast into the nearest lake,
Him who says with every sentence,
"*There's* a break!"

You dislike my slangy saga;
I'm a cluck, a sap, you say; a
Minnow gone what you'd call gaga;
I'm a rotten poet? . . . Yeah?
And you want to make confessions
For your soul's eternal good?
You *adore* those cute expressions?
. . . . *You* would.

This landsman's poem—tho the writer is feminine—from *The New Yorker* gives the essence of what the sea teaches, however the sailor may view it.

TO A YOUNG SAILOR

By Elspeth

She was a hard mistress; she was wise.
Who had him first,
Giving him dream for his eyes,
For his soul, thirst.

Giving him hunger of heart
For the world's rim;
Making a sweet life apart
For herself and him.

Teaching him how to be kind,
She, the cruel and ruthless;
Teaching him honor of mind,
Who herself was so truthless.

He was hers first and he still shall be,
Though his trick's long over.
That is the way of the sea
And the sea's lover.

A wag more clever than learned once said that Homer was a true poet because he wrote in the attic, and in the same way there may be more poetry than truth in this, but tradition sanctions the view and *Contemporary Verse* sponsors it:

FIRE

By Susan Bingham Pendleton

In her cold room
(She hadn't a fire)
She heard as fingers
Touching a lyre.

Words fell singing
From unseen lip,
In the faint light
Of her tallow dip.

(Stub of a pencil,
Fingers blue,
Catching at bits
Of the words as they flew.)

And she thought, "If only
I sat below
In the warm room,
And the rest would go,
I could listen so,
And my hands could race,
By the bright fire,
In that pleasant place!

For if heaven jars open
A little here,
What would it be there
In the warmth and cheer?"

And it came so
That she sat alone
In the warm room,
All the rest gone.

With a bright light
And a merry flame
She sat waiting—
And nothing came.

No notes falling
From silver flute,
Nor fingers sweeping
The lyre strings mute.

"Let me go back
To my place in the cold,
Where lyrics drop,
Silver and gold,

Circling eager
In gay bands!"
(Stub of a pencil,
Cold blue hands.)

You may take this as humor or bitterness—we prefer the former—at least you can not imagine Juliet patching *Romeo's* velveteens, without a smile—the idea is impossible. In *Bozart* (Atlanta):

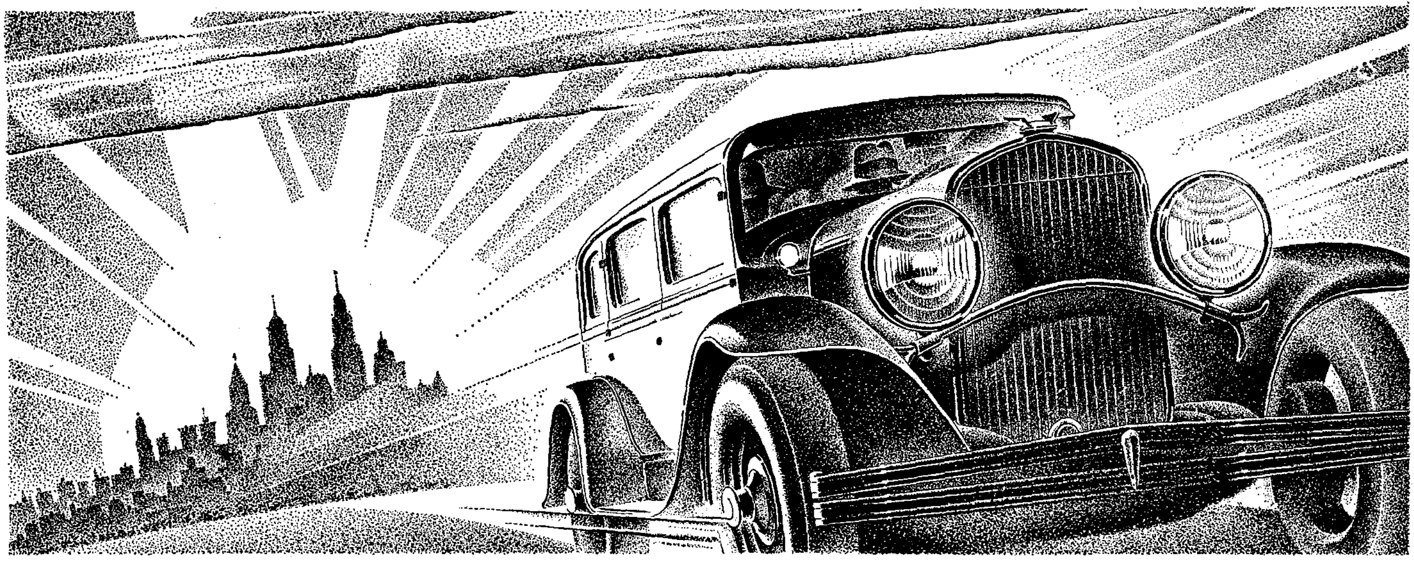
OH PITY NOT THOSE LOVERS

By Nancy Telfair

Oh pity not those lovers dying young,
Whose stories warrant fame to weary bard.
To Helen, Paris, have the poets clung,
Hero, Leander, Heloise, Abelard.
For, dying young, they live for us as then—
Untarnished by the dulling breath of care,
To serve as beacons for us lesser men,
Divinely young, forever loved, and fair.

Had Helen used the distaff, Hero spun,
Or Heloise kneaded toothsome loaf and bun,
Or Juliet, spectacled, patched Romeo's
Rubbed velveteens, or darned his lengthy hose,
What had we, all our days a ceaseless groove
Of matrimony, ever known of love?

Not Chrysler—but the Chrysler *Public*



BROADLY speaking, the measure of any man's success is the size of the public behind him.

He grows as his public grows—as his acts are approved in increasing volume by an increasing public.

* * *

These few words tell almost all there is to the Chrysler story—or give, at any rate, the root-reason why Chrysler looms large on the motor car horizon. Chrysler is presenting at this moment a group of cars sparkling and shining with newness of performance and appearance—cars which have again captivated their public.

These brilliant new Chrysler cars have been in process of creation for two years—they will exert their influence upon the design of all other motor cars for several years to come.

* * *

Chrysler has never halted or hesitated, because Chrysler is free and has no obligations to anyone but its own public — no limit except the limit of its own creative powers, its own energy and enthusiasm, its own faith in the boundless resources of the nation.

Chrysler quite frankly confesses its intention to try to surpass other cars and other manufacturers—quite frankly admits an enthusiastic ambition for continued leadership in value giving—quite frankly intends to leave nothing undone to earn and deserve and hold the greatest motor car public in all the world.

* * *

This, it seems to the Chrysler management, is the urgent need of every manufacturing institution which aspires to satisfy a swift-moving public — to realize that it *does* move, that yesterday is dead, that laurels wither, that today is gloriously alive, that tomorrow calls clamorously for greater and greater endeavor.

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

HOW BRYAN'S DAUGHTER RUNS FOR CONGRESS

CLIMBING AN IRON CRANE, the silver-tongued candidate—a woman—addrest the crowd. Nothing like this situation had arisen in the town before. The speaker had arrived, but there was no platform. Nor was there time to build one. But there was a tall and friendly crane near by, for the meeting was at a railroad shop; and the speaker proved resourceful and daring. Eager hands helped her to mount the crane, and from this metallic and precarious footing she did her campaigning like a veteran. That was probably her most unusual vantage point, but she spoke also, Orland Kay Armstrong writes in the Atlanta *Journal*, from the platforms of court-houses, schools, theaters, pulpits, the tops of boxes. She spoke beneath palm trees and beneath the blue sky of Florida, where, we read, she was making an unusual campaign for Congress. She proved herself adaptable, which was to be expected, for she had gone to school to an adaptable father. She was Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of William Jennings Bryan. Mrs. Owen so far has been only nominated (by the Democrats) and will not be officially elected until November. But in her district in Florida the Democratic nomination and election are the same, we are assured, so comment is made as if she were already helping to make the nation's laws. When Mrs. Owen started her campaign, Mr. Armstrong tells us, she bought one of the new model Fords. Quoting further:

> She christened her little coupé *The Spirit of Florida.* When the campaign was over, the meter on the car showed nearly 10,000 miles traveled, and the ballots showed nearly 15,000 victory for Mrs. Owen!
>
> She won her way to Congress by a set of new ideas in campaigning, and by a lot of energy, initiative, and "driving power" in the little coupé and out of it.
>
> Should you remind Mrs. Owen that back when she began her whirlwind of speaking and campaigning the new Fords were hard to get, she will laugh and tell you that the little car was part of the psychology of the campaign. And thereby is brought out another trait of character in the vigorous, hearty, yet charming woman who has entered the ranks of national leaders. She knows what will interest people, and how to gain their confidence. And she follows that up with personal contacts which win.
>
> "Yes, the new cars were hard to get," she smiles, with a twinkle of those olive eyes, "but I used my head to get one. The agents were in despair because they were not yet available. I found out by a sort of grapevine telegraph that J. C. Penney, the big merchant who has that large farming project up near Green Cove Springs, was going to be favored by a consignment of new Fords. I hustled up there and asked him how about including one for me. Well—I got the car."

Possession of the car proved to be good campaign material, said Mrs. Owen:

"When I started out with it, the car attracted so much attention whenever I pulled into a town that I got a crowd automatically! I do not mean that I jumped out and made a speech then and there, but some of my first contacts were made right around the new coupé."

Photograph by courtesy of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

A BORN VOTE-GETTER

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen has won the Democratic nomination for Congress in a district where, 'tis said, nomination means election.

When Mrs. Owen ran for Congress two years ago, she was defeated by just 770 votes. Without waging a vigorous campaign, she nearly won in her first contest. That defeat was simply the conclusion of a practise race for her, and at once she began her plans for the next campaign.

"It must be remembered that I was running in a State that had failed to ratify the Suffrage Amendment," she said. "There was not the friendliest feeling toward any woman taking her place in political life. In order to overcome that handicap I felt it was positively necessary to meet the voters personally and let them see and hear what I had to say. Accordingly for this second race I planned a strenuous schedule that took me into every community in the big district, and some of them I visited two and three times.

"I first made friends with the editors—ninety of them—in the district. I went right into their offices and frankly told them I wanted to go to Congress, and briefly what I hoped to accomplish while in office. I have great faith in the power and the integrity of the press. Of course I told these editors that my advertising matter would reach them in due time, and that they would receive also a regular run of news of the campaign."

There are eighteen counties in the vast territory of the district this daughter of Bryan had to cover if she was to meet the voters. In several of the counties she spoke in every senior and junior high school, just as a "side line" to the campaign speaking, for in the school speeches she talked to the students on citizenship and government, and in most instances did not mention at all that she was a candidate for office. She is quoted further:

"I made a lot of friends with the young people. They are eager to learn about their duties as future citizens, and I believe they are being neglected. Politics has centered too much around the older group of voters, and we are inclined to forget that each year sees a new crop of citizens ready to take up the obligations of citizenship.

"As to meeting the voters personally, my records show that I spoke to about 360,000 persons in the campaign, in about 500 speeches. It meant running on a schedule that took me into as many as seven meetings a day! The average was about four.

"Frequently there would be just time enough to get from one engagement to another by hard going. Then the coupé would hit the road right up to the speed limit. In fact, there may have been times that we exceeded the limit, altho not officially nor intentionally, of course!" she laughs, with a toss of her well-coiffured head.

Sometimes Mrs. Owen would go alone and sometimes there would be two companions, young women whom she had selected because one was an expert driver, and the other an expert stenographer. Both could endure the strain of the campaign.

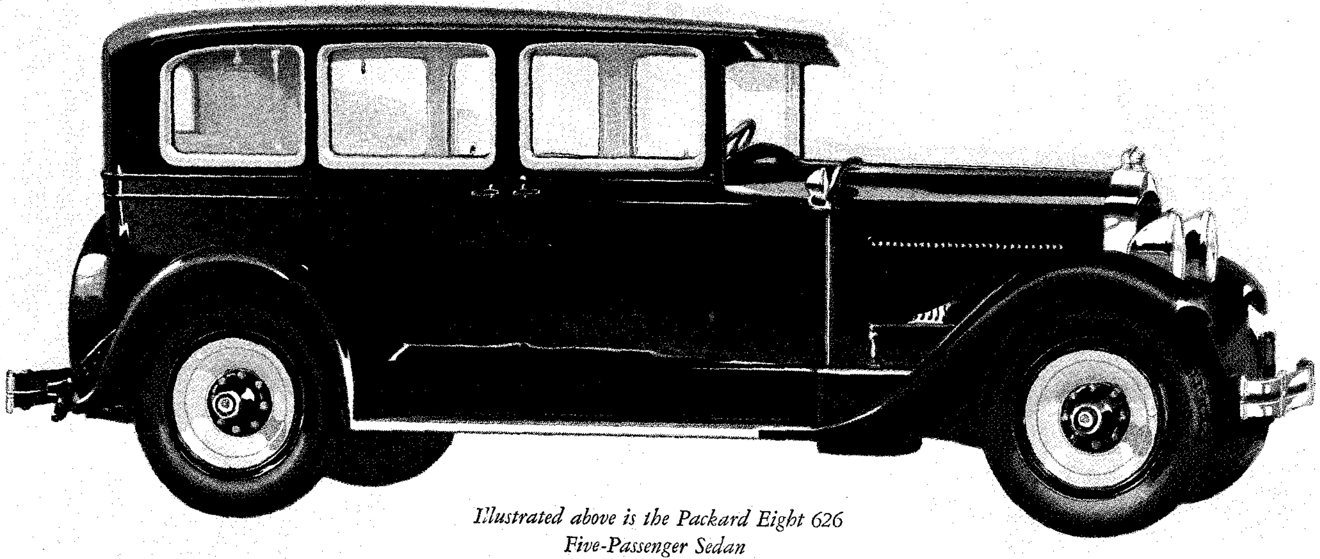
"At times I would dictate letters as we sailed along. While my next speech was being made they would be typewritten. I am proud that I came up to the day of the primary with not one unanswered letter," said Mrs. Owen.

(*Continued on page 43*)

PACKARD

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

↣ ↣ ↣ One reason I always buy a Packard is that they don't change its looks every year and make you feel out of date with a car that is still perfectly good. You can hardly tell the difference between the new model I got Virginia last month and the one I bought two years ago. Hers has a number of important improvements, of course, but they are both beautiful cars and both look like a Packard. I like to get a good car, treat it well and keep it.



Illustrated above is the Packard Eight 626
Five-Passenger Sedan

Look beneath the hood and study the mechanical beauty of the new Ford

WHEN you look beneath the hood and study the engine of the new Ford, you will begin to understand how carefully this car is made, and see something, too, of the enduring quality that has been built into every part.

Even if you know but little about the inside of an automobile and do not want to bother with mechanical details, you will sense the value of this care and this quality and realize that it means a great deal to you in the performance of the car.

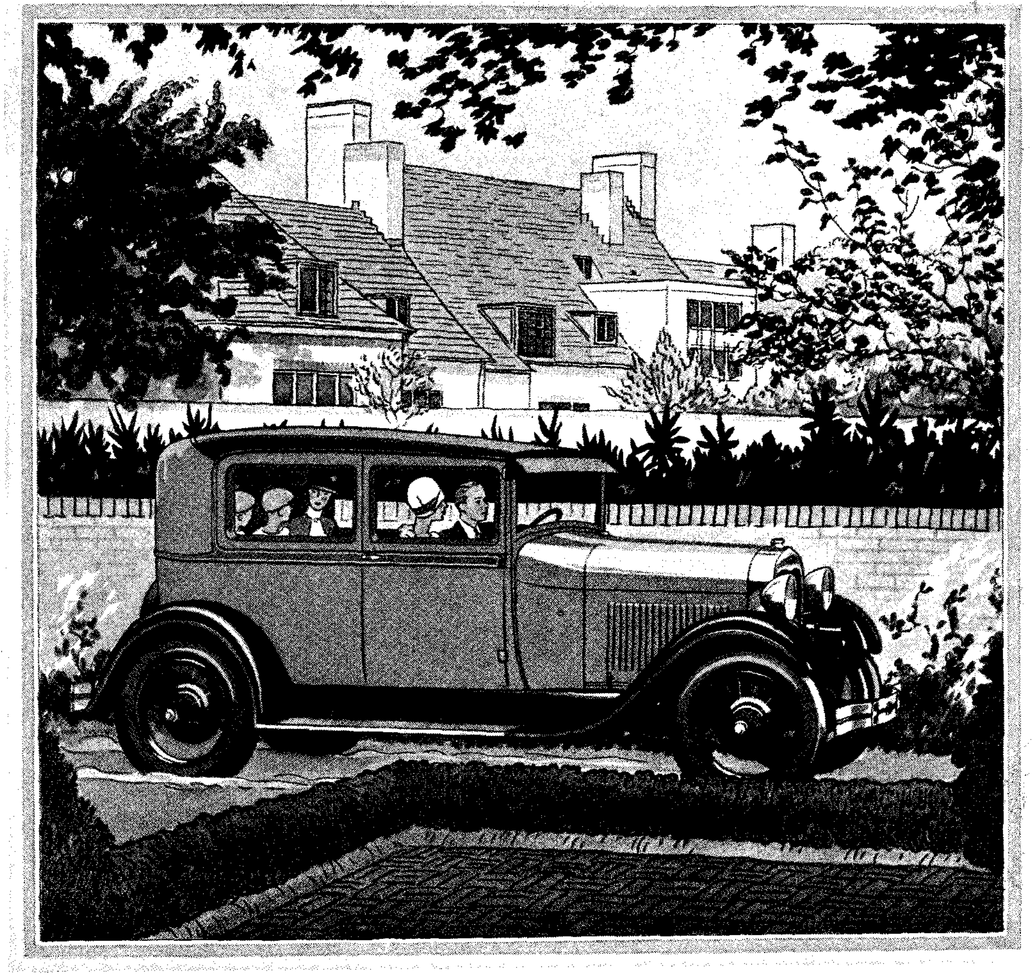
As an engineer or technical man, you will marvel at the simplicity of design of the new Ford and spend long hours in studying the many improvements embodied in its construction. In the homely, yet expressive words of the man in th shop when he pays his highest tribute to a fine piece of machinery "It is a sweet mechanical job."

There is no better illustration o the care with which the new For is built than the close limits o measurement maintained i manufacturing.

In the new Ford, for instance, th diameter of the piston pin is hel within three ten-thousandth (.0003) of an inch. An equally clos limit is followed in the diameter o the hole into which the piston pi is fitted.

The weight of the aluminum allo pistons is set at 17 7/8 ounces. N piston is permitted to come unde this weight and it must not excee this weight by more than 2 grams

In the piston assemblies, consisting of piston, connecting rod, pi

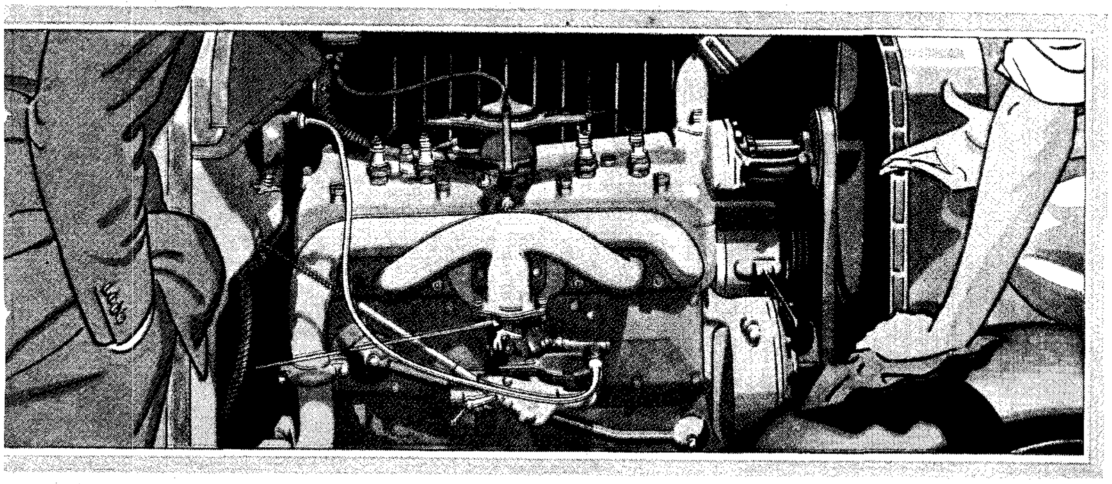


The mechanical beauty of the new Ford is matched by its beauty of line, color and finish. Shown here is the roomy Tudor Sedan, in the Arabian Sand color. All Ford cars are finished in a choice of two-tone color harmonies.

FEATURES OF THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
55 *to* 65 *miles an hour*
40 *horse-power*
Remarkable acceleration
Mechanical, internal expanding four wheel brakes and separate emergency brakes (all fully enclosed)
New transverse springs
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
20 *to* 30 *miles per gallon of gasolin*
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshiel
Reliability and low up-keep cost

ngine in the new Ford is unusually simple and efficient. It is unique in design and performance and develops 40-brake-horse-power at 2200 revolutions a minute. This means you can do 55 to 65 miles an hour in the new Ford and yet you do not have a motor with a high revolution speed.



d spring retainer, the four as-
nblies in each motor must match
weight within a limit of 3½
ams. This means that every pis-
n assembly must meet the weight
each of the other as-
nblies in the set within
proximately 1/8 of an
nce.

Another example of the close
nits of measurement in the new
rd is found in the crankshaft,
nich is both statically and dynam-
lly balanced.

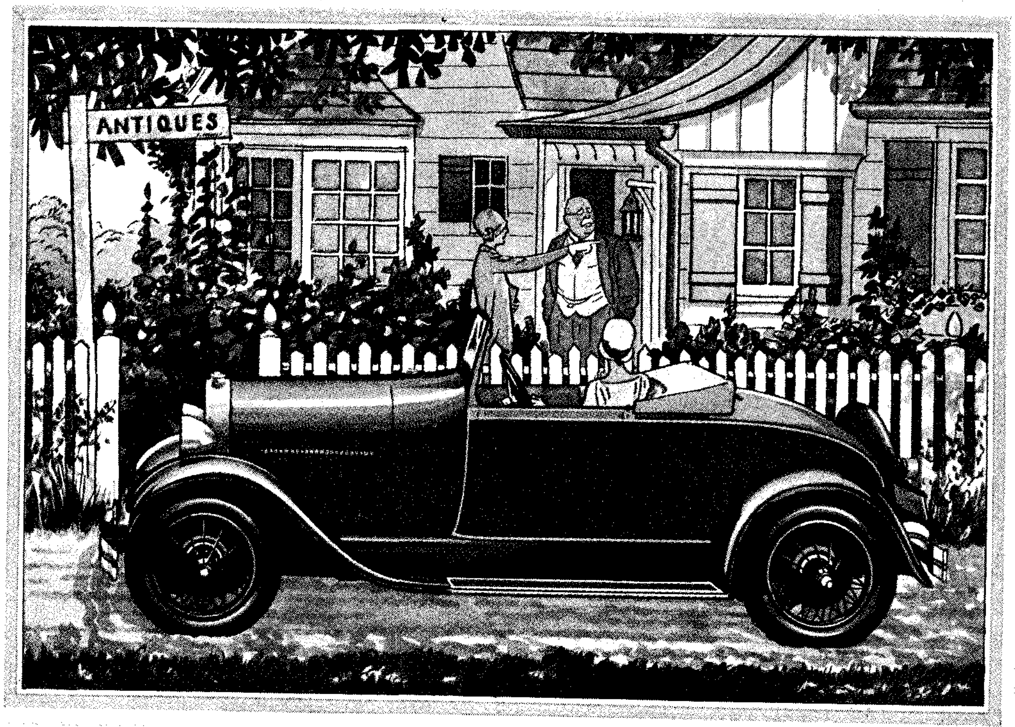
The dynamic balance, which in-
es equal distribution of weight
the throws of the shaft, is held
thin 4 grams, or approximately
' of an ounce, within the 2 1/8-
h radius from the center-line of
: shaft.

This same care is followed in the
king of large as well as small
ts. The four-wheel brake drums
the new Ford are 11 inches in
meter, yet they are held to
thin five one-thousandths (.005)
of an inch. This is a remarkably close limit on such a wide diameter and is unusual in brake drums.

It is, of course, almost beyond imagination to conceive of measurements as close as these. They are achieved only through the use of the finest precision gages in the hands of expert workmen. These gages are set by Johansson master gage blocks which are accurate to one-millionth of an inch.

All of this care is reflected in the outstanding performance of the new Ford—in everything that goes to make it the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

The Ford dealer organization has been specially trained to service the new Ford and to help you keep it in smooth running order at a minimum of trouble and expense. At home or on tour—wherever you go—every Ford dealer is your dealer.

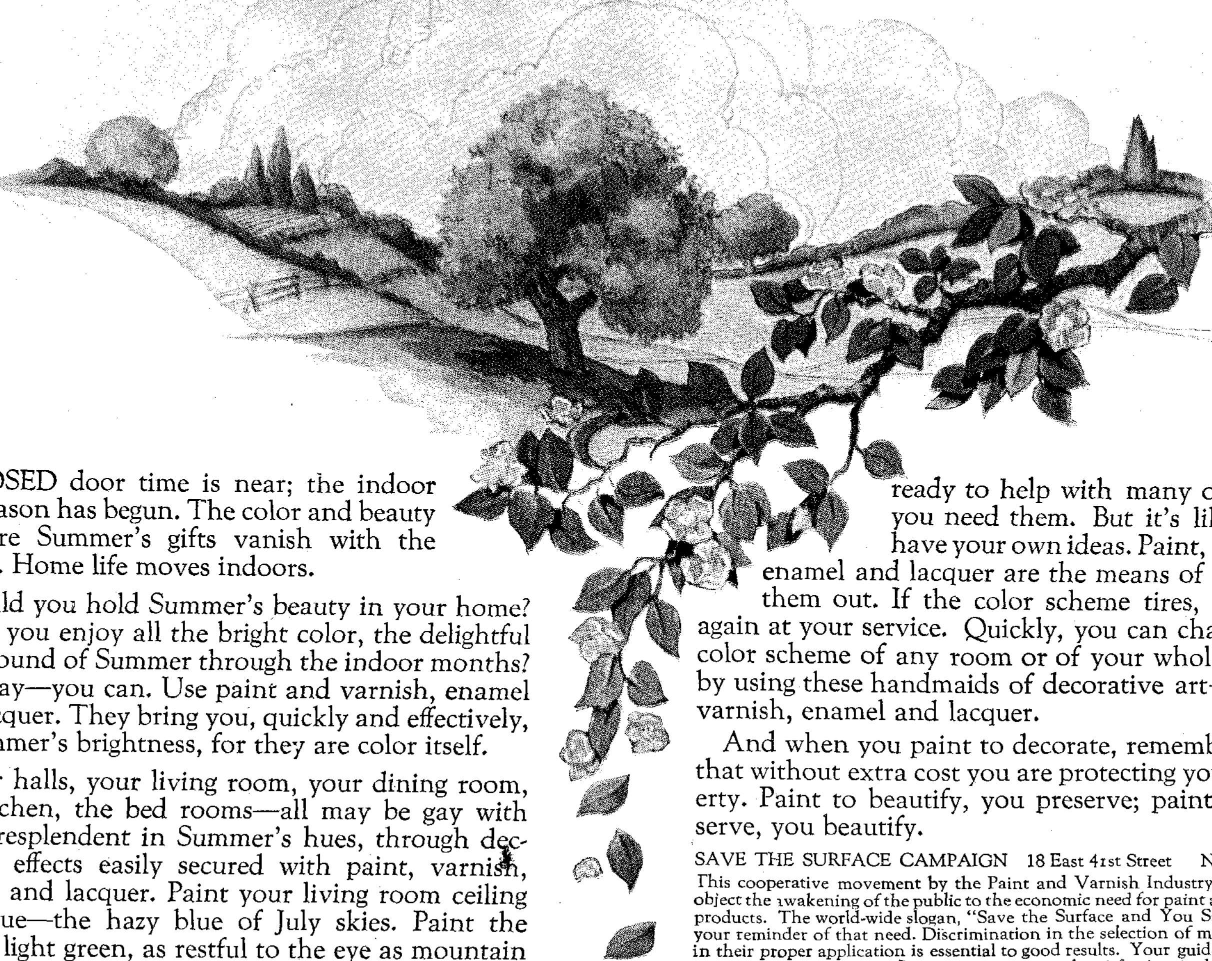


ll get a real thrill in driving the new Ford Roadster
se of its alert speed and easy-riding comfort. All of
ew Ford cars come to you equipped with four Hou-
e hydraulic shock absorbers—two front and two rear.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

Hold summer's beauty



CLOSED door time is near; the indoor season has begun. The color and beauty that are Summer's gifts vanish with the season. Home life moves indoors.

Would you hold Summer's beauty in your home? Would you enjoy all the bright color, the delightful background of Summer through the indoor months? You may—you can. Use paint and varnish, enamel and lacquer. They bring you, quickly and effectively, all Summer's brightness, for they are color itself.

Your halls, your living room, your dining room, the kitchen, the bed rooms—all may be gay with color, resplendent in Summer's hues, through decorative effects easily secured with paint, varnish, enamel and lacquer. Paint your living room ceiling pale blue—the hazy blue of July skies. Paint the walls a light green, as restful to the eye as mountain woods in August. Let your floor be dark brown—the brown of rich earth. For spots of Summer coloring, finish the furniture in colors you like to live with.

Of course, that's only one color scheme. You will find your painter and your favorite manufacturer ready to help with many others, if you need them. But it's likely you have your own ideas. Paint, varnish, enamel and lacquer are the means of carrying them out. If the color scheme tires, paint is again at your service. Quickly, you can change the color scheme of any room or of your whole house, by using these handmaids of decorative art—paint, varnish, enamel and lacquer.

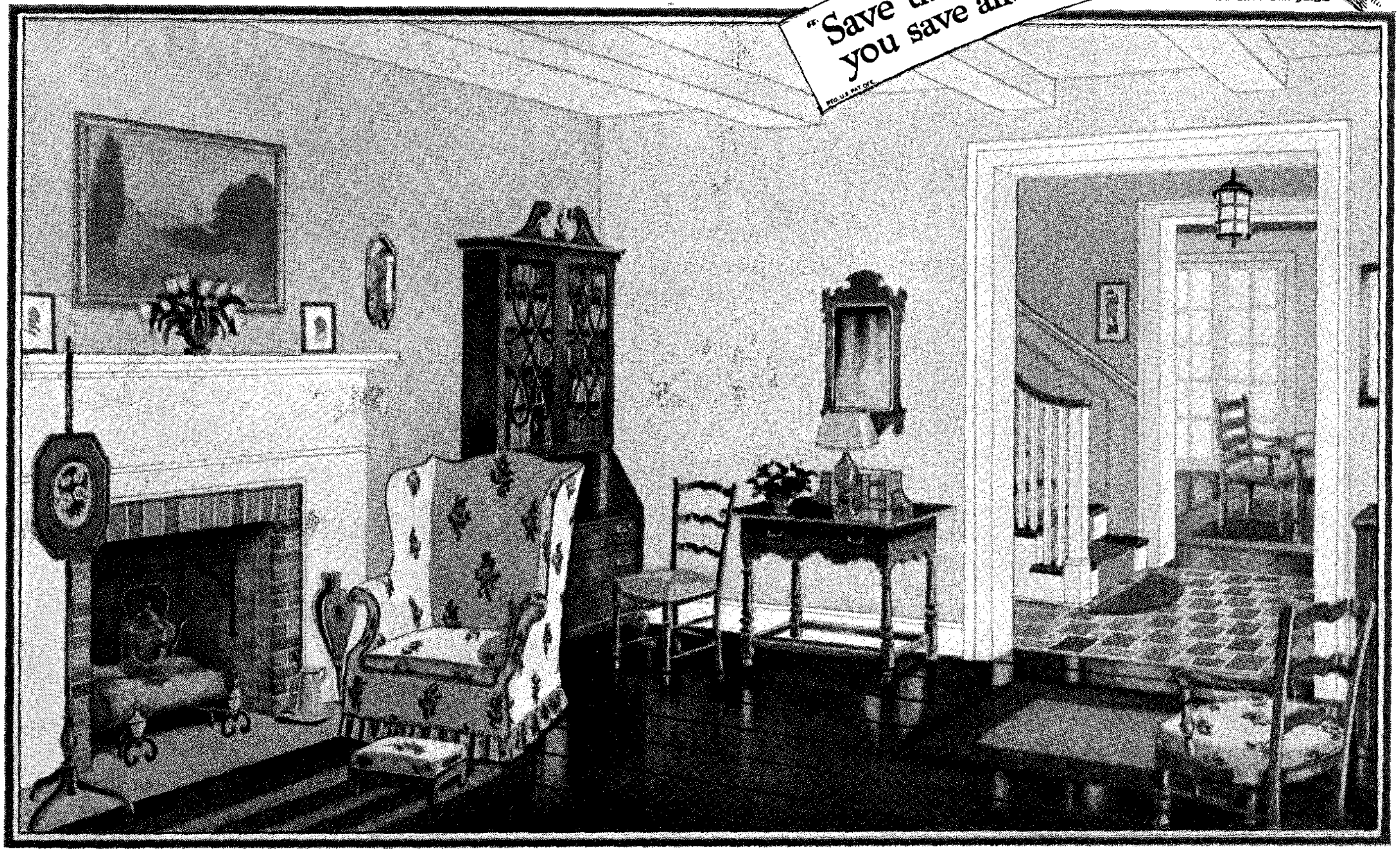
And when you paint to decorate, remember, too, that without extra cost you are protecting your property. Paint to beautify, you preserve; paint to preserve, you beautify.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN 18 East 41st Street NEW YORK

This cooperative movement by the Paint and Varnish Industry has for its object the awakening of the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The world-wide slogan, "Save the Surface and You Save All," is your reminder of that need. Discrimination in the selection of materials and in their proper application is essential to good results. Your guide to quality and satisfaction is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter.

"Save the surface and you save all" - Paint & Varnish
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

910 © 1928
Save the Surface Campaign



(*Continued from page 38*)

"I found zest in the rough and tumble of the campaign, and I liked it intensely. Of course there were times when I had to battle fatigue. But by using every possible means to conserve my strength and keep in good health, I came through fit as a fiddle."

Among the many new ideas in campaigning, in getting to the voters and winning their confidence, the matter of her newspaper advertising was unique. She engaged the same amount of space in each of the newspapers of those eighteen counties of her district. Every day for several days before the primary there appeared about four inches of matter, under the heading, "Ruth Bryan Owen Says." The message probably would say nothing whatever about the campaign, but would contain a scintillating comment on some important topic of the day. Mrs. Owen declares she borrowed the idea from Will Rogers, famous comedian, who writes a short "squib" daily for many papers, but it was the first time that a short advertising message was used for campaign purposes.

A trained and experienced publicity man sent out news matter day by day, in a specially colored envelop, easily distinguished by the editors from the mass of mail that reaches their desks. The news of Mrs. Owen's campaign was given an unusual amount of space, and had telling effect in keeping her before the public.

The daughter of the "Great Commoner" will carry into her political work not only the heritage of the silver tongue handed down by the eloquent Bryan, Mr. Armstrong predicts in another article on Mrs. Owen, this one copyrighted by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. He continues:

She has accumulated political wisdom in a lifetime spent in close association with men and women prominent in public affairs, and through personal contact with the workings of governments and parties. During the years her father was in the House she accompanied him almost daily to the Capitol, and during the Presidential campaign of 1908 served as his secretary.

For the last six years Mrs. Owen has been in constant demand as a Chautauqua lecturer and is one of the highest-paid women in that work.

Speaking of her campaign and of her desire to educate young people regarding public affairs, Mrs. Owen told the writer:

"This campaign proved to me that our country still holds a vital place in the hearts and lives of the folks, and I want to make this practical contribution to my country during my public service: I propose to bring to Washington two young people from each of the eighteen counties of my district, a young man and a young woman, students, most likely, to study government first hand. That will make thirty-six in the group. They will stay in the national capital for several days.

"We'll start out by going to look at a copy of the Declaration of Independence. In other words, we'll start at the beginning and work on up. I want to show those thirty-six potential public leaders how the wheels go round. I want them to gain an increased respect, that is bound to come with increased understanding, of how Uncle Sam does his work.

"The visit will be a laboratory course in civil government. If each of the Congressional districts takes up the idea, I firmly believe the effect on the interest our citizens show in government will be noticeable. The expenses of the young people can easily be borne by public-spirited clubs of the counties."

With the founding of the University of Miami in 1925, Mrs. Owen became head of the department of public speaking, and this has given her an outlet for both her interest in student life and for speaking. The students of the school have organized an honorary public-speaking fraternity known as Rho Beta Omicron, the initials R. B. O. standing for none other than Ruth Bryan Owen. In a commencement program of the fraternity is this significant paragraph:

"The students who had the privilege of studying under Mrs. Owen felt so grateful to her for her practical precepts in public speaking which she imparted, for the ideal which she inspired, and for the delightful friendship which she gave that they desired to honor and perpetuate their association with her in this way."

Mrs. Owen did not seek election as the "daughter of Bryan." She is emphatic about this. She is quoted in *The Public Ledger:*

"Altho I appreciate deeply whatever affection the people of this State may hold for the memory of my father, I shall go to Congress on my own." Thus Mrs. Owen has declared herself since that day in June when the big Congressional district rolled up a majority of more than 14,000 for her.

"And when I get there," she continues, "there are some things I want to do that are not in the books."

"For instance?" you ask. And you have tapped a spring of enthusiastic political discussion. Ruth Bryan Owen is ready to tell you one thing she hopes to do in Congress.

"I am going to interest the young people of America in politics and government," she declares with a toss of a well-shaped head, a tightening of a somewhat large, firm mouth—such a mouth as the daughter of the "Great Commoner" might well have inherited—and a flash of her olive eyes.

During the recent campaign that resulted in Mrs. Owen's outstanding victory at the polls and nomination to Congress, this energetic woman addrest the student body of a high school of a small city in the district, making one of her typical speeches on the duties of citizenship. The students cheered her to the echo, and sent a delegation to ask her to remain over that evening and continue her speech at a street carnival scheduled to enliven the town that night under the auspices of the high school.

"But," Mrs. Owen protested, "you don't talk about politics and government at a street carnival."

"The way you talk about it would be interesting anywhere. It would draw a big crowd!" the students responded with finality.

In her school addresses Mrs. Owen said nothing about her Congressional race. A check-up of her speeches during the last two years shows that she has spoken to nearly every convention and gathering of any size in her far-flung district during that time. Her power as a speaker became so well known in her first race two years ago—when she failed of election by 770 votes—that invitations came to her in stacks. She spoke to conventions of civic clubs, nurses, newspaper men, philanthropic and fraternal associations, religious meetings, and all sorts of gatherings that find the climate and hospitality of the Florida east coast so inviting. And in those addresses she did not stress, if she mentioned at all, that she was a candidate for office. She was "meeting the folks" and making friends. But how those friends, including the parents of the high-school boys and girls, got out and rooted for her on election day!

Returning to the subject of modern youth and the training of future voters, Mrs. Owen said, according to *The Public Ledger:*

"Besides my regular duties in Washington as a representative, I want to bridge the gap between the member of Congress and the constituency, and I am going to start with the younger ones. You hear a lot of talk about the worthlessness of modern youth. Nonsense! The modern youth is all right, and if you give him the right ideals he will keep America the glorious nation it is.

"I want these young people to see that we can't have a republic of, by, and for all the people if only a minority take part in it. I want to impress on them the dignity and importance of citizenship, and I believe this annual pilgrimage will do it."

Mrs. Owen served as a nurse with the British troops during the World War. She knew hardships in the campaigns in Egypt and the Holy Land as well as on the Western front, where her husband, Major Owen, of the British Army, received wounds that exacted his life a few years ago. She came out of an arduous campaign as lively and vigorous as when the fight started, and she will be heard from on Capitol Hill.

This woman, who has been thus honored by her adopted State, swings naturally into the ranks of leadership, as does the daughter of Mark Hanna, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, from Illinois, who will be sitting on the other side of the aisle from the lady from Florida. Of the two we learn:

Both of these women entered politics as their profession. Mrs. McCormick frankly said that she wanted the job because she thought she was qualified to hold it, and, like Mrs. Owen, went out and "sold herself" to the voters of her State on that ground alone. She did not make her fight on the ground that she was the daughter of one of the most astute politicians this country has ever known, Mark Hanna, the "maker of Presidents." Nor did she run for the office which her husband, Senator McCormick, was holding at the time of his death.

Throughout her campaigning Mrs. McCormick told the voters she wanted to be elected because of her merit, her experience, her knowledge and ability, and not because she was a woman. The highlights of Mrs. McCormick's campaign show the same vigor that Mrs. Owen put forth in her battle for votes. Mrs. McCormick said: "Since January I have traveled 16,000 miles in my automobile over the State. I have averaged three speeches a day for the whole time, Sundays and holidays included. Since I didn't actually make any speeches on Sundays, you can readily see that on some days I made five or six speeches and sometimes as many as seven or eight. I spoke in 100 of the 102 counties of the State. The other two were on hard roads and I didn't feel that I could afford the time to make the trip to them by horse and buggy. In all the 100 counties I spoke once, in two-thirds of them twice, and in half of them oftener than that."

A ONE-MAN NOVEL FACTORY

GALLOPING MADLY DOWN the departure platform of Paddington station in London, three minutes before train time, came a messenger boy. Panting, he struggled up to a man who was about to board the train, and delivered a package which, it developed, contained a three-act play. Turning to a companion, the recipient explained that on the preceding Saturday the author had promised to write this play over the week-end, but at that time had no plot. It was now Wednesday, and the man who had exacted the promise, a literary agent, was leaving for America. The man who had dashed off the play in so short a time was Edgar Wallace, mystery-story writer, playwright, dramatic critic, and racing expert. Mr. Wallace, we learn from a London dispatch by John L. Balderston in the New York *World*, has a few other side-lines. He modestly admits that in 1927 he wrote twenty-six novels and six plays; also we learn that in the year ending with last March his various and almost innumerable volumes had sold to the almost unbelievable extent of 5,000,000 copies. It is a source of increasing wonderment to Mr. Balderston that Mr. Wallace was not born in the United States, "the land of mass production." Further, says the *World* correspondent:

Edgar Wallace is doing for fiction and the theater what Henry Ford did for the motor industry, and his compatriots are awakening to the fact that they have a great pioneer in their midst. A year ago Wallace was known as the writer of sensational detective stories and a few thrillers for the stage. To-day he is on the verge of fame. To-morrow, unless he collapses under the strain of a constantly increasing output, he will bestride like a colossus the literary and dramatic firmament.

It has taken Wallace a long time to get into his stride. He is fifty-three years old, born of poor but honest parents, went to a "board school," which means that he missed the ineffable benefits of public-school education bestowed upon the British middle- and upper-class youth, and served six years as a private in the Army. Then he became a journalist, founded a newspaper in South Africa, and, like other great men who subsequently live down their early indiscretions, published a volume of poetry. Twenty-two years ago, when he was already in his thirties, he wrote his first detective story.

All London to-day is talking about Edgar Wallace. His income, his habits, his hours of work are subjects of heated debate. Perhaps the general public, that part of the general public that does not read his stories or go to his plays, first began to take notice when he gave a banquet in the Savoy Hotel some time ago to the people he was then employing in his various plays on view in four London theaters. Five hundred and ninety sat down at table.

Edgar Wallace jokes are getting as common as Ford jokes used to be. Here is one of the best: Wallace's butler, in his mansion in Portland Place, is answering the phone. "I'm sorry, sir, I can't put you through. Mr. Wallace is finishing a new play and left word that he must not be disturbed. What's that, sir? You'll hold the wire?"

Wallace does not know himself how many plays he has written, we are told. He can only make a rough guess:

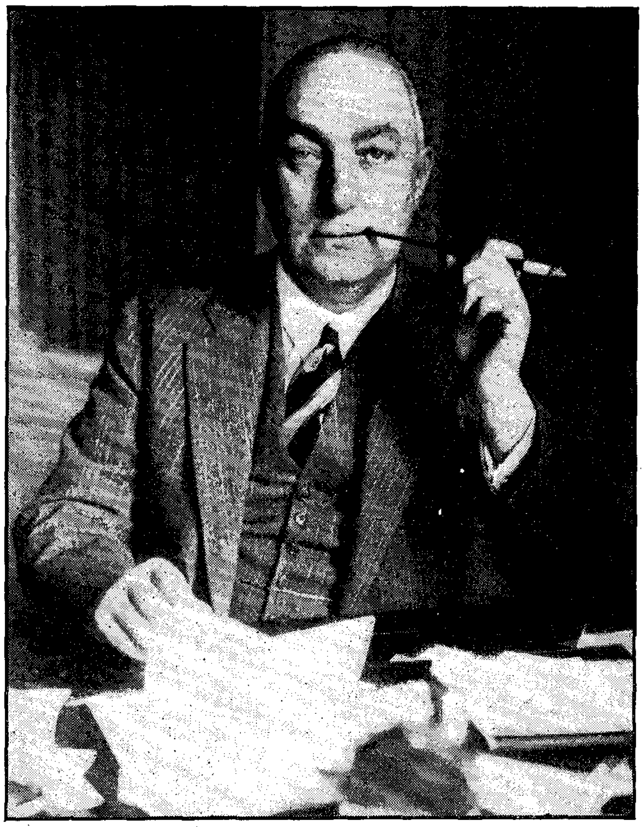
"Not more than twenty," he told me apologetically, "but you must remember I only took it up three years ago, and I haven't much time to give to plays. I do them in the intervals between my novels."

"How many novels have you written?" I asked.

"About a hundred and forty."

Wallace thinks he may have forgotten a dozen. When he isn't doing a play or a novel, he writes short stories. Two to four hundred is his estimated output of these.

But creative literature does not absorb all of Wallace's time, altho his speed of output in the last three years has increased in geometrical ratio, so that in 1925 he wrote twice as many novels and stories as in 1924, and so on, until in 1927 he produced twenty-six novels and at least six plays. This year he modestly hopes to do better.



Keystone View Company photograph

THE HENRY FORD OF FICTION WRITING

Mass production is the big idea of Edgar Wallace, concocter of British best sellers, who wrote one of his one hundred and forty novels between a Thursday and the following Monday.

Wallace is a dramatic critic, a job that cuts into his evenings. He writes about plays for *The Morning Post*, He is also a racing expert. His attendance at race meetings and his expert articles on the turf, which appear in evening and Sunday organs, cut into his afternoons. The bulk of his purely literary output, he tells me, is, perforce, produced in his mornings. He is perhaps more proud of his racing articles than his other work, and thousands follow his tips, altho his reputation suffered somewhat when he assured millions that the favorite "can not possibly lose" the Derby this year, and the favorite finished twelfth.

It will have been gathered that Edgar Wallace is what is known as a "fast worker," remarks Mr. Balderston, continuing:

It is said, with what truth I do not know, that he dictates his novels and plays into a dictaphone, and that his wife and his corps of secretaries attend to the rest, without troubling him to read over what he has uttered. This is probably exaggerated. It does not square with his confession to an interviewer who asked him which of his novels took him the shortest time to write and which the longest.

"A firm of publishers asked me on Thursday for a novel of 70,000 words by noon on Monday. Working eighteen hours a day, dictating it all to a typist, with my wife doing the corrections, I delivered 'The Strange Countess' on Monday morning. If any one wants to give me a present he might send me a copy. I should like to read it."

"And your most dilatory effort?"

"That was 'The Gunner.' It took me several weeks. But this apparent lethargy was due to the fact that during the same period I had to write a novel called 'The Flying Squad,' a play of the same name, and a play called, I think, 'The Man Who Changed His Name.'"

Wallace has cut out the middleman in order to increase his profits on the stage. He says he made only £6,000 out of a shocker called "The Ringer," while Frank Curzon, the theatrical manager who put it on, cleared £20,000. Accordingly, Wallace is now his own impresario. After he has written his plays, he casts them himself, pays all the expenses, hires the theaters, and takes the profits or stands the losses.

This leads to the query, "How much money does Edgar Wallace make?" He won't say, and even the omniscient *Daily Mail* had to give it up.

According to a special correspondent of that paper:

Three nights running at dinner I have heard the conversation turn first to plays and then to Mr. Wallace; and almost immediately came the inevitable questions: "Does he really write a play in a week?" and "Does he really make £50,000 a year?"

People even ask Mr. Wallace himself, so he told me at luncheon.

"And what do you reply?" I inquired.

"I say: 'How much do *you* make?'"

Quality lubrication for your car rests on four engineering factors

Meet these four needs and you get low gasoline and oil consumption, full power, and a quiet, long-lived engine. Only engineering study can determine the best oil for your car. The Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers have studied your engine with these four factors in mind:

All four of these engineering factors are of equal importance in the lubrication of your car. See the Mobiloil Chart. All Mobiloil dealers have it. You are always sure with Mobiloil.

★ ★ ★ ★

1

Minimum carbon formation. Oils too light or too heavy in body to suit your engine tend to work past the pistons into the combustion chambers. The grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine will be distributed evenly and in the correct quantity. Mobiloil burns cleanly in the combustion chambers thereby leaving surprisingly little carbon.

2

Oil distribution. Some conditions affecting oil distribution are: the type of lubricating system, the size and position of the oil pump, the piston clearances. Mobiloil is carefully "fitted" to your lubricating system so that thorough and even distribution to every friction point is assured.

3

Maintenance of perfect piston ring seal. If the piston seal is weak, compression is lost and power wasted. Mobiloil's rich body and character resist blowby of the expanding gas in today's new high-compression engines. Full compression means full power.

4

Operating heat. What type of cooling system? What temperatures encountered in all kinds of driving? The Mobiloil recommended for your car retains its lubricating value under the most extreme heat.

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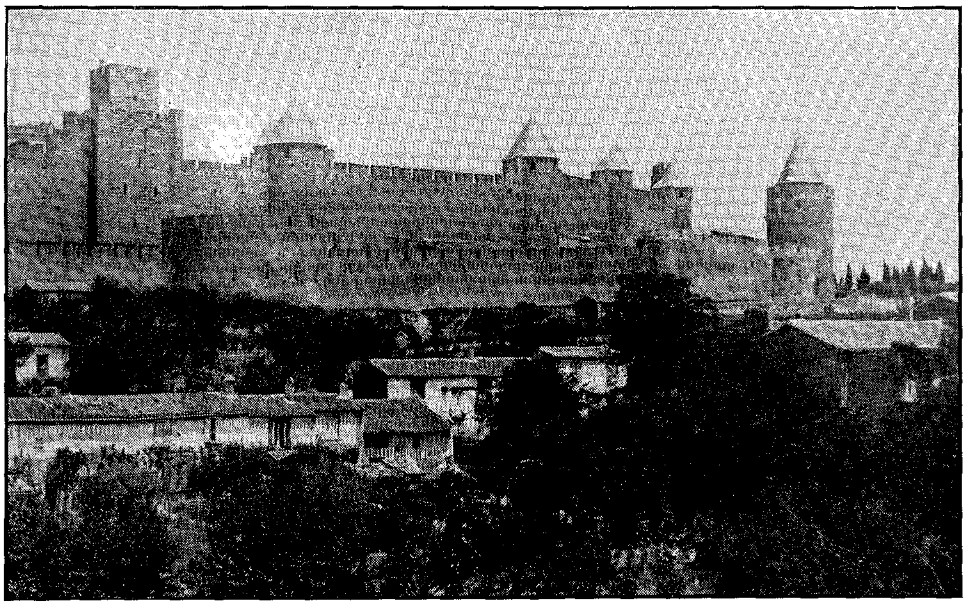
Mobiloil
Look for the red
Gargoyle trade-mark
on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

The World's Quality Oil
Mobiloil
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

CARCASSONNE'S TWO THOUSAND BIRTHDAY CANDLES

HISTORIC EXTREMES—a walled city in southern France, and a modern automobile—faced each other. A medieval soldier in breastplate and slashed breeches opened the gate of the city while a group of "varlets, incongruous in medieval rags and modern haircuts, lolled around smoking anachronistic cigarets." In other words, Robert Mountsier writes in the New York *Sun*, "Carcassonne, city of ancient and medieval ages, standing proudly on its Roman foundations, with a double line of fortified walls and fifty round towers all intact," is celebrating its 2,000th anniversary and to this end has been engaged in recreating its past. It has been aided by the President of France, crack cavalry officers, and tourists from all over the world "who have been conquered by these walls of rare and renewed perfection, altho the tramp of armed and armored soldiers is no longer heard."



Publishers Photo Service

A LIVING SOUVENIR OF ROMANS AND VISIGOTHS

Note the inner and outer walls—the former resting on the ruins of Roman fortifications. Fifty or more of the round towers still stand.

Carcassonne means one thing, probably, to the average American—a poem in his school reader. And so, to refresh memories, we quote three stanzas of John R. Thompson's translation of Gustave Nadaud's poem from Stevenson's "The Home Book of Verse" (Holt):

"I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears,
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none;
My prayer would else fulfillment know—
Never have I seen Carcassonne!

"You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And, to return, as many more.
Had but the vintage plenteous grown—
But, ah! the grape withheld its store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

"Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan
Have travelled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
And I—have not seen Carcassonne!"

It isn't every city or every year that can have a 2,000th birthday, Mr. Mountsier writes, and Carcassonne has made the most of its 1928 opportunity—Carcassonne, the finest example of a medieval fortified city in all the world. Reading on:

The moderns of Carcassonne are having their day, their year. The town band, arrayed in plumed hats and scarlet hose and perspiring in dark brown doublets, plays "*La Cité Glorieuse.*" The beauties and leaders of Carcassonne society, aided by poets of Paris, hold a *cour d'amour* in the open-air theater inside the ramparts. Peasants, picturesque in local costumes, sing one song after another with the same haunting rhythm.

A *Te Deum* is intoned in the Cathedral of St. Nazaire, and you must know the *langue d'oc* to understand service and sermon. In the grand tournament knights and ladies and horses all experience an uncomfortable time in medieval outfits. Carcassonne hosts and visiting guests, from peasants to mayors, have a glorious time at a banquet in the courtyard of the castle. Wine flows as blood did in Carcassonne of the fighting Middle Ages.

By night strings of yellow bulbs festooning the narrow streets turn ramparts, towers, castles, and all Carcassonne into an immense stage where you wander in modern clothes through a great costume play in which the leading actors and actresses are supers from town and country.

Carcassonne of 1928 is trying to relive its history. And there are twenty centuries of history which give Carcassonne a past which any American city of 35,000 would be proud of.

Away back in 72 B. C. Carcassonne was raised by the Romans to the importance of an "elect" or "chosen" city, but the origin of this fortified Carcaso of Julius Cæsar and his Latins is beautifully clouded in conflicting legends. There is one tale to the effect that it was founded by Æneas, son of Anchises; another, that the Phenicians established a trading colony on this great rock; a third, based on the next to nothing of a similarity in names, that Karkas, a eunuch of Queen Esther, was the founder.

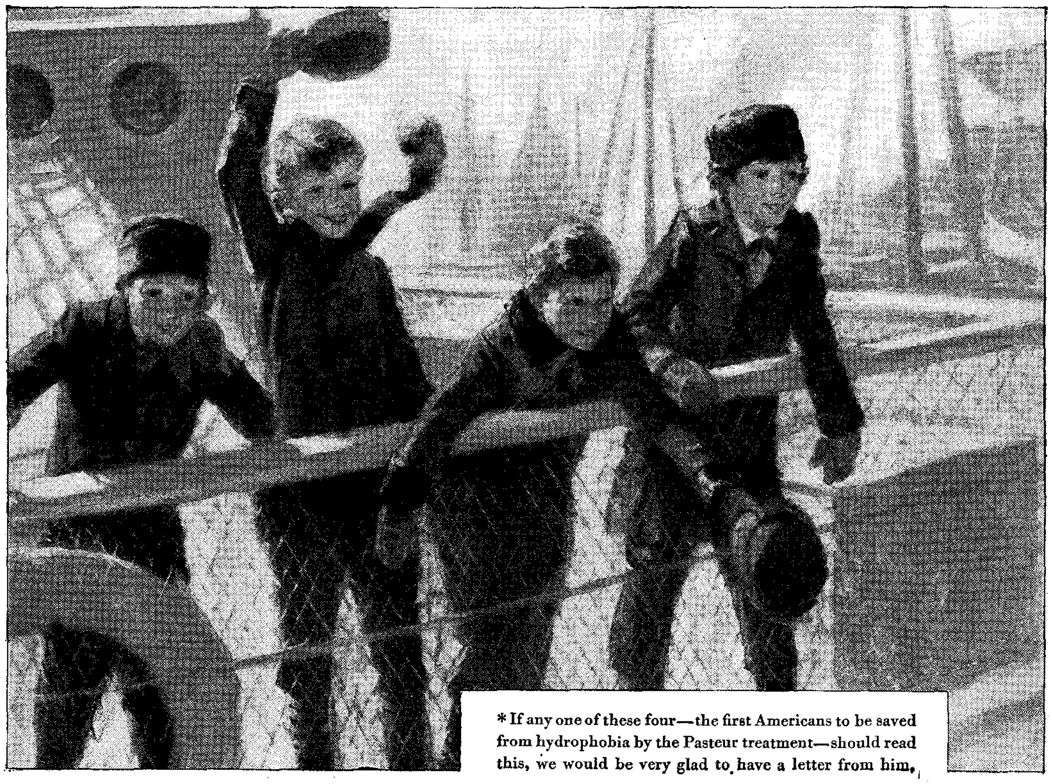
But no matter what the origin, excavations have proved that some kind of a town was here in the earliest times. So Carcassonne really is older than this year's official birthday party would indicate.

After being a Roman stronghold for more than four centuries, Carcassonne was seized by the Franks in A. D. 350. Recaptured, it remained in Roman possession until the Visigoths came along and destroyed it in 437. Building on the foundations of the Roman *castellum*, which had been only a tactical strong point, these barbaric conquerors made a strategic center of this rocky hill, which was in itself almost a natural fort.

The Visigoth fortifications are incorporated in the inner wall of to-day, which in general follows their line. They included thirty semicylindrical towers—seventeen of them still exist in a more or less restored condition—presenting round faces to the enemy and square faces to the city. Placed twenty-five or thirty yards apart, they were joined by continuous walls crowned by low battlements. These Visigoth towers are easily distinguishable, not only because of their form, but also by means of their construction. They are built of stone, with occasional layers of brick, varying from one to four inches in depth. They were made solid for about half their outside height in order to present the greatest resistance possible to sapping.

In 508 Clovis unsuccessfully laid siege to Carcassonne, the brief historical account continues, and we read on:

Eighty years later the town opened its gates to the French under the Duke of Toulouse, but the Visigoths returned not long afterward, when the Duke of Lusitania defeated the French, and remained until 713, when the Saracens overran the south of France. From that year until the end of the eleventh century Carcassonne's history is scarce. In 1096, after the Saracens had been driven out, Pope Urban II journeyed to Carcassonne to make peace between Viscount Bernard Aton, the city's ruler,



* If any one of these four—the first Americans to be saved from hydrophobia by the Pasteur treatment—should read this, we would be very glad to have a letter from him.

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

3,000 miles to save four young lives

One day in 1885 a mad dog rushed upon a group of laughing American children—and left four little lads* facing practically certain death from hydrophobia.

Scarcely a month before, Louis Pasteur, the famous French scientist, had demonstrated a method for preventing hydrophobia. Already he had saved several lives.

But Paris was 3,000 miles away—a twelve-day voyage in 1885. Was there time to save these four boys?

"Send the children at once!"

When their doctors cabled for hope, Pasteur replied: "*Envoyez les enfants toute de suite*"—(send the children at once).

And so Patsy and Eddie and Austin and Willy sailed for the Old World. Reaching Havre, they were rushed to Paris and the laboratory of Pasteur. Each day for ten days they were given gradually increased amounts of the life-saving vaccine. The disease never developed.

Safe home at last, they never forgot the simple, kindly man whom they had learned to call "Papa Pasteur."

The fortress against hydrophobia (rabies)

Today preventive treatment against hydrophobia can be given without delay by any qualified physician right in the patient's own home.

If your child is bitten by a dog, notify your doctor at once. And, if possible, have the dog securely locked up—alive—where it can be observed for symptoms of rabies.

Your doctor will tell you that antirabic vaccine as prepared in the Parke-Davis laboratories is so effective and so simple to administer that when used promptly there need be no cause for alarm.

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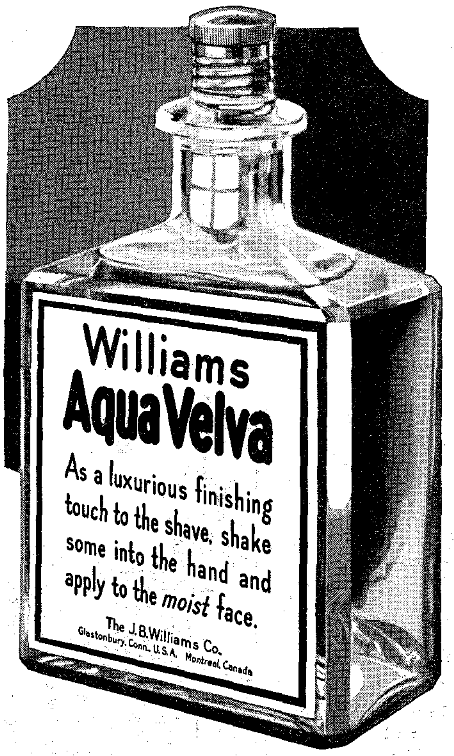
A PERSONAL NOTE

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.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Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

The crispness of autumn in its touch—

Aqua Velva for After-Shaving!

Everything else seems tame when once you've used Aqua Velva! The tingling thrill of it wakes you for the day, leaves your face with the live and healthy glow that makes you feel Fit for what's before you.

There's no guesswork in the Aqua Velva blend. Eighty-eight years of study of the needs of the newly shaven skin preceded it.

Aqua Velva gives tone and tonic to the facial tissue; takes care of tiny nicks and scrapes; protects the skin; conserves its natural moisture so essential to Face Fitness.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream, that millions use each morning, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit!

Have a bottle handy when you put your razor down. It will mean a lot to you.

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle.
Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.
Address:
Dept. D-68, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn., and Montreal, Can.

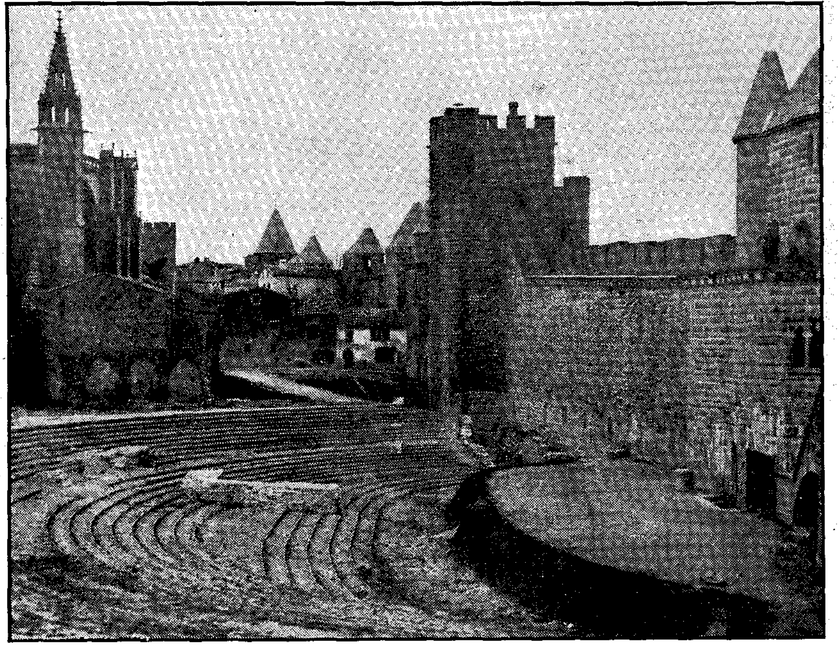
Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and the rebelling population, and to bless the new church of St. Nazaire and the materials for its construction.

Then the castle was built and the walls of the Visigoths repaired. Nevertheless in 1209 the city fell to Simon de Montfort, surrendering to him after fifteen days because of lack of water. Becoming a part of the French kingdom, Carcassonne took on new importance, especially after an unsuccessful siege by an army from Catalonia and Aragon under Raymond de Trincavel.



Photograph by Burton Holmes. From Ewing Galloway

A BIT OF AN ANCIENT BROADWAY

Here, in the heart of Carcassonne, stood a stately theater, and almost enough of its ground-plan survives to accommodate players and audience.

Contemporary accounts of De Trincavel's attacks remind the reader to-day of world war communiques written ten years ago. Indeed, military experts, studying a medieval fortress such as Carcassonne, find that in the centuries that have elapsed only the implements of war have changed, while the principles remain the same.

Profiting by the lessons of De Trincavel's siege, Louis IX determined to make the city so strong a fortress that no enemy would be able to capture it. Under him the whole of the present outer wall with its towers was built and changes made to eliminate the weak spots.

This same king, St. Louis, organized the defense by appointing barons as *chatelains*, each assigned a tower or other strong point to watch and defend, and establishing a corps of paid men at arms. According to a record of 1483 forty yeomen, including six trumpeters, mounted guard within the ramparts every night in time of peace. Four trumpeters and eighteen men with swords and crossbows were stationed at nine fixt points on the innerwall. These sentries were on duty all night, and a group of eight men went from station to station to see that they performed their duty.

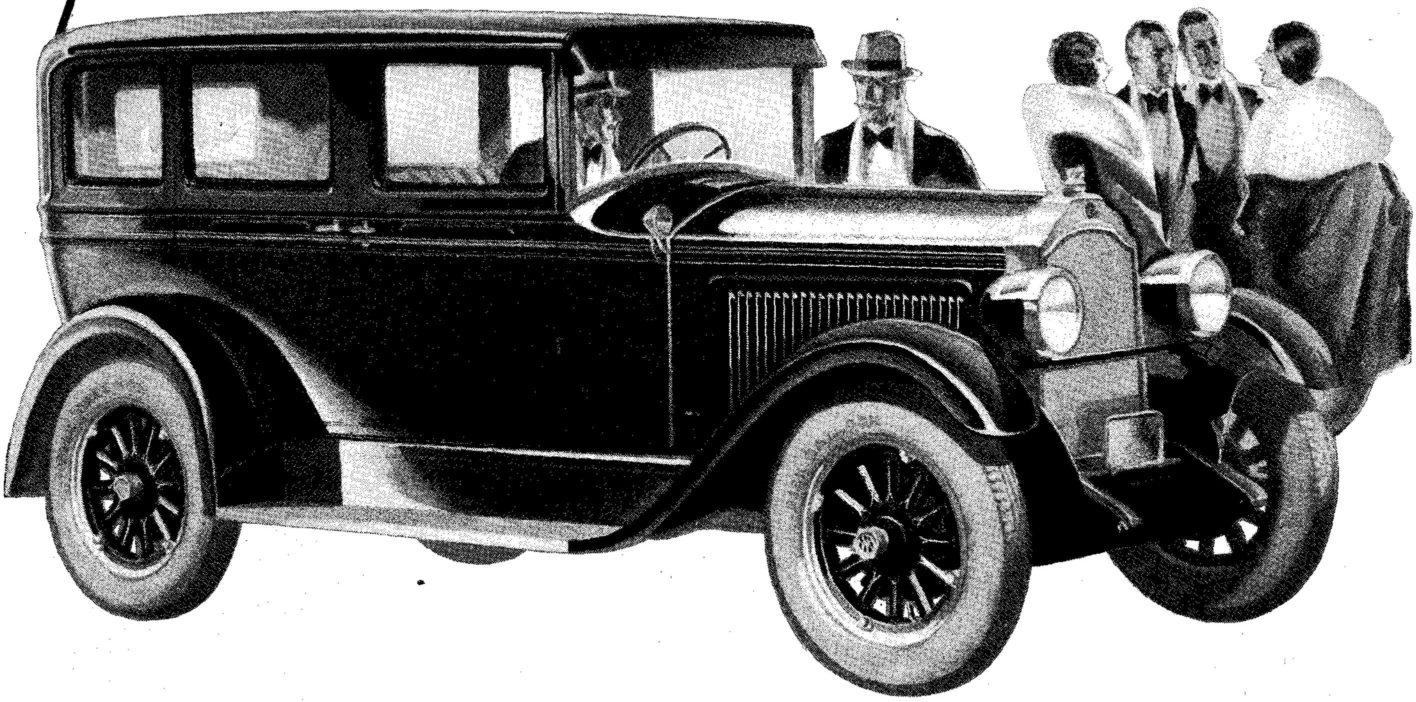
Study of the ingenious and elaborate fortifications of Louis and his successor, Philippe, *le Hardi*, shows that their engineers had nothing to learn from the modern Army officer about crossfire, flanking fire, the use of slopes, and methods of concealment. With only gravitation and inferior mechanical forces to aid them these military engineers of the Middle Ages worked chiefly in the vertical plane instead of the horizontal and at point-blank range. Where now an unseen machine gunner can put a dozen bullets into you as you approach at a distance, the chatelains of Carcassonne could drop a paving stone on your head from a concealed station.

The best view of the fortress as a whole is from the top of the tower of St. Nazaire—the highest point of the citadel—and from the same place the visitor can best see the surrounding country. To the south and southwest, the Pyrenees; to the southeast, the green hill of Pechange; to the north, villages, woods, and mountains; to the west, the city which dates from St. Louis's banishment to the left bank of the Aude those citizens who had allowed De Trincavel's men to use their houses outside the northern walls.

But this city, *la Ville Basse*, offers little in comparison with *la Cité*, we read:

> You use the modern city and its straight streets as stepping-stones to see the Carcassonne of Nadaud's poem—that poem which, symbolizing the struggle for the unattainable and the universal longing for romance, became so popular in translation that the United States once rang with its refrain, "I never shall see Carcassonne."
>
> But if you ever do get so far as Carcassonne the new, go down to the old bridge by which the town's dirty linen or cotton is having the dirt paddled out of it, and turn to your right into narrow, cobbled ways leading up to the *Porte d'Aude*. If you are strong minded enough to brave the vagabonds who find shelter in the open bastions of the outer wall and the ghosts of slain Romans, and Visigoths, Franks and Saracens, French, Spaniards, and English, stay until night and moonlight to see again this old fortress that seems *too* good to be true, no matter how you look at it.
>
> Then leave Carcassonne at once with that last magnificent impression and shed

THE Year's OUTSTANDING VALUE



EXPERIENCED motorists who know the smoothness, flashing activity, silent power and rugged stamina of the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine are quick to acknowledge the Willys-Knight Standard Six as the year's greatest value. ¶ At the lowest price in history, Willys-Knight's beauty of design and superiority of performance are now enjoyed by thousands of new owners. ¶ The sweeping success of the Standard Six has made 1928 Willys-Knight's biggest year. Quality was never as high—prices were never as low—sales were never as great. ¶ Most emphatically, it will be well worth your while to give the Standard Six your closest inspection. And the more exacting your scrutiny, the greater will be your appreciation that this beautiful car possesses everything that wins you to a fine Six—from the fundamentals of design and construction to the smallest details of appointment. ¶ A demonstration of the Standard Six reveals the ease of control, quick starting, comfortable riding and sustained brilliance which have won the praise of more than 325,000 enthusiastic Willys-Knight owners. ¶ And years of service—with remarkable freedom from carbon troubles and repairs—will bring you a new conception of the economy with which a truly fine car may be operated.

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—recent discoveries of the U. S. Public Health Service in preventing Black Tongue

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GLOVER'S CRESOL DISINFECTANT—A positive germicide and antiseptic, six times as powerful as carbolic acid. For killing germs and virus of contagious diseases, destroying insects—and as a deodorant for use in the kennel or house—this disinfectant is essential for every dog owner to have. Special pamphlet, sent on request, explains wide range of uses. Pint can—65 cents.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

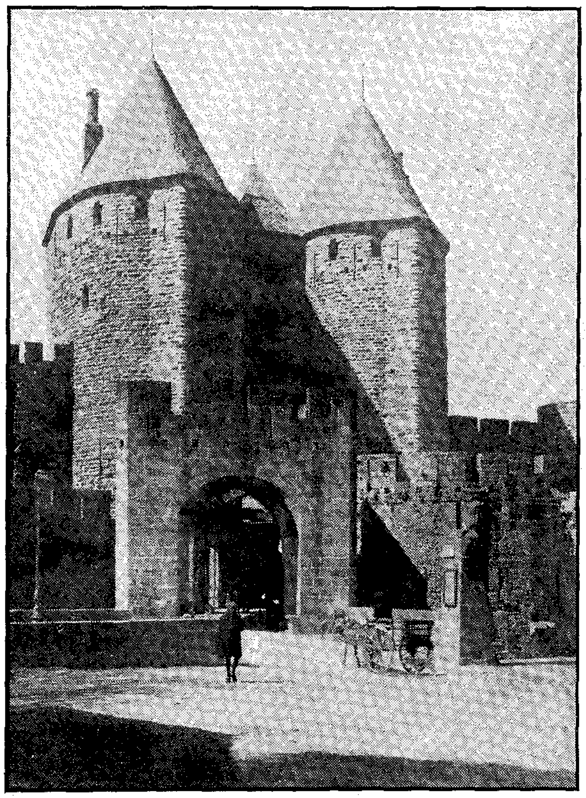
a tear for the poor old fellow of the poem and the multitude of others of whom it may be said:

"He never saw fair Carcassonne."

KING GEORGE AND OTHER FAMOUS STAMP FANS

THE small boy who lives in the hope that the morning mail will bring a letter bearing a foreign stamp for his little collection would find King George of England a kindred spirit. For His Majesty, we learn from J. Frank, who writes in *Die Woche*, Berlin, is an ardent stamp collector himself. Of the British monarch's unusual and valuable collection we read:

> A special room, called the Stamp Room, off the King's study, is devoted to these precious rarities. The collection is a special one, for it contains only stamps of the British Empire, and no other collection of its kind can compare with it. Some of the rarest stamps are found here in entire sheets. The most important items of the collection are the Post-office stamps of Mauritius of 1847, with the head of Queen Victoria. These are among the rarest in the world, and but a few copies are known to be in existence. The one penny Post-office was bought by the King many years ago for £700. To-day it is worth much more, altho no market price can be set upon it. The two pence, blue, which is still rarer, caused much excitement at the time of its discovery. The King purchased it a few years before the war for £1,400, the highest price ever paid for a stamp up to that time.



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

ONE OF THE GATES OF CARCASSONNE

It is impressive to see the peasants going to market through the massive walls, as their forefathers have been doing for so many centuries. See pages 46 and 48.

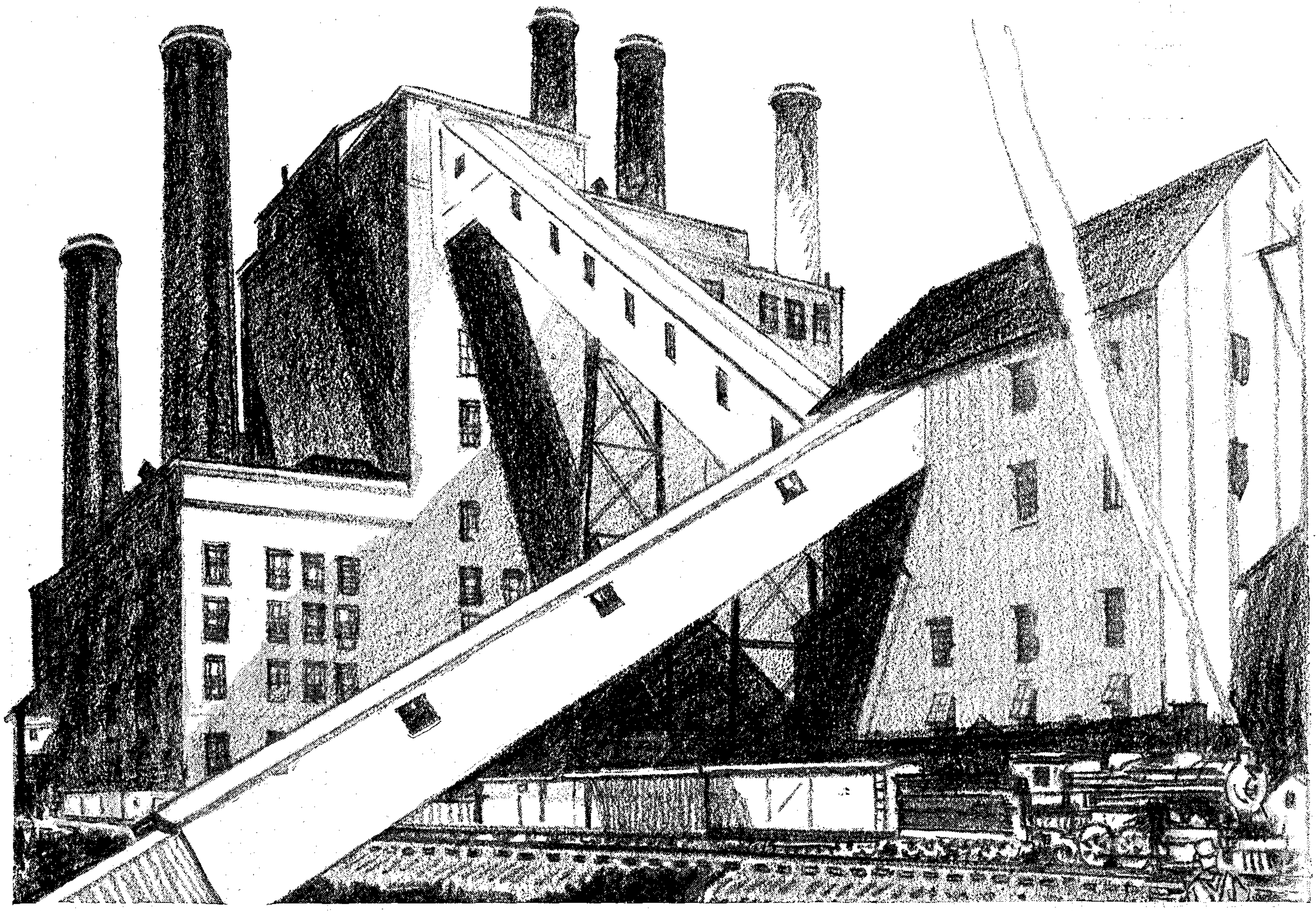
> A second stamp collection which compares favorably with that of the King is also in London. It is that of the well-known art dealer, Duveen. Duveen's field is the entire world, and his collection contains specimens from every country of the globe, including some which only a few collectors have ever seen. The *pièce de résistance* of the collection is the pale pink two cents of British Guiana, of which but a few are known. In no other collection can one find so many stamps of the British colonies, Australia, and South and North America. Of the celebrated double Geneva, the collection contains half a sheet.
>
> Among the public collections, which are accessible to every one, we might mention that of the Government Postal Museum in Berlin, possibly the most important German collection. Of particular interest is the collection of the World Postal League in Bern. All of the countries which are members of the League are required to send specimens of each new issue. Unfortunately the older stamps, issued before the League was formed, are lacking.

But there is one collection by far superior to any of the private or public collections mentioned says Herr Frank, adding:

> In leaving it to the last, we do so because it is no longer in existence. It was dispersed by the World War, for it was auctioned for the benefit of the Reparations Committee in Paris. It was the Ferrari Collection. Ferrari, the Duke of Galliera, was of Italian origin. He was friendly with the Austrian royal family. In Paris, he devoted all of his time to his stamps. He traveled all over Europe and spared neither comfort nor money to amass the greatest collection of stamps in the world. It contained the circular stamps of British Guiana of 1850, with the name of the postmaster written in, as well as the rarest of the rare, the pink two cents. It also contained the carmine red one cent of British Guiana, which was to be found in no other collection! Because of it, the Ferrari Collection was the only complete collection in the world. Of the postmaster stamps of the Confederate States of America, there were examples never found in any catalog. The collection was bequeathed to the Government Postal Museum in Berlin by Ferrari, who died in Lausanne in 1917. The outcome of the war prevented its being brought to Germany and the precious stamps were sold at auction in the Hotel Drouot in Paris.

Rough on the Poet.—Bay St. Louis, Aug. 15.—Freight-trains through here were searched and Virgil kept up all night for Silas Richardson, negro, who yesterday shot fatally John Damberine, garage man.
—*Jackson (Miss.) paper.*

THE TALL TOWERS OF INDUSTRY WILL STAND FOR CENTURIES IF THEY ARE WALLED AND ROOFED WITH TRANSITE



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The advantages of Transite, whether in corrugated form or in flat sheets, are of importance to all industry. The ordinary heat and acid fumes of manufacturing do no harm to buildings of Transite. Insurance rates are lower wherever it is used.

For every form of skeleton frame construction, from a housing for a small machine to the greatest industrial structures, Transite will provide walls, roofs and partitions that are genuinely permanent. We are glad to submit technical data on Transite's use and performance on request. *Write to Johns-Manville Corporation, New York, Chicago, Cleveland or San Francisco.*

Transite is one of the scores of Asbestos products made by Johns-Manville. More than a half-century of experience has given us a position as world leaders in Asbestos and related products.

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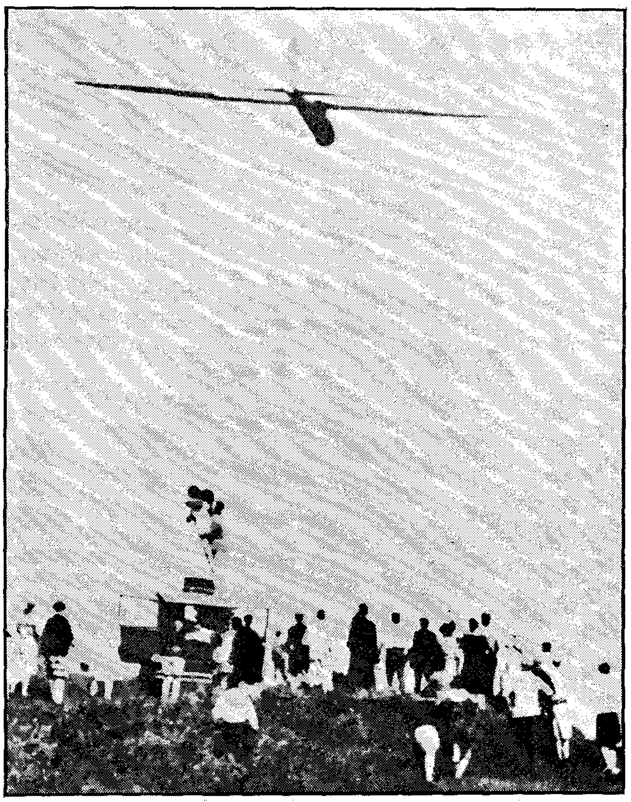
MOTORING·AND·AVIATION

THE THRILL OF GLIDING IN A MOTORLESS PLANE



International Newsreel photograph

A SWIFT AND SILENT BIRD

Spectators missed the now common hum of an airplane motor as the engineless *Darmstadt* soared over their heads at Cape Cod.

LIKE A GIANT BIRD of prehistoric days, the streamlined, featherweight craft of thin plywood framework and light-woven linen wings is poised on a hilltop for a stirring take-off. It is a windy day. To a hook at the bottom of the craft's nose several men attach a tow-rope of rubber as thick as a man's finger. A gust of wind sweeps the hill. Already the pilot has climbed into the cockpit and strapt himself in.

"Let 'er go!"

Half a dozen men race down the slope, dragging the machine at increasing speed as if it were a kite being launched. Others run beside it, holding up the fragile wings from the ground until they seize the air and lift the craft.

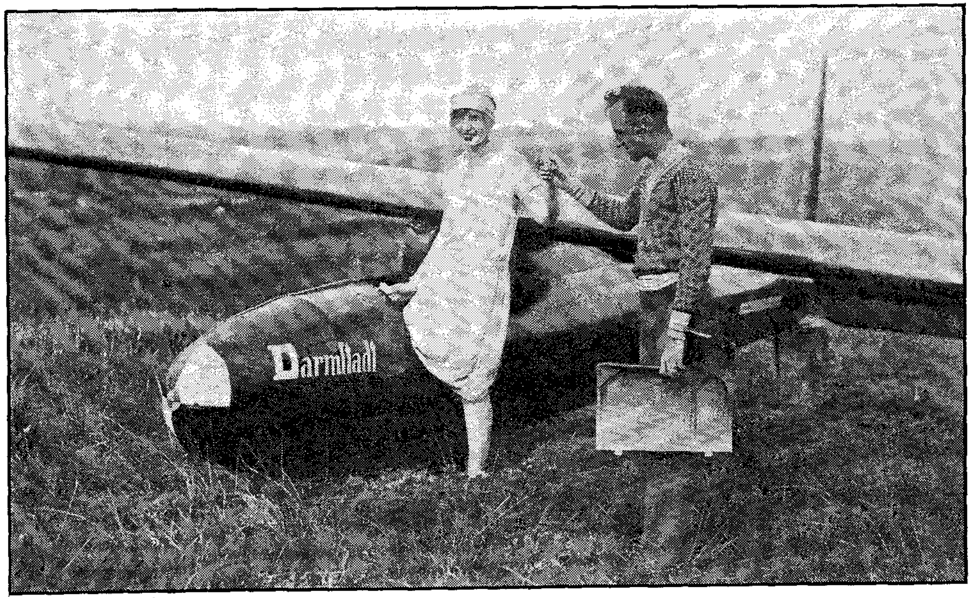
"Free!" shouts the pilot. They let go. The tow-rope falls off and the loosed glider soars over their heads. There is no noise, no smell, we read in *Popular Science Monthly*, only the beating of the wind against the wings. Like some giant crane, the great soaring bird wheels and glides on motionless pinions.

Such a sport is gliding, or flying in a motorless airplane, launched, as we have seen, as a kite. It was discust under Science and Invention in our issue of May 19 last. This sport has just been introduced into America by three experts from Germany, the home of gliding, under the auspices of the American Motorless Aviation Club of New York, in which J. C. Penney, Jr., is active. The three experts are Capt. Paul Roehre, Dr. Paul Laubenthal, and Peter Hesselbach.

A feature of their visit to America was to have been a demonstration at the air olympics at Detroit. But when they arrived in New York with their gliders, they learned, to their disappointment, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, that there are not enough hills there—and hills, we are told, are necessary to gliding, for they create the "upwinds" which bear the glider up. So they went to Cape Cod where proper conditions exist, and there they have been demonstrating, teaching, and changing some conceptions. A glider flight, we are told, need not end in a few minutes. In Germany one lasted more than fourteen hours. As for the flight in the *Darmstadt*, in which Hesselbach set a new American record on Cape Cod, Joseph T. Ballard, in *The Sportsman*, Boston, tells us of it. After describing a take-off much like that above, he writes:

> There are one or two spontaneous cheers as young Peter Hesselbach carefully maneuvers to gain altitude, and then controls his motorless glider to take every advantage of the prevailing wind. Soon he banks into the wind, then heads the nose of his ship diagonally across the wind current, and slips down the beach for a distance of two or three miles. He turns, banks, and is again winging his way swiftly and silently toward the observers. He passes about eighty feet overhead, and continues his course for some eight miles down the other stretch of beach. Back and forth he goes, occasionally changing the course to take advantage of lifting currents to gain altitude lost in flight. Suddenly, he disappears over the edge of a hill and does not return. The observers soon realize that the flight has come to an end. They do not fear for the safety of the pilot, knowing full well his capabilities. After a brief search he is located in a meadow near the main road. He has made a successful landing, with no damage to the plane or himself—and what is more, has established an American record of over four hours, covering a total distance of 120 miles.

All this took place Sunday morning, July 29, down on the tip

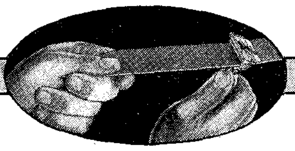


Wide World photograph

BACK TO EARTH

The *Darmstadt* rests its wings between flights, while a fair visitor tests the comfort of a glider's cockpit.

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE



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Valet AutoStrop Razor shows the necessity of stropping before each shave

Because it solves the problem of men with stubborn beards, the new Valet AutoStrop Razor is taxing our factories' capacity to meet America's demand.

Everywhere wise men are turning to the new Valet AutoStrop Razor because it is teaching them the vital importance of never shaving with a blade that has not been properly stropped.

All barbers know that until it is stropped the cutting edge of every blade is a row of tiny needle points that scrape and tear the skin. Stropping smooths them out.

With the automatic self-stropping device of the Valet AutoStrop Razor you can do this in a few seconds. And the new model offers you many other modern features exclusive in this razor. It is the result of 21 years of experiment and the expenditure of a million dollars.

Both the razor and the blades have been distinctly bettered. Made of the costliest steel, treated by the exclusive Valetite process, Valet blades have a perfect edge. The self-stropping feature keeps them so. New type guard gives you full use of the shaving surface of these keener blades. Instantly inserted or removed by pressing a button. Locked in a firm nonflexible grip, they put blade vibration and razor pull out of the picture for good. No need to remove the blade to strop and clean it.

Try this new Million Dollar Razor. You'll quickly learn to like it. And once you know its soothing shaves and friendly angle, you'll stick to it for life.

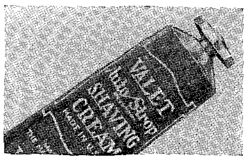
* * *

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.00.

Also a New and Finer Shaving Cream

Produced by the Makers of
The Valet AutoStrop Razor

35c—TRY A TUBE



New million dollar VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York City In Canada: AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto
LONDON · · · PARIS · · · RIO DE JANEIRO

of Cape Cod. Three days before, the same youthful pilot had made the first flight in America in the German gliding machines which his party had brought over in April, starting from Highland Light across the cape from Corn Hill and remaining aloft fifty-seven minutes. The best previous soaring flight in America was made by Orville Wright at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1911, and lasted ten minutes and one second.

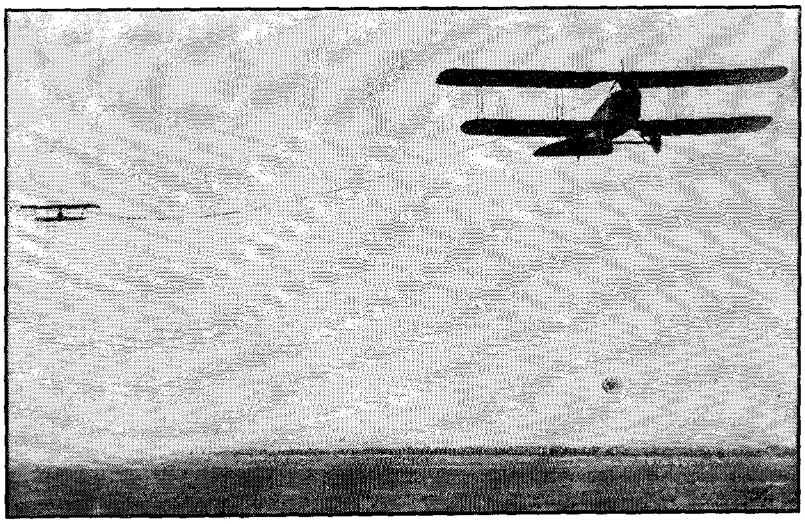
International Newsreel photograph

MAN OR BIRD?

Here we see the Lilienthal glider, a pioneer type.

There was an authentic thrill for onlookers in Hesselbach's first American flight of nearly an hour. In the *Darmstadt* he took off, flew over the golf links at Highland Light, and returned to almost the identical spot from which he started. A special dispatch to the New York *Times* describes it:

> The take-off, the soaring and the landing of the *Darmstadt* were all skilfully done. Hesselbach seemed to have perfect control of the ship. Like some powerful bird with motionless wings, the *Darmstadt* skimmed gracefully through the crystal-clear air, beneath a brilliant blue sky, flecked by an occasional wisp of cloud, and retraced over and over a two-mile course above the broad expanse of ocean beach. Once pilot Hesselbach dexterously steered his craft over the golf links, and the *Darmstadt* wafted soundlessly over the crowd which stood silently watching. Then he returned without difficulty to his course above the beach.
>
> Again he thrilled the spectators by soaring some 1,500 feet out to sea, where he hovered for a short time before returning to the beach.
>
> Meanwhile, movie cameramen, reporters, and newspaper photographers worked industriously to cover every detail of the event in American aviation.
>
> Perfect weather conditions favored the Germans. They had been balked five times within two weeks in attempts to take off. Fog, lack of wind, and the inexpertness of the recruited ground crew had caused earlier failures. Tho their headquarters are at Cornhill, the glider experts made all their attempts at the Highland Light golf links, where a good east or northeast wind is favorable for flying.
>
> A steady east wind, having a velocity of about twenty-three miles, swept in from the sea as the Germans trundled out their smart little craft from its temporary hangar, a dilapidated 100-year-old barn. The *Darmstadt* attains a majestic appearance when its broad wings, with a spread of sixty feet, are set up.



International Newsreel photograph

TOWED INTO ACTION

A motored plane pulling a glider through the air, like a boy launching a kite, prior to the latter's independent flight.

> The craft is simply constructed, of four-ply birchwood and linen. Its fuselage and other features are the same as those of a small-motored monoplane. The *Darmstadt* has no motive power whatever. It is equipped with a simple pedal arrangement for manipulating the ailerons and wings, and a stack for guiding the rudder. On the rudder a large black goose is painted in modernistic style, and at the nose is the emblem of the University of Darmstadt, whose students built the craft. It was launched by ten men, wielding a long, slender yellow rubber rope, which acted as a sling.
>
> The crowds of summer visitors, fishermen, natives, and the army of cameramen and newspaper men who had come to Cornhill and Highland Light every day for two weeks were on the scene early. Golfers stopt their golfing and looked on with dubious interest as the plane was assembled on a rising near the fourth tee, some 200 yards from a steep bluff overlooking the ocean.

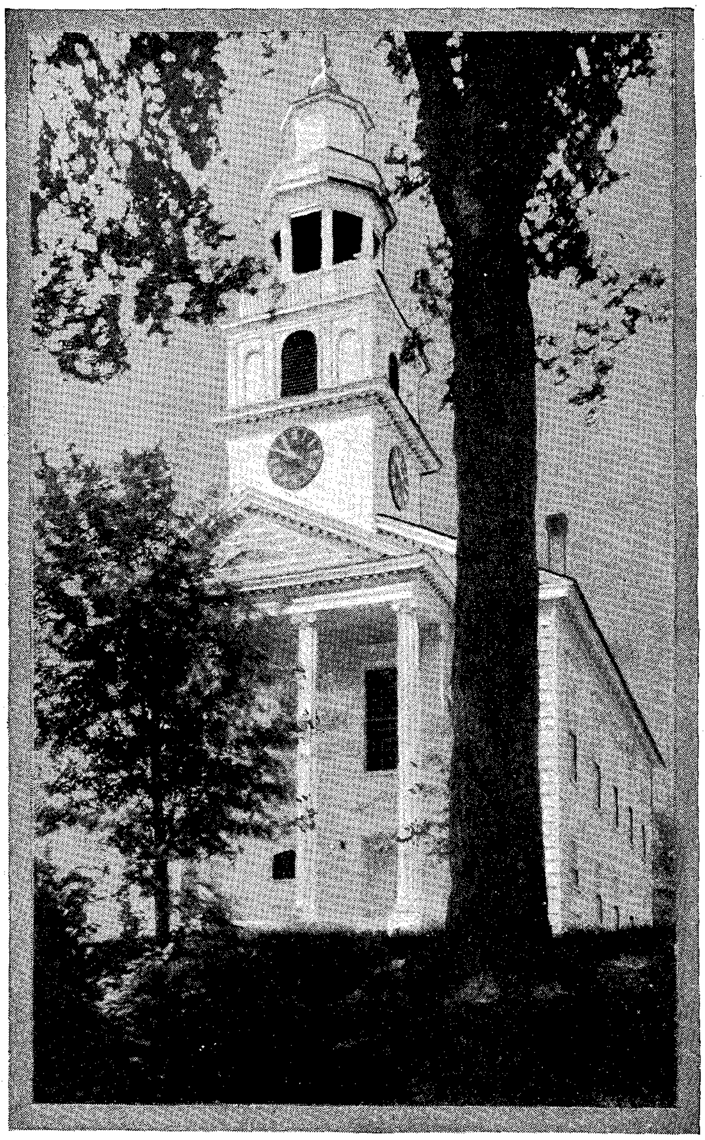
Staying aloft thus in a motorless heavier-than-air machine seems an impossible feat, but there has been ample demonstration of its possibility. To learn how to keep up in the air in such a machine it would be well, since Germany is at present the home of gliding, to turn to a German source. Accordingly, we quote from Johannes Nehring, member of the Academic Flyers at Darmstadt, Germany, who wrote thus in "European Sport Activities," published this year in Bremen:

> The first thing which the young sailing flyer must learn is gliding. This signifies nothing more than flying from an elevated place in the open field to a lower point. Such glides can be carried out even without any wind. Our best gliding planes, or shall we say, sailing planes, attain a distance of about a mile when gliding, in the absence of wind, from a height of 300 feet. If one were to start, therefore, with such a machine from a mountain 5,000 feet high, one would fly a distance of sixty miles, provided the landing-point were at elevation zero. Every motor airplane comes to earth by gliding if the motor is turned off, but in such planes, the gliding angle when compared with that of sailing planes (which in exceptional cases are used for flights without motor) is very poor.
>
> And now as to "sailing." This is only possible in an ascending current of air. We call such a current the "upwind," and it must at least be so strong as to make up in each second the distance which the plane loses in elevation in gliding. The task of the sailing flyer, therefore, is to make use of the upwind. If the upwind is stronger than the sinking of his plane, he will be lifted and the plane will rise above its starting-point. Repeatedly we have seen sailing planes attain heights of 900 and even 1,500 feet. Even with a passenger, the sailing plane *Margarete* of the Darmstadt Technical College has frequently risen more than 900 feet.
>
> The upwind is the alpha and omega of the sailing flyer. It is most markedly in evidence on the edge of mountain ridges. When the wind blows against an obstacle, be it a ridge of mountains, or sand-dunes, or a row of houses, or the edge of a forest it will be deflected upward, and so create an upwind. If the pilot can succeed in keeping his plane in the upwind zone, then he can fly and sail about for hours; only a subsidence of the wind or

The final touch of beauty

WHITE PAINT

"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish



A church in Windsor, Vermont, painted with Zinc Pigment Paint.

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Whatever the architecture, whatever the color—ample and regular use of zinc pigment paints will mean homes of lasting beauty.

Paints containing *substantial proportions of zinc pigments* are made by every paint manufacturer for exterior and interior use. You can buy them at the nearest paint store.

*Nationally used zinc pigments are The New Jersey Zinc Company's "XX" Zinc Oxide and "Albalith" Lithopone. Lithopone is a combination of ZINC Sulphide and Barium Sulphate. It is one of the whitest pigments known, and contributes to smoothness of finish.

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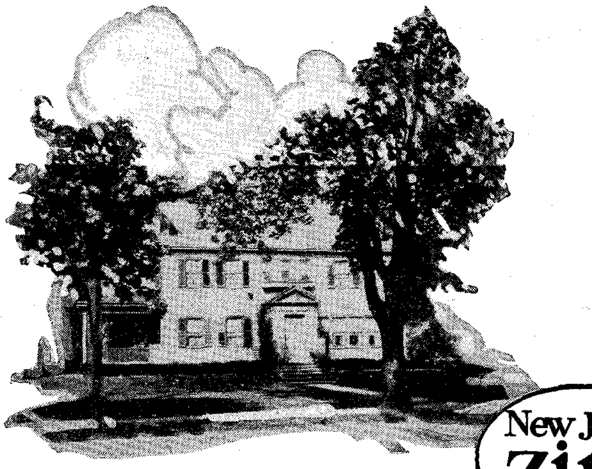

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...for beauty and durability

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Gentlemen of the Committee,
is the answer
of one industry

No. 3 of a series inspired by the report of the Secretary of Commerce's Committee On Elimination of Waste.

A STEADY HAND AT THE CONTROLS

In manufacturing the nation's telephones Western Electric must make more than 110,000 different kinds of parts, assemble them into thousands of apparatus units, and build these units into the operating communicating system.

A manufacturing activity of such proportions would involve the danger of extensive waste were the program of production not so thoroughly co-ordinated.

Western Electric has made substantial progress in the solution of this problem by the application of an accurate schedule system to every phase of the complicated operations, from purchase of raw material, through process of manufacture, and on through distribution to customer. Moreover, where outside sources of supply of partially fabricated materials have proven inadequate or unreliable it has created as a part of itself a group of related industries.

Sure-handed control enables this Company to deliver its wide range of output when needed, thus eliminating the wastes of uncontrolled production.

Western Electric
Purchasers... Manufacturers... Distributors
SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

fatigue on the part of the pilot brings the flight to end.

Germany, one recalls, did not care particularly for some provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, which ended the World War. One of these provisions placed restrictions on the development of airplane engines. So Germany turned her attention to gliders, which require no motors, and now, according to Francis D. Walton in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "views this restriction in the light of a blessing in disguise, and in no sense considers that her aeronautical activities have been turned back to the days of Wright and Chanute." The first gliders were crude, inefficient machines, Mr. Ballard continues, but "these have now been supplanted by graceful, beautifully built and skilfully designed light ships, in which the pilot is comfortably seated in an inclosed cockpit instead of being exposed to the elements. In the early planes, control was maintained by shifting the body. The modern glider has the same controls as an airplane." Then, after reviewing the manner in which the glider must take advantage of upward air currents, as Herr Nehring has explained, Mr. Ballard continues:

> Here, then, is real sport—a chance to match one's skill against shifting wind currents. Every dune, hill, and valley means either a rising current or a falling current. If the wind is gusty, the glider pilot must constantly watch his balance. If the upwind begins to fail him, he must know just where to head for in order to gain altitude. He must "feel" his ship much as a yachtsman "feels" his boat and knows instinctively just how close to the wind he can sail. The pilot must constantly think of altitude, and must know just how far he can travel for every foot of height he has gained. Continual observation at all times is the secret of soaring. The strength of wind and topographical conditions are the prime factors, to be sure, but without an alert mind at all times the pilot is lost. Not that he is due for a bad crash necessarily, because the landing speed of a glider is seldom over twelve or fifteen miles an hour—he is merely unsuccessful in his attempts to stay in the air for any length of time. The first thing that Paul Laubenthal, one of the German glider pilots at Cape Cod, spoke of was the real sport of gliding—the thrill of soaring. He vividly described the sensations of soaring in the air like a gull—constantly watching his opportunities to hop from one hill to another, ever attentive to the altitude so that he might be always sure of a prolonged flight.
>
> Those who have done much flying in open-motored airplanes know well the constant roar and tiresome vibration of the motor. Imagine, then, the calm of the glider—noiseless except for a gentle "swish" as it rushes through the air. The glider compares to the airplane as the sailing yacht compares to the motor-boat. Sport is sport because of the uncertainty present, and the skill required to overcome obstacles. There is something exciting about sailing in a fast breeze which can

never be quite duplicated in a fine motor-boat. A racing motor-boat, however, provides thrills enough and is an exhilarating sport of a different kind. To look down from a noiseless glider, moving at a speed of from thirty to sixty miles an hour, is a joy difficult to equal.

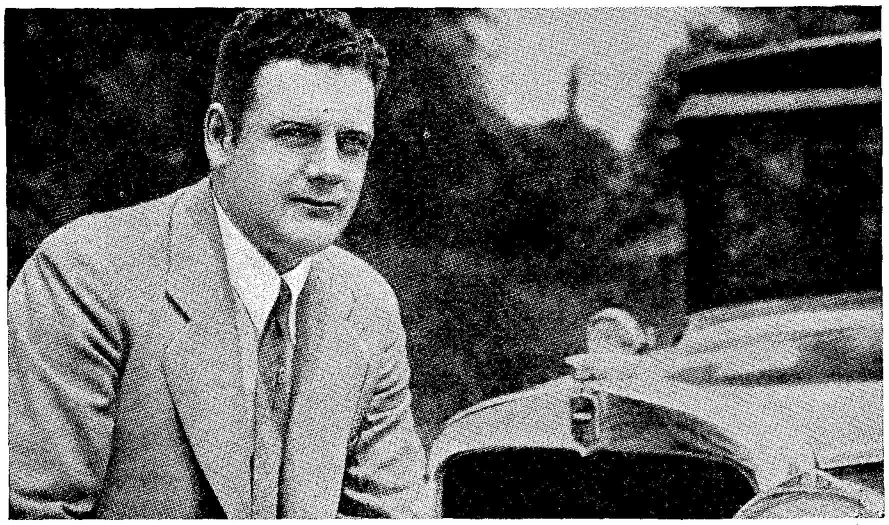
These planes now being used at Cape Cod are wonderfully well built. The workmanship is exceptional. The *Darmstadt*, the single-seater exhibition machine, is perhaps the most interesting. The fuselage is a little over twenty feet long and has in its streamline bow a single cockpit just forward of the wing-center section. The cowling is removable, so that the pilot can get in and out. The controls consist of a stick for controlling the ailerons and elevator, and pedals for the rudder. There is no stabilizer in the tail, as with an airplane. The elevator is the only planing surface other than the large wing, which is about fifty-two feet long and about four feet wide. Flying speed varies from twenty-five to sixty miles an hour, depending on the velocity of the wind and the relative direction of flight to it.

The recent four-hour flight was made with a run of only twenty feet. The glider then maneuvers to gain altitude, the all-important factor. A glider seems to slip along at a slight angle to its direction of flight rather than to fly straight. This is noticeable in the soaring of seagulls. They are always at an angle to their flight direction. All turns are made into the wind; otherwise the glider will be quickly carried from its course and may experience considerable difficulty in returning to an area of rising wind currents. Everything the glider pilot does must be done easily and instinctively. A hurried motion is likely to cause loss of altitude or a stall. As Captain Roehre said, "A glider is flown, not driven."

Germany is far ahead of any country at present in its development of this sport. There are several hundred glider clubs throughout the country, more or less supervised by the Rhoen-Rossitten Gesellschaft, which conducts all glider competitions. The Rhoen School operates the contests and school, in the Wasserkuppe Mountains. The Rossitten School is on the seacoast, and its head, Capt. Paul Franz Roehre, is in charge of the three glider experts now on Cape Cod. To enter a glider, the plans must first be submitted to a committee of the society which passes on its construction and flying characteristics. The pilots must be qualified.

Just as we have stages in airplane piloting, such as student license, private pilot, limited commercial, industrial, and transport ratings, so the Germans have three glider-pilot stages. When a man is able to make a straight glide, he is awarded a badge with one gull; when he can glide and turn en route, he receives a badge with two gulls; and when he can make a soaring flight, from five to fifteen minutes, he receives a badge with three gulls, which marks him as a qualified glider pilot. By these precautions, accidents have been eliminated from the meets. Each year contests are held in the Rhoen Mountains, and every second year at Rossitten. This year, one hundred and five gliders were entered in the Rhoen soaring meet.

Plans are now under way to bring an international soaring contest to this country in 1930. It is hoped by American enthusiasts that sufficient progress will have been made by then so that a meet in this country would be justified. The clubs in Germany are mostly for gliding, since



"A blotchy skin doesn't register with your customers or your firm. Pinaud's Lilac has blemishes absolutely stopped," declares Elbert I. Baker of the Warren-Nash Motor Corporation

"You look better—you feel better with this skin bracer"

declare 3 crack salesmen
of NASH MOTOR CARS

MEN whose appearance is of prime importance—leading salesmen of great corporations—depend upon Pinaud's Lilac to keep them looking fit.

They declare this famous skin bracer has the same toning effect on the muscles of the face that exercise has on the whole body.

It rouses circulation; checks pouches and wrinkles; keeps the skin young looking.

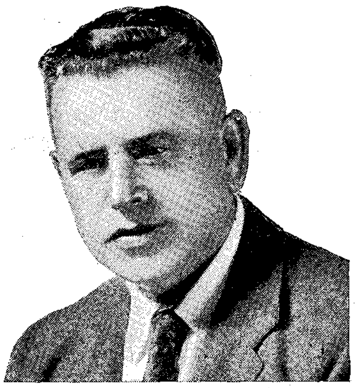
Pinaud's Lilac is a famous antiseptic, too. It sterilizes razor scrapes and nicks—absolutely prevents after-shaving infections and blemishes.

Shake some into the hand and slap it over your face. Instantly your skin feels toned—invigorated! You will enjoy its fresh lilac odor.

You can get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store.

FREE: ***good-sized sample bottle of this*** famous skin bracer—Write today to Pinaud, Inc., Dept. L-3, 220 East 21st St., New York. In Canada, 560 King West, Toronto

Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle



"From the instant Pinaud's Lilac hits your face your skin feels better," says Joseph Keating, a star salesman of the Warren-Nash Motor Corporation

"Pinaud's Lilac guards your skin against after-shaving infections," says O. C. Trask, one of the best salesmen of the Warren-Nash Motor Corporation

PINAUD'S LILAC

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc. THE FAMOUS SKIN BRACER

Are Your Streets Crowded?

The cost of traffic congestion is always far higher than the cost of wide, safe streets

Photo courtesy Chicago Daily News

TRAFFIC congestion in any thriving, growing city always seems several laps ahead of paving.

It need not be so. You can have wide, safe streets if you and your fellow citizens will take an interest in the matter. It is not wholly a problem of cost, but rather one of foresight and intelligent planning.

The Chicago Plan Commission estimated the saving to Chicago citizens, in the value of time and gasoline, through the widening of Michigan Avenue and the construction of its bridge over the Chicago River, at over $2,000,000 a year. These improvements, opened in 1920, cost approximately $16,000,000. They have already more than saved their cost—and traffic volume is still growing. Proportionately, your city would benefit as greatly from local improvements.

The increased values created in abutting property along beautiful, wide new streets are nearly always greater than the cost of the improvement. The easy and safe flow of traffic stimulates trade and increases the earning capacity of the entire district. Everyone gains—no one loses.

You can start a movement for wider, more adequate streets in your town or city. Would you like to know how? Write—

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
33 WEST GRAND AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete
Offices in 32 Cities

Portland cement concrete is the paving material best suited to the demands of modern city traffic. It is quickly laid and opened to use. The gritty surface texture gives good traction, wet or dry. Hot weather does not soften nor heavy loads affect its evenness. And its clean, light-colored surface has a beauty and distinction no other pavement possesses. Ask for our illustrated booklet showing concrete paving in many cities.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

places suitable for soaring are few. The outstanding members of these clubs are chosen for additional instruction at the gliding schools of Rossitten or Rhoen. The course is of one month's duration, and the student learns the theory of gliding, construction, and flying.

In Germany to-day almost every town of any size boasts a gliders' club, William Morris Houghton tells us in *The Herald Tribune*. "It has been estimated," he continues, "that something like 15,000 persons belong to these clubs, of all ages, from fourteen or fifteen years to sixty, and of both sexes." As for the pleasure which the participants derive from the sport, he quotes Herr Nehring, who thus describes one of his own flights in a 1926 competition:

> Finally the right weather! The Milseburg prize had not been run off, and the conditions for this did not seem particularly easy. We were to fly around the Milseburg, a rather high mountain ridge almost six kilometers from the Wasserkuppe, the starting point. That was not the worst, however, for we were to fly back and land on the Wasserkuppe. . . . I see a huge cloud approach from the west. "Get ready." The cloud brings wind. I mount the plane, strap myself in, test the rudder and make ready. "All ready?" "Haul away!" Five men on either shank of a wedge to the right and left haul on the rubber towline, which is fastened to the hook in the nose of the plane. "Run—let her go!" The crew holding on to the tail of the plane let go, and like a catapult I shoot over the heads of the starters into the air. The starting line drops from the hook, the machine is free. The ascent is remarkably rapid. The barometer (barograph?) shows 320 meters. Now or never. I direct the plane almost straight toward the Milseburg and cover the six-kilometer glide with a loss in elevation of 240 meters. In two figure-eight curves I regain about 100 meters and start on my return flight. . . .
>
> Gusts of lee wind from the hills ahead, which I now begin to experience because of my slight height, rob me of the elevation so laboriously acquired at the Milseburg. Coming to the Abstroda Valley, I find myself 150 meters below my starting elevation. Where will this end? The little Weiherkuppe to my left is my last hope. In this horseshoe-shaped corner, in which the wind is blowing up in a chimney, I once more gain eighty meters. Now, I venture the jump over the valley to reach the west ridge of the Wasserkuppe. I notice that the wind is dying down. So near the goal, shall my venture end in failure? No! Now to be on the lookout! Every corner of the west ridge must be utilized to advantage. The calm will come to end. Meter by meter it is dragging me down. A desperate battle. I want to make a second turn at the edge where ordinarily the best upwind is encountered. Finally, I notice that the ridge alongside of me drops. Hurrah! I am rising! Wind at last. In less than two minutes I rise over the starting point, circle about and land 150 meters to the rear in the wind shadow of the west ridge. The whole flight has lasted thirty minutes.

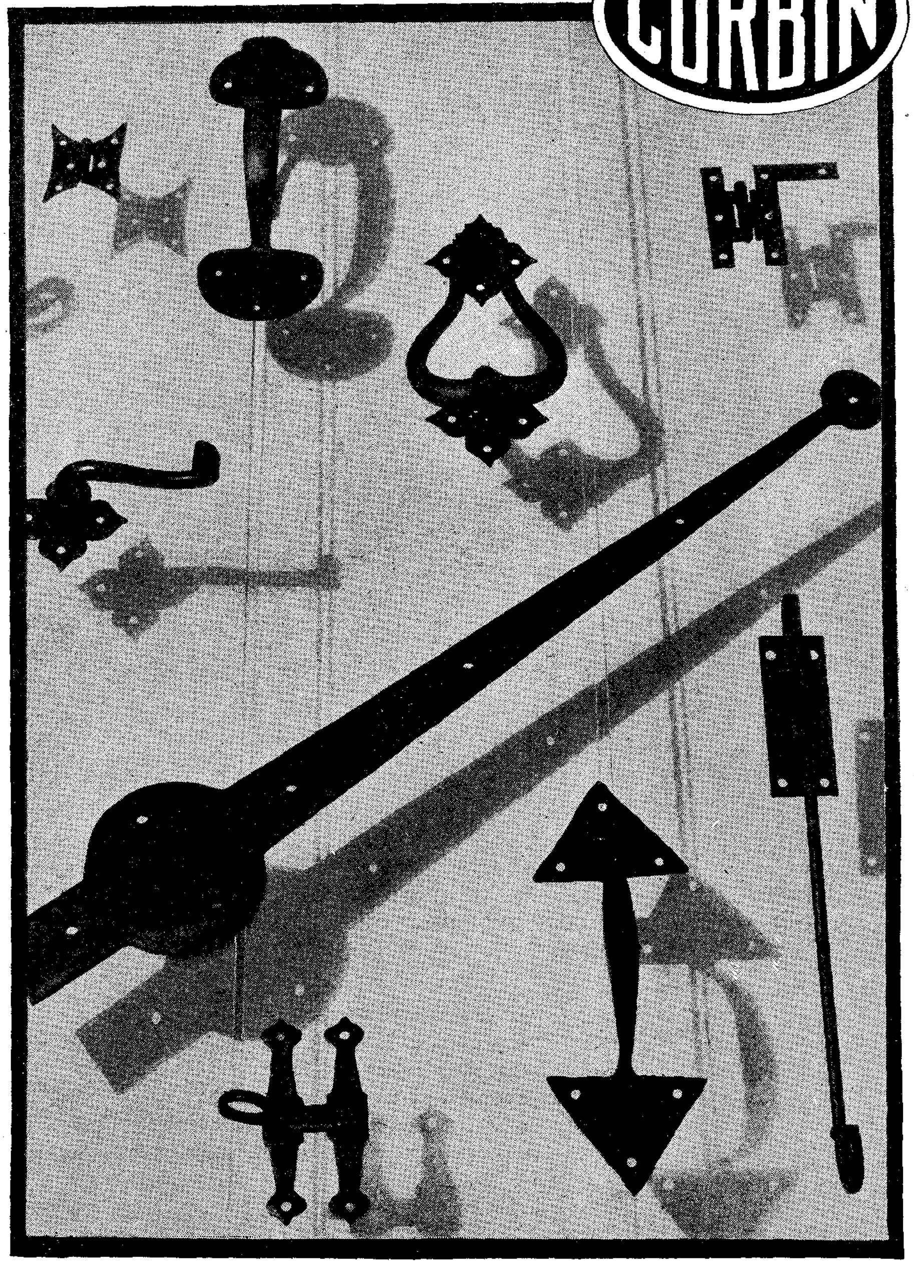
SIGNALS FOR SEA-GOING HACKS

A SIGNAL system for motorists which would warn other drivers of what to expect of any other car is suggested by a writer in *London Opinion*, who is quoted by *Judge*. "It has always been the habit of ships on the crowded highways of the sea, he writes, to advertise their needs and circumstances to one another by means of jolly little flags of various colors and shapes. This is a decorative habit, and it has always seemed to me a pity that a wider use is not made of it ashore." From which point we read on:

> Now at last the opportunity has arrived; the crowded highways of the land are becoming even more crowded than those of the sea.
>
> So I suggest that in future all cars should be obliged to carry a short mast, about six feet high, on the offside, where it could be most conveniently manipulated by the driver, and from this mast signal hoists, roughly corresponding to those in use at sea, should be flown.
>
> Such a regulation would not only make for brighter motoring, but it would enormously increase the factor of safety. Let me give a few examples of the sort of signals which might figure in the motorist's code book.
>
> For instance, a yellow pennant might mean
>
> This is my
> first car,
>
> and flown with a blue square above it, it would further indicate
>
> This is my first
> time out alone.
>
> Then other motorists could give it a wide berth on the starboard side when passing it.
>
> On the other hand, a black flag bearing a skull and cross-bones would signify
>
> I race at
> Brooklands,
>
> and other drivers would be saved the trouble of trying to overtake it.
>
> A red flag with a black center would mean
>
> My brakes
> won't work.
>
> If flown with a green one, with zigzag lines, it would mean
>
> My steering
> is uncertain.
>
> The man who is liable at any moment to stop in the middle of the road and get inadvertently into reverse could be marked with a large red spot on a plain ground, whilst the habitual cutter-in might be indicated by a pennant of red, white and blue check.
>
> The yellow flag of quarantine might stand for
>
> I am slightly
> intoxicated,
>
> and the black pennant with a yellow border for
>
> I usually stall
> my engine when
> I slow down.
>
> Signals of distress would be equally useful, ranging from "I have no gas" to "my back axle has dropt off"; mutiny in the back seats might also be suitably indicated.
>
> There is one other signal I have not

Good Buildings Deserve
Good Hardware

CORBIN



If your home calls for Colonial Hand-Forged Hardware in Iron—Corbin can supply that, too

A TRULY Colonial doorway is known by the hinges that gracefully swing it—by the latch that gives it picturesque security—by the knocker that suggests hospitality and welcome within.

You can give your home an old-time charm and quaintness with this Colonial hand-forged hardware by Corbin.

A newsy booklet we'll gladly send you tells all about it. Use the convenient coupon below. Better still, see this interesting hardware at any Corbin dealer's.

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You may send me your booklet on Colonial Hand-Forged Iron Hardware by Corbin.

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Look.. into this blade question

1. Ordinary blade edge enlarged 500 times

2. Schick blade edge enlarged 500 times

$5.00

1. These blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper
2. They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip
3. Not one blade is ever touched until it touches face
4. The razor itself is perfectly balanced
5. Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger
6. Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time

Simple as ABC to change blades

pull out plunger

snap it back (old blade drops out—new blade slides in)

shave

Extra blades 75¢ per clip of 20

The microscope shows why Schick blades are superkeen—why they remove the beard so smoothly, unfeelingly, quickly. You'll never know what a real pleasure shaving can be until you too have shaved with a Schick.

This new Schick blade is made of special processed metal, ground, honed, and stropped by machines especially designed by Schick. It is the finest shaving edge ever produced. The microscope shows that.

With the Schick Repeating Razor you never have to endure a dull blade shave. For there are 20 blades in Schick's handle, each mechanically sharpened beyond the keenness of any hand-honed edge.

Just a simple pull and push of the plunger gives you a new blade in a second. A new blade untouched until it touches your face. Shave speedily, effectively, and in comfort—with a Schick.

Sold in better stores at $5

Schick Razors are sold in the better stores at $5.00, including 20 blades. (Gold model $7.50.) Additional clips of 20 blades for 75c—in Canada slightly higher. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., 285 Madison Ave., New York. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

A smooth shave, quick with a Schick Repeating Razor

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

mentioned—a large square flag of a vivid red; this should certainly be reserved for

My wife is
driving.

It is a nice idea. Our big arterial roads are drably monotonous at the present time, but if each car were to carry its appropriate bunting they would look like Kew Gardens in tulip time. It is well worth considering.

THE AUTOMOBILE THIEF AND HIS TAKING WAYS

TWELVE feet of curbstone can be an astonishing spectacle. So one man found them, when he discovered that his car, parked in that space, had been stolen. And a few minutes later he was still more astonished to find himself with a policeman shooting down the street on the running-board of a borrowed automobile in pursuit of the stolen car which had just been glimpsed in the traffic. There appeared to be five men in the fleeing car and they acknowledged the pursuit with a burst of speed. With throttles open and horns clamoring the two cars followed the straight line of the car tracks for six blocks. Then, as an obstruction loomed up ahead, the protesting brakes smeared rubber along half a block of pavement. The cars lurched around a corner and were off on another straightaway. The officer on the running board of the pursuing car cut loose with his revolver. The stolen car in the lead slowed down and then ran over the curb and crashed into a post. The second automobile shot by and was greeted with a fusillade of revolver shots as the gang broke for cover. The stolen car was recovered, but it was never quite the same again, and the owner became a member of "that large but unorganized group which might well be labeled the Auto Thief Victims of America," writes Winsor Reed Davis in *The Maryland Motorist*, continuing:

No one chooses to belong to this unpopular order. Each and every member knows that we have an auto-theft problem and believes that something should be done about it. The trouble is that for every interested and loyal victim there are about seventy-nine disinterested car owners whose property has never been stolen. To these outsiders, automobile thefts are unpleasant experiences that happen to some one else. Something should no doubt be done, but let George do it.

Meanwhile, the industrious thief is having no trouble in keeping his criminal industry in second place and if the bootlegger ever starts to slip he will find that this auto-stealing ally of his is ready to sprint into the lead. The auto-theft business for 1926 was nearly $100,000,000 better than in 1925.

Estimating that 700 cars were stolen during every day of 1927, the writer continues:

A big majority of these cars were recovered but the net loss certainly exceeded

$60,000,000. How much it is no one can say with certainty because it involves the loss of use of the cars stolen, losses or damage not fully compensated for by insurance payments, and other factors that are not a matter of record. Our most accurate figures are obtainable from insurance data, but a majority of cars are not insured at all, and many a spare tire or other item of equipment has vanished without its loss ever being reported.

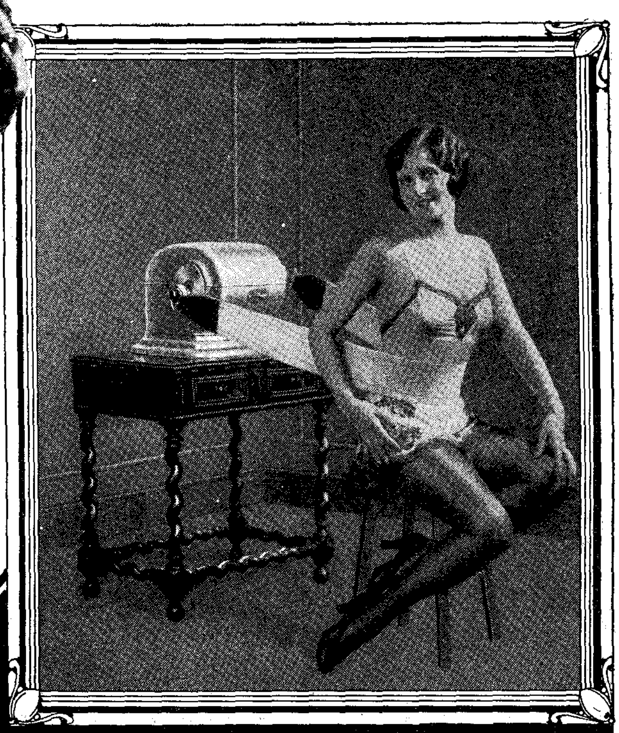
The man whose car has never been stolen can dismiss the whole matter with a shrug of the shoulders by saying, "Well, I've never had *my* car stolen, because I never leave it unlocked." But suppose the 100,000 victims should turn on him and insist, "Well, *my* car was locked, too." Lock the car? Certainly you should lock the car. Ask the man who has lost one.

Here Mr. Davis pauses in his general discussion to furnish us with an example of how automobiles disappear. We read:

He was in a hurry as he pulled up at the curb in front of a Detroit hotel. He left the key in the lock, stept through the door of the hotel and into a phone booth. The line was busy and so was a young man who had been standing on the sidewalk. When the owner returned, in less than three minutes by the watch, the car was gone. It took three weeks to find it and it never was the same car after that.

A turn of the key would have prevented that theft. It will prevent thousands of thefts because for one thing it is usually enough to discourage the amateur thief and the "joy rider." The professional thief laughs at locks and is the real menace. He is systematic and thorough. Perhaps at the time he is specializing on the particular make of car which you own because it is popular and easily resold or because it has the speed and capacity that his bootlegging customers prefer. He has at least two good reasons for sticking to one particular make. In the first place his knowledge of the car and his special equipment make it possible to steal it quickly and unostentatiously and in the second place he can interchange units to make identification difficult. A thief recently caught in the act had in his possession 250 keys, all of which fitted one make of car. But the thief who has planned in advance to take your car does not need to carry a bag full of keys. Suppose that the next time you were about to use your car you found that you had lost your key. Would it take you more than a few hours to get a duplicate? And if it happened at night and you simply had to have your car do you think you could find a locksmith who could solve the problem for you? If the thief needs a key in order to do a neat job of car stealing he can get it without much difficulty.

But give him half a chance and he can probably get your car without a key. Recently, while seated at an office window, the author witnessed an incident which indicates the possibilities that are open to an auto thief with plenty of nerve. A closed car stood at the curb two stories below the window. The owner was stretched across the cowl and one arm was inserted through the cowl ventilator in an attempt to reach the keys which were apparently in the ignition lock. He had evidently closed both doors, one of which had a snap lock, and had left the keys inside. His effort was only partly rewarded, for he succeeded in getting the keys out of the lock and dropping them onto the floor of the car. There was a murmur of sympathy from the bystanders. A cop stopt and



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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

looked on for a moment and passed on, satisfied that all was well. The young man was resourceful. He stept into a store and appeared again with a length of wire. One end of this was bent to form a hook and after a few minutes of angling through the ventilator he connected with the key ring and brought forth the keys in triumph. With becoming modesty and a broad grin he accepted the congratulations of his audience, unlocked the door, and drove away. It occurred to the writer at the time that a bold thief has perhaps more opportunity than we suppose. And it might be well to mention that another thought which has just occurred to the writer for the first time is that the young man who performed the acrobatics with the keys may have been a thief after all.

At different times, insurance companies and organizations interested in theft prevention work have conducted investigations to determine the extent to which cars are locked. And this, we read, is what they have found:

> The indications are that in centers where car thefts are sufficiently numerous to require precaution on the part of the owner not more than two cars out of five will be locked at all and only one car out of five will make full use of both inside and door locks. In small towns where thefts are infrequent owners seldom think of locking their cars, and it is this habit which accounts for the fact that a great many cars stolen in the cities are those which have been driven in from the surrounding towns and left unguarded and unlocked.
>
> The figures which express the value of stolen automotive property, stupendous as they may be, fail to give a complete picture of the real evil that exists. The theft of a car is often only the first step in the commission of some other crime, for the automobile has become a commonplace article of bandit equipment. It gets the law breaker to the scene of the crime and it aids him in his escape. To prevent any possibility of being traced through identification of the car he abandons it as soon as it has served his purpose and picks up another one when he has need of it. The stolen car fits his plans perfectly with none of the disadvantages that would accompany actual ownership. The thief who steals cars for profit is not concerned nearly as much over the problem of getting the cars as he is over the problem of disposing of them. The thief who only wants a car for a night or a day apparently picks one up when he needs it, with not much more effort than would be required in picking an apple off a fruit stand. It is just a tool that he wants to use for a while. When asked where he got his car, a captured bandit replied, "Aw, I won it in a crap game last night." Some one's car changed hands on a roll of the dice. Another recovered car had acquired some strange companions, for it yielded: one Remington automatic, two high-powered Savage rifles, one violin, and a banjo. The police had their own ideas about the firearms, but the violin and banjo were never satisfactorily explained. Whether in any crime wave the stolen automobile is to be considered as cause or effect may be hard to determine, but one of Chicago's leading jurists states that in Chicago, car

Another Pipe Smoker Voices Tobacco Joy in Flowery Verse

His love of certain tobacco makes this New Jerseyite break into philosophic poetry

When a man writes poetry it's a sure sign he's in love with someone—or something. Some men are inspired by beautiful womanhood, some by a gorgeous sunset. Here's a man inspired by his favorite smoking tobacco:

THE BLUE TIN CAN

I've tried the brands from every clime;
Choice mixtures with Perique;
But long—oh, long ago! I learned
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Each day our useless worries mount,
Our evenings to provoke;
But through the alchemy of fire
They vanish into smoke.

They vanish when our spirit holds
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And smoke the sunshine bottled up
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So smoke away! This loyal friend
Is void of bite or sting
For *He* is monarch of a world
Where Happiness is King.

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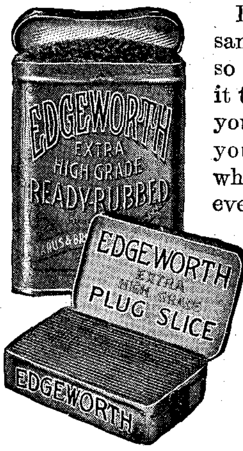

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold everywhere in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

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Four Speeds Forward

[Two High Speeds Standard Gear Shift]

Driving with four speeds forward, you have *two* high speeds instead of one. The gear shift is standard—you start in second, advance to third, and then to fourth. First is a reserve speed, instantly available, but seldom used. Four speeds forward give a new thrill to motoring—which we invite you to enjoy.

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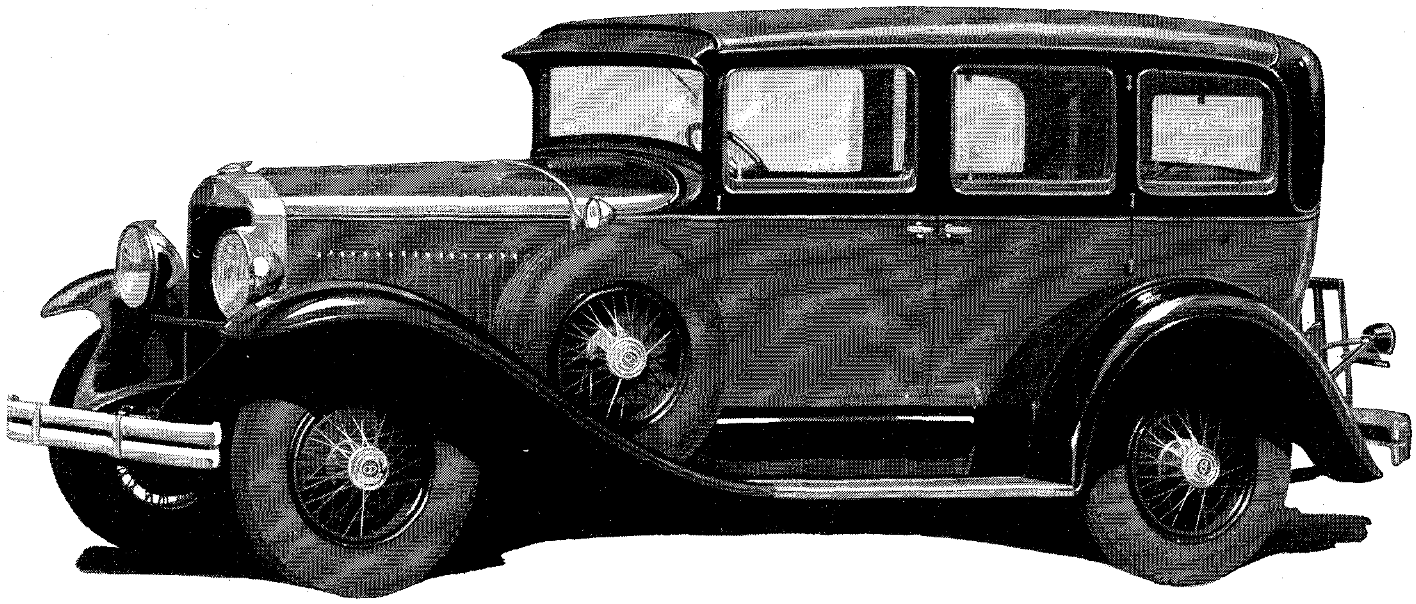


Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 614, 5-passenger Sedan, $1295. (Wire wheels extra). All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

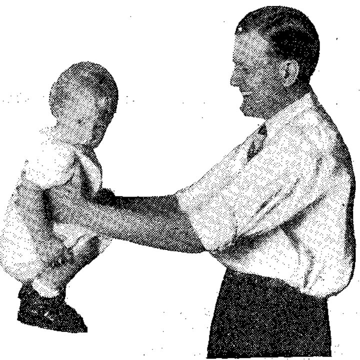
GRAHAM-PAIGE

What—a Remedy delicious?

Yes, if it's an appetizing whole wheat cereal—a luscious remedy for that "not sick—not well" feeling

ARE you weary, wan, pepless? Do the days drag along, instead of skipping? Many others complain of the same thing . . . then try medicinal relief to bring back flagging energy and correct body disorders.

Instead of medicines—which are habit-forming and dangerous—try a new, and pleasant, way . . . to restore color to pale cheeks, vigor to mind and body. Eat Pettijohn's for breakfast.



You eat this savory whole wheat breakfast food steaming hot with sugar and cream and get vitamins—also the roughage your system needs; minerals, nutritive carbohydrates and proteins. No longer need you eat unattractive bran just because it's good for you.

New Pettijohn's is made by the great Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of 48 different cereal products, with mills in 12 cities throughout the United States and Canada. It is cooked, ready to eat, in 3 to 5 minutes. Try it tomorrow, at the suggestion of The Quaker Oats Company.

To learn about a remedy that can be delicious as well as effective, send the attached coupon today for a booklet "The Truth About Bran."

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

thefts and other crimes seem to parallel each other and expresses the opinion that 50 per cent. of all car thefts are the first step in the commission of other crimes.

It is human nature to feel quite unconcerned over the fact that our total auto-theft figure is up in the hundreds of millions and then to get excited if some one puts a hand in our pocket and extracts a ten-dollar bill. But that is exactly what the auto thief is doing. In the last year he has had his hand on millions of pocket-books, taking a ten here, a twenty there, and often more than that. Millions of owners who thought they were exempt from the depredations of the auto thief have nevertheless paid toll. If our net economic loss was $60,000,000, who paid it? The insurance companies paid most of it but the money came from the policy-holders in the form of increased rates.

The Police Department, detective agencies, and the insurance companies tell dramatic stories of how and why cars are stolen, and how the thieves are caught, we read in the New York *Times*, which estimates that eight out of every ten cars stolen in this city every year are recovered. Quoting further:

> The business of recovering stolen cars is remarkably organized. The system now practised by all cities having police automobile squads is so efficient that the automobile thief finds it hard to establish a base of activities in any one city. That is because the various automobile squads in different cities are in close touch with one another. When an automobile thief is arrested in one town, other towns are swiftly apprised of the capture, with a view to learning whether he is wanted or known elsewhere, so that all information available can be brought to bear toward his conviction.
>
> This is the way the car-tracing system works here: As soon as loss of a car is reported to a policeman or a precinct station, headquarters is informed. Then by wire all the precincts in town are informed of the motor, license and car numbers, the name of the maker, the year of manufacture and other marks of identification. Patrolmen on every beat are thus put quickly on the watch for the car. Those on duty at strategic points for leaving the city are put on the alert for getaways. A list of automobiles reported stolen is sent to all garages, dealers, repairers, and others. Sometimes the search goes on for months, fruitlessly. Twenty per cent. of the cars stolen in New York every year are never recovered. But there are remarkable records of quick recoveries.
>
> There is, for instance, the story of the two automobile-squad detectives who were riding across Brooklyn Bridge about their business. Another car tried to cut in ahead. "Seems to be in an awful rush to get out of this town," said Detective A to Detective B. "Wonder if he'd mind our asking him why, in a polite way," said Detective B.
>
> The driver could show no papers to prove ownership, and, presently, under steady questioning, confest that he had just stolen the car. Then the detectives returned to headquarters. A moment or two later the phone began ringing. "I had a car stolen two hours ago," said the voice at the other end, and described the car. "Well," responded Detective A, "if you come down here you can have your car back to-night."
>
> Lieut. Edward Dillon directs the work of the Police Department's auto squad. His records show that more than 80 per cent. of the automobiles stolen in New York last year were recovered. The record of recovering eight out of ten automobiles is impressive to those who know what the job is of tracking down clever thieves and their accomplices who may be hidden around the corner or a thousand miles away.

On the other hand, there are owners who lose their cars with malice aforethought, so to speak. Of their methods we are told:

> One way, crude but often satisfactory, is to drive the car to a preconceived spot, urban, suburban, or rural, park it and then walk rapidly away from it forever. The next thing to do is to phone the police and the insurance company in a properly agitated voice that the car has been lost—in a totally different spot, of course, as different as possible, in the hope that the police will not find it and that the insurance will be paid.
>
> Also, there is the man who wants to get a new car. The old one has serious organic troubles, needs too much overhauling to be worth the charges for repairs. Besides, it is out of date, dowdy and awkward-looking beside the latest creations. But the owner can't afford to buy a new car outright. And the trade-in valuation of his present car is negligible. What can be done? Well, there is the insurance. That would help to pay for a new car. So, in one way or another, the car is "lost."

AN EARLY ATLANTIC FLIGHT THAT CAME TO GRIEF

A RAIN of provisions descended on the earth: Bags of biscuits, boxes of caramels, a keg of molasses, some jars of honey, pickles, a hair brush, a box of sandwiches, a jar of preserved plums, a large tin can filled with roast fowls, a packet of toothpicks, several reams of paper, a ham, a box of pomade, a pair of shoes, a paper of tacks, a claw hammer, a paper of chewing tobacco, a hat, tomatoes, sardines. Presently two daring aeronauts made flying leaps and joined their cast-off provisions on the ground. And finally the balloon itself and its third occupant came to rest on terra firma. This was the unexpected end of an early attempt by American birdmen to fly the Atlantic. Washington H. Donaldson, George Ashton Lunt, and Alfred Ford tried it in 1873, and now Franklin G. Sartwell, in the Washington *Post*, furnishes us with an amusing account of the expedition which was preceded by years of speculation as to possibilities. No less a person than Stephen A. Douglas took an interest in one of the first projects, which was never carried out. The 1873 trip, the first actually started, we read, began at Brooklyn at 9:19 in the morning on October 6, and ended at 1:15 that afternoon, about 130 miles away in Connecticut. Says Mr. Sartwell:

> The flight made by Donaldson and his companions in 1873 had its inception many

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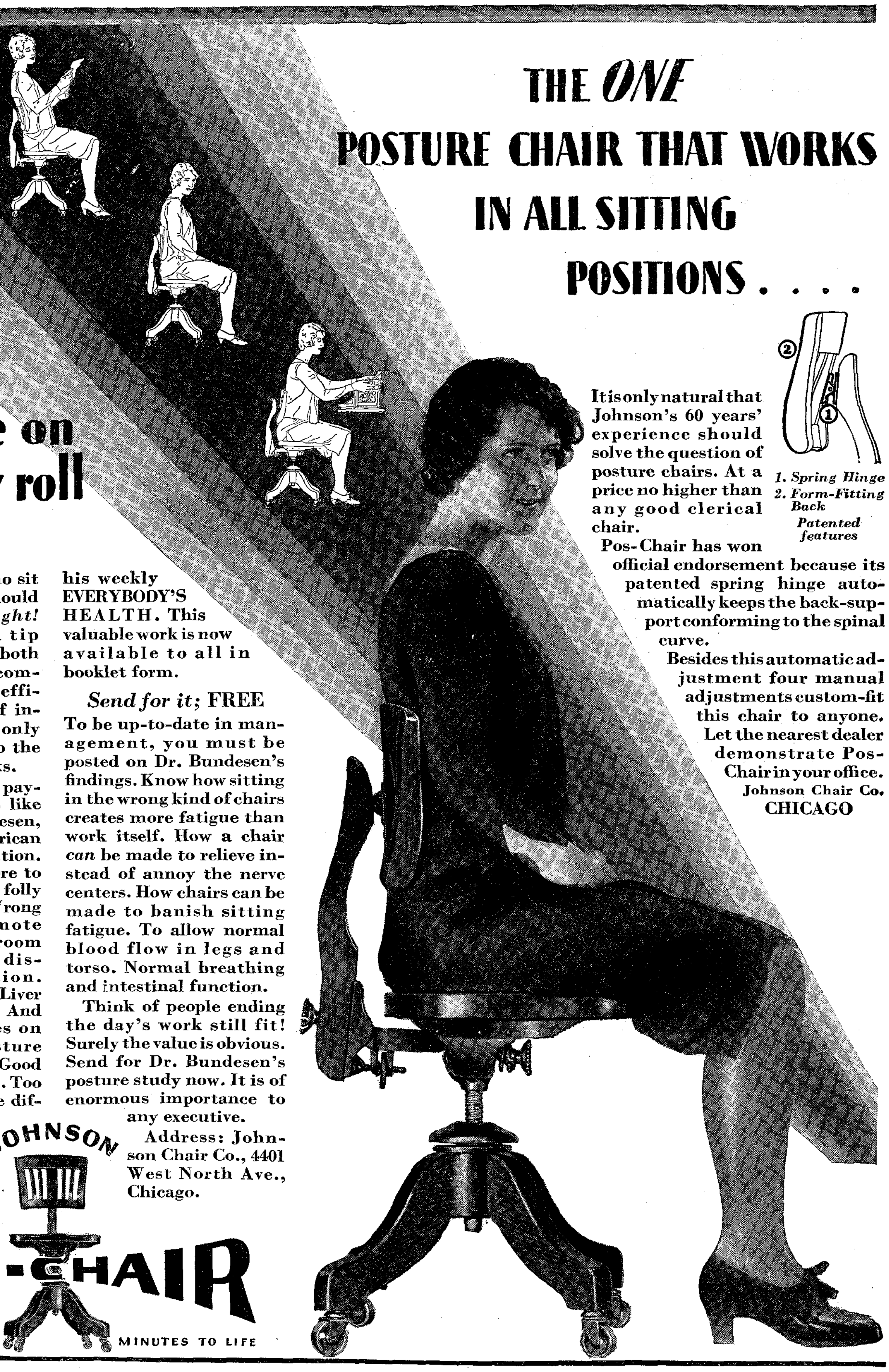

THE *ONE* POSTURE CHAIR THAT WORKS IN ALL SITTING POSITIONS . . . .

Put posture on the pay roll

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People who sit all *day* should sit all *right!* Here's a tip that adds both to body comfort and efficiency. Of interest not only to the worker. But to the man who signs checks.

"Put posture on the payroll" say authorities like Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, President of the American Public Health Association. When it costs no more to seat people *right* it is folly to seat them *wrong*. Wrong sitting helps promote wrong work. Rest room losses. Intestinal disorders. Constipation. Headache. Cramps. Liver and kidney troubles. And far graver penalties on women. Wrong posture works *against* you. Good posture works for you. Too little is known of the difference. To answer a crying need Dr. Bundesen has devoted to posture an entire edition of his weekly EVERYBODY'S HEALTH. This valuable work is now available to all in booklet form.

Send for it; FREE

To be up-to-date in management, you must be posted on Dr. Bundesen's findings. Know how sitting in the wrong kind of chairs creates more fatigue than work itself. How a chair *can* be made to relieve instead of annoy the nerve centers. How chairs can be made to banish sitting fatigue. To allow normal blood flow in legs and torso. Normal breathing and intestinal function.

Think of people ending the day's work still fit! Surely the value is obvious. Send for Dr. Bundesen's posture study now. It is of enormous importance to any executive.

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Patented features

It is only natural that Johnson's 60 years' experience should solve the question of posture chairs. At a price no higher than any good clerical chair.

Pos-Chair has won official endorsement because its patented spring hinge automatically keeps the back-support conforming to the spinal curve.

Besides this automatic adjustment four manual adjustments custom-fit this chair to anyone. Let the nearest dealer demonstrate Pos-Chair in your office.

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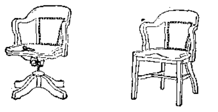
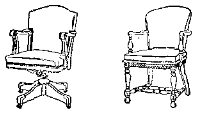
BRINGS DEAD MINUTES TO LIFE

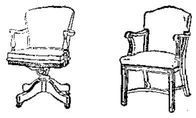
The Bank of England



The Stratford



The Oxford



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A half-hour with a pipeful of Old Briar Tobacco costs less than one penny. Certainly you will spend that for genuine pipe pleasure.

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

years prior to that in the mind of Prof. John Wise, one of the famous balloonists of his day. The professor, who in his lifetime made more than 400 balloon ascensions, was convinced that at an altitude of about one mile there was a steady current of air, blowing from west to east. He believed that if he could ascend to the proper altitude all that he would have to do would be to sit in his balloon and be wafted across the Atlantic to Europe.

Imbued with this idea, the balloonist, in 1843, petitioned Congress for an appropriation to defray the expenses of such a trip. The memorial was presented by Stephen A. Douglas, then Senator from Illinois. It was referred to the naval committee, and there, despite the urgent pleas of the "Little Giant," it died. Four times Wise presented his petition, but never was he able to obtain the assistance sought.

In 1871, another daring balloonist, famous for his gymnastic feats on a trapeze suspended from a gas bag, determined to make a transatlantic flight. This was Donaldson, and he and Wise formed a partnership to further the project.

The balloonists went to New York and there interested in their project James H. Goodsell and C. N. Goodsell, managers of *The Daily Graphic*, then one of the most enterprising of New York journals, but now defunct. The Goodsells and the balloonists, on June 27, 1873, entered into a formal contract under which the Goodsells were to pay for the construction of a balloon "not less than 130 feet in height and 100 feet in diameter," fully equipped with safety devices, ropes, car, and gallery. Donaldson and Wise agreed to superintend the construction of the balloon, and upon its completion "directly and without any delay or evasion, seek the elevation of the eastern air current, there to remain until land shall have been made on the eastern side of the Atlantic Ocean."

Work of construction of the immense bag, larger than any ever before put together, began on June 28, and it was announced that everything would be in readiness for the flight on August 20.

As a precaution against landing in the ocean, a stanch lifeboat was to be carried slung from the car. Affixt to the car was a smaller boat, a canoe, capable of carrying one person, which was to be used in the event that the balloon, lightened of the weight of the car, the boat and all of its occupants but one, should be able to take the air again from the ocean's surface and rise with a prospect of still reaching Europe.

The Army Signal Corps, we read, was approached on the matter and agreed to supply a case of instruments to be used in scientific observations. However, it develops:

The chief signal officer said that he would not order any member of the corps to go on the trip as an observer, as the project was too hazardous, but that if any one wanted to volunteer he would be granted leave. About twenty members of the corps subsequently sought permission to make the flight, but the signal corps had a change of heart, and in the end declined any of its men permission to go in the balloon.

The Goodsells announced that any one in America wishing to send a letter in the balloon to any one in Europe could so do upon payment of a fee of $1. Invitations were sent to many notables of the day inviting them to make the trip, but those invited universally sent their regrets that other engagements would make it impossible for them to accept. Among those who declined the honor were Gen. George B. McClellan, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, Charles A. Dana, Whitelaw Reid, and Gov. Joseph R. Hawley, of Massachusetts.

Agents of the backers in European countries were set to work, to arrange for the extension of courtesies to the balloonists when they landed on the continent. Wise and Donaldson were necessarily unable to determine in advance where they would land; so arrangements were made for their reception in Germany, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Russia, Spain, England, Austria-Hungary, and other countries.

Early in September, as the balloon was about to be completed, dissension broke out and Professor Wise was quoted as criticizing the construction and equipment of the balloon. He denied this and said that he thought the balloon was excellent, even tho it was constructed of cotton, whereas he would have preferred silk.

The giant bag, the car, the lifeboat, and the canoe were finally assembled on the Capitoline grounds in Brooklyn, overlooking Prospect Park. Great throngs of people gathered at the grounds to watch the preparations for departure.

The final day selected for inflation was September 12, and it was then that announcement was made that Professor Wise would not go on the trip.

Inflation of the bag was started about three o'clock in the morning, and a steady stream of gas poured into it throughout the morning and most of the afternoon. At four o'clock in the afternoon the big bag was seen to oscillate in a strange manner, and a tiny fissure appeared at its top near the valve. Almost instantly the fissures spread to a crack extending the full length of the balloon, and in less than thirty seconds the 325,000 cubic feet of gas which it had contained had escaped and the cotton sack lay in heaps flat upon the ground.

All of Wise's gloomy predictions seemed to have come true, but Donaldson was tenacious in his plan to fly over the ocean, and the Goodsells were willing to continue their backing. Donaldson became impatient at the delay which would necessarily result from constructing a new bag, and on September 19 he obtained as a gift from the Goodsells the shattered first balloon, which he was confident he could recondition for the trip. Under his supervision the old cotton bag was cut up and put together again after the torn section had been eliminated.

Work of pumping gas into the balloon was started early in the morning of October 4. With the balloon one-third full, a breeze sprang up. The gas line was disconnected and the balloon made fast to ride out the storm. All through the day Donaldson, Lunt, and Alfred Ford, a newspaper reporter who had been added to the crew of the balloon to serve as a recorder, stood by the partially filled bag in the hope that the wind would die down.

Two days later the inflation was resumed and by six o'clock the bag was nearly full. The day was clear and there was little breeze. At eight o'clock, when the bag was full and the boat had been drawn under it and attached, a fierce gust of wind nearly tore the big bag from its moorings and only with the aid of hundreds of volunteers was it held in place.

To quote from *The Daily Graphic* of the time: "At fifteen minutes after nine Mr.

How *Dare* They Say These Things?

LUDWIG

"*War or Peace?*" gravely asks *Emil Ludwig*, world renowned biographer, in October *Plain Talk*. "It is easy," he writes, "for clever governments to induce men to surrender their lives." Nowhere else could Ludwig reveal his secret knowledge so fearlessly as he can and does in this outspoken magazine that dares to print the truth.

PINCHOT

Who would be in a better position to reveal the poisonous publicity drug that electric power companies feed the people than *Hon. Gifford Pinchot?* October *Plain Talk* permits the ex-governor to place on view his terrible discoveries of ruthless bribery and propaganda in his article, "It's All In Your Electricity Bills."

BLACK

"*So it's a 'noble experiment' is it?*" asks Congressman *Loring M. Black* of New York, in October *Plain Talk*..."while dry Congressmen drink and dry farmers starve?" Facts, figures and tables given by Congressman Black seem to show that the reason farm relief is needed is because "a billion dollars in grain is lost to the American farmer...*and handed to the Canadian farmer!*"

TILDEN

William T. Tilden II wouldn't dare say what he thinks of women's tennis in many places. In October *Plain Talk*, however, he tells the truth. He concedes Helen Wills to be as great an artist within her abilities as Francis Hunter, but by thoughtful analysis seems to prove that no woman can or ever will equal an average man player in the middle bracket.

MITCHELL

General William Mitchell has *his chance* in October *Plain Talk* to keep on telling the ghastly truths about our air force. This month, in his fourth article "Cobwebs in Washington," General Mitchell shows how millions for airships would be better spent than billions for battleships.

New Things to Think About

How dare these and 20 others expose truths in *Plain Talk* that they may not elsewhere?... How indeed? *Plain Talk is not subsidized.*

Ambulance Chasers

There must be some defense to ambulance chasing...A. A. Golden (one of them) gives it. "A complex is an alibi," states *W. Beran Wolfe*, M.D. —and proves it wittily. *Stephen G. Clow*, *Arthur Schnitzler* and *Edgar Lee Masters* contribute to October *Plain Talk*.

Mabel Willebrandt, Dry prosecutor..."Ha! Ha! Ha!" says Duff Gilfond. "Advertising at the Keyhole," by Estelle Aubrey Brown, will amuse the agate line fraternity. "Baptist illiteracy in the South is to be laid to the *Baptists*," states Rev. Joseph Martin Dawson.

Medical Virtue

Among other fearless contributors to October Plain Talk is *Harold E. Hulsiek*, M.D., Fellow in the American College of Surgeons. Dr. Hulsiek flays those doctors who whine because the public is losing confidence *and tells them why the public is losing confidence!*

Bertrand Russell, an old friend, contributes "The Value of Skepticism" to *October Plain Talk*.

There are many other contributors and the usual departments to assure profitable and stimulating reading and thought.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

King (who was in charge of the inflation), having just made a circuit of the enclosure and apparently satisfied himself that all was right, spoke quietly to Messrs. Donaldson and Lunt, who were as yet outside of the boat, saying, 'Now, then, gentlemen, please take your places.' Mr. Ford was already in the boat, sitting in the cockpit, and taking the most careful observations of every event as it transpired about him. In obedience to the request of Mr. King, the other voyagers sprang into the boat and waited for the order of the dispatcher.

"Mr. Weed, the superintendent of the Capitoline grounds, stood with a keen ax near the cable which then bound the great airship to the earth, and also waited for the signal of the commander.

"Mr. King then stept upon a little pile of sandbags and asked Mr. Donaldson, in a manner which was made most impressive by the surroundings:

"'Mr. Donaldson, have you got your anchors?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Have you command of your valve rope?'

"The valve rope was at that moment flapping about the mouth of the balloon in a most erratic manner. Mr. Donaldson, however, made one jump for the concentrating ring and, seizing the ring with one hand and the end of the valve rope with the other, he answered, 'Yes, sir.'

"This satisfied Mr. King, who, turning to Mr. Weed, said, 'Cut it.' The ax descended at nineteen minutes after nine, and the balloon rose with immense velocity."

As the big ship floated from Brooklyn over New York, where millions gathered on streets and rooftops to watch it, Mr. Ford began to record his story of the first attempt to fly across the Atlantic. By 9:30 the balloon had reached an altitude of 4,900 feet and was traveling north-northeast, and Mr. Ford sent off the first carrier pigeon with a message to the "folks at home."

Soon after this incident, we learn, the balloon, which had dropt from its 4,000-foot level, began to ascend and, at about 10:30, reached an altitude of 6,200 feet. Reading on:

It was traveling east-northeast. The second homing pigeon was dispatched.

Now the balloon began to act like an elevator, dropping down close to the earth and ascending as the balloonists cast off their ballast. According to Ford's account, "the gas now was evidently beginning to lose its power." Despite the frantic discharge of ballast, Donaldson could not get the balloon to rise to any great altitude, and the drag rope was twisting and switching through the trees over which the balloon floated.

No better description of the voyage at this point could be obtained than that given by Ford as follows: "At this time the writer was ordered to desist from his purely literary occupations and to crawl in under-deck and break cargo. While getting out those barrels of water, I knew it was necessary to have them ready to cast out in order to save us. We were traveling rapidly toward the side of the mountain. It was a bag of crackers and a box of hominy cast out just then that saved us. Everything was at hand ready to throw out. We were within twenty feet

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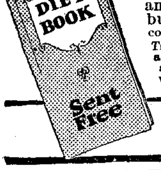

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of the tree-tops. I dropt a bag of crackers and the hominy, and then we rose, clearing the mountain, perhaps, a few hundred feet —sufficient to cause the drag rope to clear the trees.

"Things really began to get serious. On crossing the mountain, we remained suspended in the air, perfectly motionless for about fifteen minutes. Then, being on the leeside of the mountain the warm air caused us presently to ascend, and we soon attained a height of 4,500 feet. The situation was now terribly sublime. I could not help shuddering as I looked at those two mountains hemming us in on either side, and that awful depth of valley, with its little streamlet beneath us."

It was over the mountain, however, that the troubles of the balloonists became dangerous, for they ran into a rainstorm which beat upon their bag with great fury.

The balloon again had been forced very low and the drag rope was again whipping through the trees. When the boat was only 100 feet above the earth and a big sand-bank rose in front of the balloon Donaldson apparently yielded to Lunt's entreaties, and after ordering that the instruments be made secure in the boat's cabin, told Lunt and Ford to prepare to leap. Lunt was standing on the port side near the bow and Donaldson and Ford were next to him holding the rigging. Just at this time the boat swung low over a rise in the ground. Donaldson, the veteran of many balloon accidents, threw out his two traveling bags.

Ford jumped from the boat, as did Donaldson, and they and the bags rolled in a heap on the wet grass. The drop was only thirty feet and neither was injured.

When they looked up, they saw the balloon ascending with Lunt still in the boat, apparently caught in the rigging. Donaldson and Ford made an effort to seize the drag rope but it soon lifted out of reach.

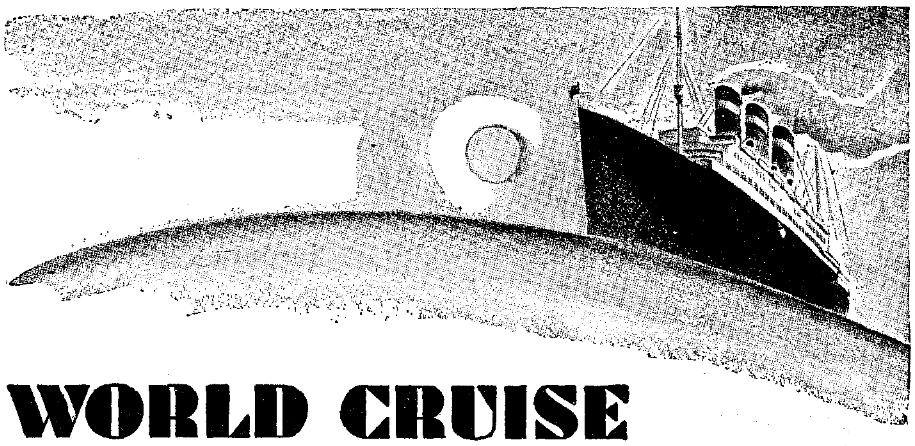
Realizing that they were helpless, the two stood and saw their comrade carried swiftly away in the storm. Residents of the neighborhood quickly gathered around them, and then they learned that they were on the farm of Charles Lewis at North Canaan, Litchfield County, Connecticut. They had left Brooklyn at nineteen minutes after nine in the morning and reached this point, 120 miles distance, at 1:15 in the afternoon.

Lunt tells his own story of what happened to him when he was left alone in the storm-tossed balloon. Apparently he had not heard Donaldson direct him to jump, and did not know that he was alone in the boat until he looked around and saw that the others were gone.

"The bag," Lunt said later, "was shaking about above me with awful force, and I could see nothing, so thick was the cloud. I seized the valve cord and attempted to open it. I could not. The cord became entangled with the neck. Suddenly tree-tops shot up through the fog, and in an instant the balloon was twirling through the branches. I climbed out of the boat to a place above the ring, and as the balloon rushed into a thicket of trees I swung myself out and dropt among the branches. The boat scraped over me and scratched my hand. I dropt to the earth, surprized to find myself unhurt."

Lunt apparently had not gone far from his companions, and in a short time they were reunited in Canaan, where, according to Ford, "you may very readily believe that we extended congratulations to one another that we had escaped with whole bones."

The wrecked balloon was found by a farmer about one mile from Canaan.



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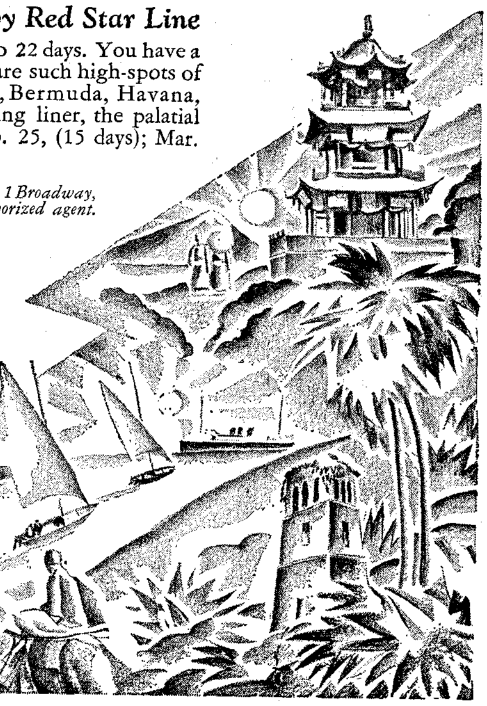

THE EFFECTS OF HIGHER MONEY RATES

WE ARE AT THE END of a five-year period of easy money and business expansion, which we shall look back upon and call "the period of Coolidge prosperity," according to Col. Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company; for, in the opinion of that financial expert, the next five years will not be as flush as those just passed. During this prosperous period, he reminds us, the United States has been the temporary custodian of more than its share of the world's stock of monetary gold, and has been able to finance simultaneously such credit-consuming undertakings as a building boom, a Florida boom, a continuous bull market, a vast extension of instalment buying, a rebuilding of its manufacturing plants, and an enormous extension of its highway system. But now, with Europe's return to a gold basis, followed by a natural outflow of gold, and with stock speculation tending toward dangerous excess, the outlook is changed, Colonel Ayres asserts, and we "appear to be leaving a period in which credit has vigorously sought employment, and entering one in which enterprises must compete for credit," a state of things to which we are unaccustomed.

The visible sign of this change, we are told, is the raising of the interest rate as high as 8 per cent. on call loans by the Federal Reserve banks, which naturally has been followed by higher rates on ordinary business loans. To quote the Cleveland financier further:

> The stock market has become a great national bet against the continuation of high interest rates, and since the Federal Reserve authorities can hardly reverse their present policies until the excessive use of credit for speculation has been terminated, the decision will probably be against the stock market. If interest rates must remain high much longer business will probably suffer as a result.

General business conditions are good, and the outlook for the farmer is unusually encouraging this fall, remarks Colonel Ayres in his company's August *Business Bulletin*, but—

> Over against these constructive conditions must be set the developments in banking and the money markets that have produced the current high rates of interest which have already increased the cost of doing business, and brought about declines in bond prices and some stock prices, and a sharp curtailment in the issuing of new securities.
>
> Under these conditions a stiffening of interest rates has been necessary and inevitable rather than merely temporary and artificial. In a certain sense it does represent a contest between the Federal Reserve System and the Stock Exchange, but it is a contest that the Reserve System has entered upon to protect the credit supply that is vital to business, and a contest which it probably should have entered upon earlier, and waged more vigorously, than it has.

Other authorities agree that higher money rates probably have come to stay, tho most of them are inclined to emphasize the bright outlook for the immediate future rather than to prophesy for the years ahead. The current issue of *The Guaranty Survey*, the monthly review of the Guaranty Trust Company, New York, admits, however, that the increase in interest rates has become "a possible disturbing influence in an otherwise favorable general business outlook." Remarking that firmness in call money has finally led to the marking up of the comparatively stable rates on bankers' acceptances, it continues:

> This change in the money situation is attributable to three main causes: first, the loss of about half a billion dollars in gold during the last year; second, the expansion of bank credit due largely to the participation of corporations and individuals in the call money market as lenders; and, third, the open-market policy of the Federal Reserve banks, which has involved the withdrawal of funds from the money market through the sale of Government securities and acceptances, and has thus forced members to increase their rediscounts with the central banks.
>
> The result of these factors is a credit situation entirely different from that to which American business has become accustomed in recent years and one which may exert an appreciable influence on the course of trade.

The monthly review of economic conditions by the National City Bank of New York is generally counted one of the most important publications of its type, and in its September issue we find a discussion which, in the opinion of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "should be read by all men who are affected by high money rates, so that they may get a clear picture of exactly what forces have been at work, and the credit situation existing to-day." The National City Bank's review characterizes the increase of $900,000,000 in brokers' loans from March 1 to June 1—in the face of an outward gold movement and repeated advances in the discount rate—as "one of the most extraordinary adventures in speculation in disregard of fundamental conditions ever known in the history of the Stock Exchange," and continues:

> It is probable that erroneous ideas are commonly held as to the volume of Reserve credit available in proportion to the total amount of bank credit. The aggregate of bank credit in use at present is about $54,000,000,000, of which only $1,400,000,000 is Reserve credit. At the peak of the postwar boom, 1920, when the Reserve banks were extended to the limit under the Act, the aggregate of all bank credit outstanding was about $31,000,000,000, of which the average amount supplied by the Reserve banks throughout the year was slightly more than 10 per cent.
>
> The total amount of Reserve credit is necessarily small in proportion to the sum of all bank credit, and for that reason the member banks are expected to draw on it for temporary uses only. Each member bank is supposed to keep its credit commitments within its own resources, and not borrow for the purpose of lending again, except for temporary or seasonal needs. In short, the function of the Reserve banks is not to supply additional credit for permanent use, but to give a needed degree of elasticity to the credit system. Obviously, the desired elasticity can not be maintained unless the relatively small fund in the hands of the Reserve banks is maintained in the highest degree of liquidity.

When gold exports began on a large scale a year ago, thus reducing the banks' lending power, the Reserve banks saved the member banks from the necessity of reducing their loans by purchasing Government bonds in the open market, thus releasing credit enough to replenish the reserves. But, to quote the National City Bank again:

> The Reserve authorities have felt under no obligations to follow this exceptional course in order to make good the reserve deficits which were evidently due to an increasing volume of brokers' loans, holding that to do so would be in contravention of the spirit of the Reserve Act. Thus the great spring expansion of brokers' loans was permitted to have its natural effect on the money market, as has been seen. The traders have exprest confidence in their ability to get what money they want by bidding up interest rates, and for a time had a considerable degree of success. In the last three months, however, they have seemed to be running around in circles, not wholly pleased with the rates of their own making.

Yet there is much of a reassuring nature in the National City Bank's survey, so far as the general business situation is concerned. "All calculations indicate," it says, "that the farmers' purchasing power should be large this year, and business correspondingly benefited." For the banker and speculator it is of interest to know that this authority evidently does not expect the stock market, even with tighter money, to lose its bullish enthusiasm to the extent of dumping securities.

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BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR
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THERE are a number of ways in which bonds may be classified to facilitate judicious selection—for example, according to their security, their marketability, their rates of yield, their maturities, their geographical distribution.

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The following grouping is suggestive of some of the main classes into which investors fall and the qualities deemed most desirable for each type of investor. The bonds suggested were originated and distributed by Halsey, Stuart & Co.—alone or with associates, and are indicative of the diversity of offerings and the ability of the House to fit the bond to the investor.

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Minnesota & Ontario Paper Co. 6s, 1950
Municipality of Medellin (Colombia, S. A.) 6½s, 1954
Public Service Co. of Col. 6s, 1946
Average yield about 6.35%

For the Retired Business Man

Bonds selected primarily for security and income. Marketability is secondary. (Should income or property be large, Federal income taxes might necessitate tax-exempt selections.)

Cities Service Company 5s, 1958
Fox Detroit Theatre Bldg. 6s, 1942
Indiana Electric Corp. 6s, 1947
New York Dock Co. 5s, 1938
Peabody Coal Co. 5s, 1953
Average yield about 5.84%

For the Successful Professional Man

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The Butterick Pub. Co. 6½s, 1936
Cities Service Gas Co. 5½s, 1942
Four-Fifty Sutter Bldg. (San Francisco) 6s, 1944
Republic of Colombia 6s, 1961
Twin City Rapid Transit Co. 5½s, 1952
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For the Salaried Man

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Steuben Building (Chicago) 6s, 1943
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St. Petersburg, Fla. Improv. 6s, 1934
West Penn Power Co. 5s, 1956
U. S. Mtge. & Title Guaranty Co. 5½s, 1938
Average yield about 5.10%

For the Small Investor

Security first, with fair yield and sufficient marketability to assure availability of funds for emergencies.

Central West Pub. Serv. Co. 5½s, 1956
The Chicago Daily News, Inc. 6s, 1936
Commonwealth Edison Co. 4½s, 1957
Mercantile Arcade Bldg. (Los Angeles) 5½s, 1953
State and Washington Bldgs. (Chicago) 5s, 1948
Average yield about 5.50%

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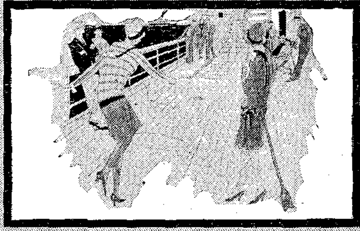

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

CHICAGO'S RECENT GROWTH AS A FINANCIAL CENTER

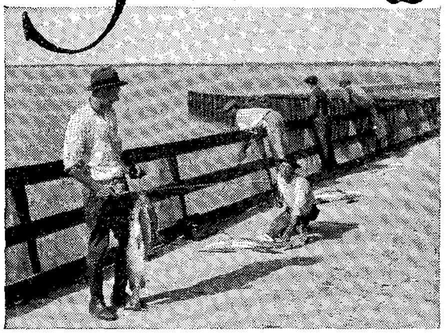
THE Middle West, we are told, is more and more inclined to finance its own enterprises instead of coming to Wall Street for funds. Chicago's latest stride in that direction is the creation of the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company, by the consolidation, to take effect October 1, of the city's two largest banks, the Continental and Commercial National Bank and the Illinois Merchants Trust Company. This gives Chicago its first billion-dollar bank, the largest institution west of New York, and the second largest in the United States, according to a financial writer of the Chicago *Tribune*, who says that one immediate effect of the merger will be the distributing of several "melons," probably aggregating $50,000,000, to the stockholders, and continues:

> The new bank will have capital resources of $150,000,000 and deposits exceeding $900,000,000. Its total resources will exceed $1,000,000,000. It will rank second only to the National City Bank, New York, which has capital resources of $167,000,000 and deposits of $1,163,000,000. The new Chicago bank's capitalization will be divided into $75,000,000 capital stock, about $65,000,000 surplus, and a $10,000,000 reserve fund.
>
> In some respects, however, the Continental Illinois Bank will hold first place. It will be the largest bank in the world to be housed under one roof, as the National City Bank and the big European banks have numerous branches, which the Chicago institution will not have.
>
> The Chicago bank also will have the largest trust business of any bank in this country. Its purely trust business will aggregate one billion six hundred million dollars, and in addition it will be trustee under bond issues for one billion four hundred million dollars. In number of accounts it also will rank first, with about 6,000 bank accounts and 40,000 commercial accounts. It also will have one of the largest security subsidiaries in the country.

Mere magnitude of capitalization and resources is not the principal object of this merger, according to a joint statement issued by George M. Reynolds, who will be chairman of the new bank's executive committee; Arthur Reynolds, who will be chairman of its board of directors and chief executive officer, and Eugene M. Stevens, who will be its president. It is being brought about, they say, "in recognition of the fact that Chicago is a rapidly growing financial center of world-wide importance," and is intended as an aid to that end. In the same vein the Chicago *Tribune* says editorially:

> The merger is important both as a fact and as a symbol. The time has come when Middle Western agriculture, industry, and transportation can be financed at home. We can declare our financial independence. Chicago to-day finances the world trade in breadstuffs. We are accumulating capital

All Kinds *of* Sport All Winter *at* St. Petersburg FLORIDA



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rapidly, as the growth of investment houses in Chicago testifies. There is no field in which our money can be more safely or more profitably employed than in creating new wealth in our own inland empire. At the same time there is no way by which the future of Chicago can be made more secure than by the creation here of one of the great financial centers of the world.

Even before this important merger had come in sight, financial prophets were predicting that Chicago would in due time become the headquarters for trading in many stocks and bonds which have hitherto found their market through the New York Stock Exchange. A Chicago correspondent of *The American Banker* (New York) recently called attention to a marked development in that direction, saying:

> Occupying the position, as it does, of the metropolis of the Middle West, with the richest section of the United States tributary to it, this city is bound to become a much more important investment and exchange center. As a matter of fact, it is at present doing business in these lines far beyond ordinary estimates. One feature attracting some attention is that Chicago financial and banking concerns are now originating and distributing an amount of capital flotation that puts the city in the first rank as an investment center.
>
> The growth of Chicago in this particular may be realized when it is stated that the number of persons employed in originating and distributing issues now runs between 6,000 and 8,000. The number of investment dealers is variously estimated from 300 to 350. The University of Illinois, in an investigation of the subject something less than a year ago, listed 360 investment firms, including branches of outside houses, but not taking in commercial banks which do more or less of an investment business. As there are 185 State and thirty-four national banks in the Chicago district, the total, if including these institutions, would make a much better showing.

Most of this increase in the bond and investment business of Chicago has come since the World War. Before the war, says the same New York financial daily, that city had less than a hundred investment houses, most of them small; now it has between three and four times as many. *The American Banker* cites the case of a Boston banking firm that started a Chicago branch in 1906 in a single room; to-day that branch office employs about 125 persons. We read further:

> Some of the biggest public-utility houses of the United States maintain their headquarters in Chicago. They are really enormous organizations, controlling enterprises that in some cases aggregate $1,000,000,000 under single management or direction. Chicago now possesses some of the strongest banks in the country. They are growing rapidly and are in a position to expand, from the standpoint of capital, as necessity arises.
>
> A test of the strength of Chicago as a security market came with the recent fall in the market. Chicago banks showed a rare discrimination in fixing collateral values on the stocks of securities listed in Chicago. The incident went to prove the enormous investment power of the area of which Chicago is the center.

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, *a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.*

What a dividend paying $10,000 policy will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 65

A MONTHLY INCOME FOR LIFE of . . . $100.00
which assures a return of at least 10,000.00
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A CASH SETTLEMENT AT AGE 65 of . . . 12,000.00

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It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60

A MONTHLY DISABILITY INCOME OF . . $100.00
And the payment for you of all premiums

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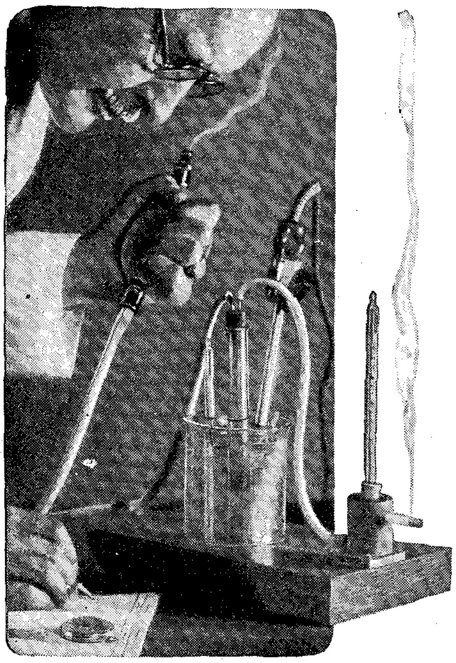

The tobaccometer at work... Bulb draws smoke from lighted cigarette past sensitive thermometer.

16.3% cooler smoke

... more enjoyment!

NEW thousands every day... won over because their first session of Spuds produced a greater sum of tobacco enjoyment than they had ever known.

They didn't reason it out, exactly. But the tobaccometer did . . . and showed why. It showed Spud 16.3% (Cent.) cooler than other cigarettes!

All were rated, on coolness, in unbiased, scientific measurements. Spud... throughout its whole cooling fragrant length . . . always registered many degrees lowest on the telltale thermo-scale.

There you are, cigarettists! Even enjoyment demands reason. Be you veterans or beginners, isn't this reason for a look-in on Spud? Just try Spud's first puff... a diminutive shock of coolness. It's your introduction to unhampered tobacco enjoyment... lusty and limitless ... with the last Spud of the day tasting as good as the first.

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CURRENT ▾ EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 5.—King Zogu, of Albania, announces that he will attempt to maintain friendly relations with all neighboring countries, that Albania will be loyal to the League of Nations, and that he expects to adhere to the Kellogg anti-war pact.

September 6.—Germany circulates a note among the Powers represented at the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, asking a conference to consider immediate evacuation of the Rhineland.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry leave London for a tour of South Africa, to last five months.

The British Trade Union Congress votes by an overwhelming majority for closer cooperation of capital and labor.

September 8.—The League of Nations Council unanimously and the Assembly, by 41 to 7, elect Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State, to fill the unexpired term of John Bassett Moore, resigned, on the Permanent Court of International Justice.

September 9.—Sir Oliver Lodge, speaking in Wellington Church, Glasgow, says that the human race is still in the nursery stage, and expresses his belief in God and a future life.

The Uruguayan Foreign Minister notifies the American Minister at Montevideo of Uruguay's intention to adhere as soon as possible to the Kellogg anti-war pact.

September 10.—Foreign Minister Aristide Briand of France, addressing the League of Nations Assembly, charges that Germany, instead of being disarmed, has an Army of 100,000 men, large reservoirs of man-power from which she may draw a much larger Army, and capacity to reconstruct instruments of peace into instruments of war, and says that the recent agreement between France and Great Britain is only a rapprochement for disarmament.

September 11.—The Powers directly interested in the matter begin a series of conversations on the proposed evacuation of the Rhineland.

The uncovering of a conspiracy against the régime of Gen. Primo de Rivera, Premier and dictator of Spain, and the arrest of 1,000 men are reported in a dispatch from Spain to Paris.

DOMESTIC

September 4.—Senator Robert M. La Follette is renominated as Senator from Wisconsin, and Walter J. Kohler, a Conservative and supporter of Herbert Hoover, is nominated over Representative Beck, Progressive, for Governor.

September 5.—Thirty-seven planes in the Class A division take off from Roosevelt Field, New York, in the National Air Derby from New York to Los Angeles, and thirty-one reach Columbus, Ohio, on the first leg, six being forced down on the way.

Robert H. Ingersoll, watch manufacturer and originator of the Ingersoll dollar watch, dies at Denver, Colorado. He was sixty-nine.

September 7.—The grand jury investigating bootleg and vice conditions in Philadelphia recommends the immediate dismissal of Charles Beckman, captain of detectives, as being "not fit to hold any office under the municipal government," and he is suspended by Mayor Mackey.

September 8.—Twenty planes in Class B and four in Class C take off from Roosevelt Field in the National Air Derby.

September 9.—Dr. Hubert Work, Chairman of the National Republican Committee, issues a statement repudiating the whispering campaign against the Democratic candidate for President, and condemning a similar campaign which he asserts is being conducted against the Republican candidate.

Urban Shocker, veteran former American League pitcher, dies at a hospital in Denver. He was thirty-eight.

September 10.—The election in Maine results in a Republican victory of nearly 82,000 majority, William T. Gardiner being elected Governor and Senator Frederick Hale reelected United States Senator.

Earl Rowland of Wichita, Kansas, wins the Class A race from New York to Los Angeles in a Cesna plane. His time was 26 hours and 30 minutes. Robert Dake of Pittsburgh is second, and Tex Rankin of Portland, Oregon, is third.

Six convicts are killed in attempting to shoot their way out of the State prison camp at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

September 11.—Radio television and vocal sound are transmitted simultaneously by station WGY at Schenectady, New York.

Amid turbulent scenes a band of Hoover supporters bolt the Texas State Democratic Convention, meeting at Dallas.

Lieut. J. J. Williams, U. S. A., is killed in stunt-flying at Miner's Field, Los Angeles.

Now Will You Be Good?—Ten cents straight will be charged for all obituary notices to all business men who do not advertise while living. Delinquent subscribers will be charged fifteen cents a line for an obituary notice. Advertisers and cash subscribers will receive as good a send-off as we are capable of writing, without any charge whatsoever. Better send in your advertisements and pay up your subscriptions, as hog cholera is abroad in the land.—*Wagon Mound (N. M.) paper.*

Club!—HUSBAND—"Isn't it appalling? My wife insists on taking those wretched cats everywhere we travel."

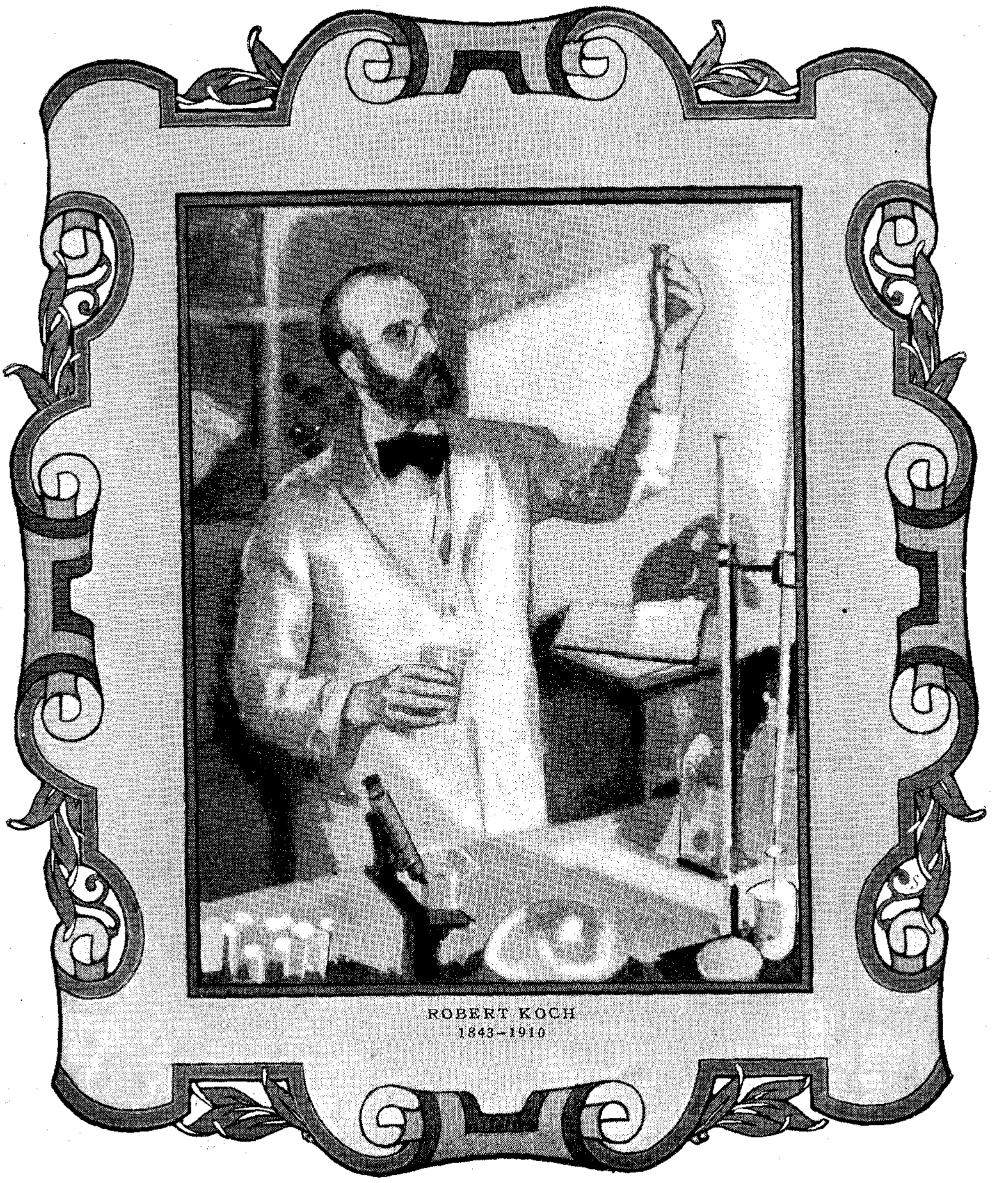
FELLOW TRAVELER—"Does she make you put them out at night?"

HUSBAND—"Invariably."

FELLOW TRAVELER—"Take her to Venice."—*Passing Show.*

Crack of the Whip.—"How long have you been working for the Swivel Company?"

"Ever since old Swivel threatened to discharge me."—*Pitt Panther.*



ROBERT KOCH
1843-1910

SERVING A SCIENCE THAT SAFEGUARDS LIFE

WHEN he began his experiments, Robert Koch was a country doctor, away from the centers of learning, lacking financial resources!

But in his heart there was an earnest desire *to know*. As a physician he wanted to save life scientifically, not by guesswork. So through years of lonely searching, years crowded with experiments of marvelous ingenuity, he labored patiently *to learn the cause of infectious diseases*. And the achievements which rewarded his perseverance and efforts have proclaimed him one of mankind's truest benefactors.

For it was Robert Koch who discovered the bacillus that causes anthrax and the bacillus that causes tuberculosis. It was Robert Koch who discovered the *comma* bacillus, which is the specific cause of cholera. It was Robert Koch who *proved* that minute, living organisms caused the infectious diseases and thereby laid the foundation for the modern treatment of such diseases by the use of serums, vaccines, antitoxins and similar medicinal products.

Long before Robert Koch was setting out upon his startling researches, which led to such amazing results, the House of Squibb had been actively cooperating with the medical profession. It had built a reputation unsurpassed by any maker of medicinal products.

Therefore, it was only natural that E. R. Squibb & Sons should become an important factor in the development and utilization of Robert Koch's great contributions to medical science.

The vaccines and anti-toxins produced by the House of Squibb were accepted from the start as standards of purity, potency and general excellence. During that momentous last quarter of the 19th century, that period of discovery and development so fraught with importance to humanity, Squibb kept in close and constant cooperation with the medical profession—and was always among the first to materialize the new findings of science and research for practical and exact use.

After almost three-quarters of a century of service, the name Squibb is recognized as full guarantee of skill, knowledge, and honor in the manufacture of products used exclusively by physicians and surgeons. Similarly, it is equally valued as positive assurance of purity and reliability in the purchase of those products for the home medicine cabinet which are in daily use everywhere, such as Bicarbonate of Soda, Cod Liver Oil, Tasteless Castor Oil, Milk of Magnesia, Dental Cream and others.

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

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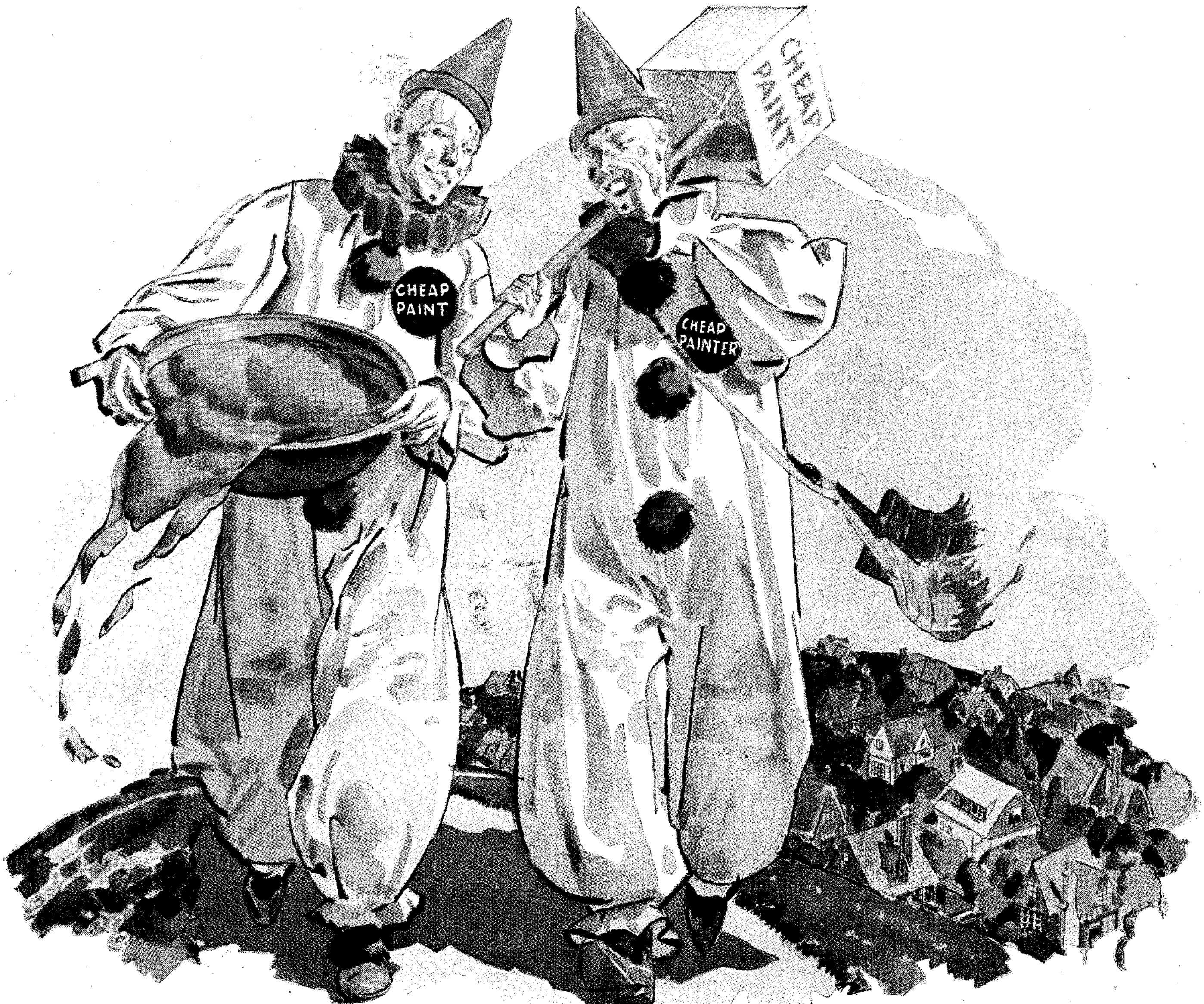
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858



The "Applesauce Twins" make painting a farce!

THE latest fashion in "cheap" paint applesauce is out. It goes like this . . .

"Our price is *very low* but our paint isn't 'cheap,' because, etc., etc., etc., etc."

Don't be fooled. A *low-price-per-gallon* means a *"cheap" paint* — a *skimped* paint — a *terribly costly* paint — *every time.* And there's no "because" that can explain it.

Only one thing is more costly than "cheap" paint. Just let "Cheap" Paint's twin brother, "Cheap" Painter, in on the deal.

There you have a combination that will make a farce of any house paint job.

CHEAP PAINT
ISN'T CHEAP AT ALL

"Cheap" Paint is costly enough, *alone*, as thousands of home owners now know. But when you add the careless preparation and unskilled daubing of "Cheap" Painter—you have *the costliest paint job in the world.* Don't let these "Applesauce" Twins fool you. Don't throw good money away.

There is only one way to save money on a house painting job . . . use the *best* house paint and let a master painter do the work.

Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, is made of superfine materials. It may be a little higher priced by the gallon, BUT—for every 11 gallons of "cheap" paint required, *only 7 gallons of fine old SWP are needed.* That 4-gallon saving makes SWP cost about the same as "cheap" paint, on the wall or by the job.

The cost of any paint job divides about like this: *One-third* for paint. *Two-thirds* for labor.

Don't try to save money by hiring a "cheap" painter. His careless work *will cost you dearly—in repainting expense.*

Don't engage a *master* painter

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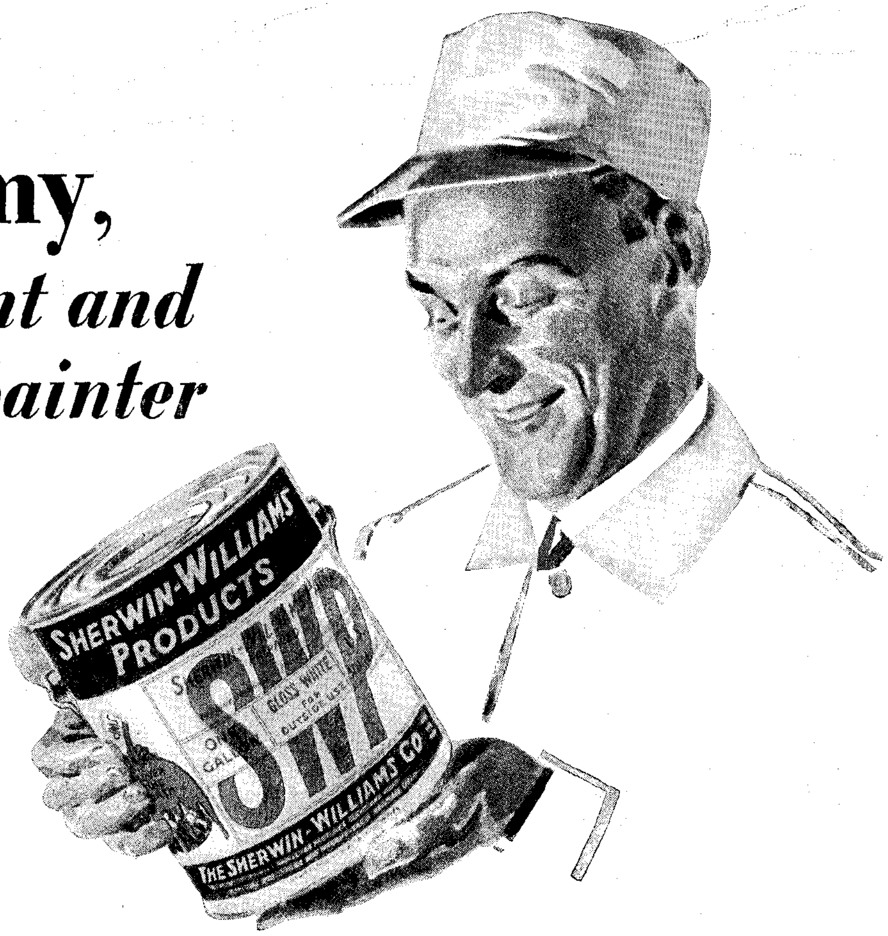
For economy, *use the best paint and engage a good painter*



and then ask him to use "cheap" paint. With all his skill, he can't make "cheap" paint *last.*

It quickly cracks, chips, peels. The *cheap colors* fade. Every year or so it has to be "repainted" at heavy expense.

The only combination that will *save money* for you is a *master* painter and *the best paint money will buy.*

The master painter is an artist. He is trained. He knows his profession. He uses good equipment. He prepares the surface carefully. He applies the paint skillfully. He is conscientious and takes pride in his work.

So, when a master painter applies fine old SWP House Paint for you it assures a handsome job —*at lowest paint cost per square foot of wall*— a finish that will serve for many years— *at lowest cost per year.*

In other words, fine old SWP and a Master Painter is the most economical combination of all.

The "Master Touch"

You may hear arguments as to formulas—meant to lead you astray.

Just remember this. The SWP balanced formula has been openly printed for years. Anyone can have it. Yet the characteristic qualities of SWP have never been duplicated. Why? Because formula is only *one* factor. The *quality of ingredients* is equally important. These might be duplicated and still SWP would remain unchallenged. *Because* there is one element in fine old SWP that never has been and never can be copied successfully.

It is the "*master touch*" of the scientific men of Sherwin-Williams.

These laboratory experts are to "paint" what Edison is to *electricity*—what Marconi is to *wireless.*

Their "master touch," which makes SWP House Paint different from all others, is a *human* ingredient, impossible of imitation or duplication.

Only Sherwin-Williams has it. Only SWP House Paint users benefit by it.

Before you buy any "cheap" paint, visit Paint Headquarters, your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get his advice and material estimate *on the job.* Compare it with "cheap" paint. And remember, that what is true of house paint is true of any other *exterior* or *interior* finish. It must be *good* to be *economical.*

See Paint Headquarters and save money

If you do not know a reputable painter who will apply fine old SWP House Paint for you, write us. We will send you the name and address of one who will.

We will also send a free copy of our famous Household Painting Guide, which saves costly mistakes in painting.

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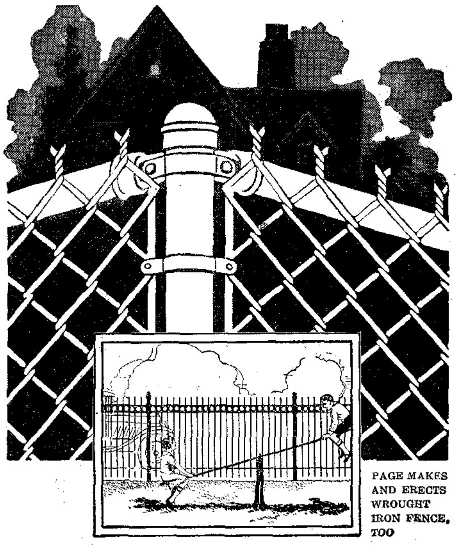
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Page Chain Link Fence keeps children *safe* from the hazards of modern traffic or other danger. It provides a definite boundary line to your property.

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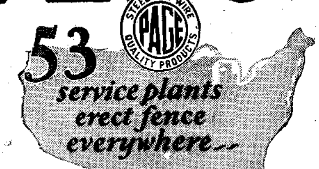
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Born Wife.—Mrs. James Hinton (nee Mrs. Bell Tyler) has been spending a week with friends here.—*Derby (Vt.) paper.*

How Are Your Teeth?—Great Yorkshire puddings, meat pies, dishes of kidneys and red tablecloths.—*From a restaurant ad in the New York Herald Tribune.*

Two Non-Choosers.—Nineteen twenty-eight will be remembered by history as the year of the voluntary retirement of Messrs. Coolidge and Tunney.—*The New Yorker.*

Solving the Big Issue.—
$230,000 STILL IS NEEDED TO
RESTORE THE CONSTITUTION
—*Head-lines in the Boston Sunday Advertiser.*

Sister's Bob?—Visitor (speaking of little boy)—"He has his mother's eyes."

Mother—"And his father's mouth."

Child—"And his brother's trousers."—*Tit-Bits.*

Lively Goods.—Several salesladies, between the ages of 23-35, with a pleasing personality who have had experience selling boys in juvenile furnishings.—*Ad in the Chicago News.*

Crabbing His Stuff.—Young Lady—"Your novel has a charming ending."

Author—"What do you think of the opening chapters?"

Young Lady—"I have not got to them yet!"—*Merry Magazine.*

Enough's as Good as a Feast.—War Department announces that a man, no matter how far he may fall through space, can not fall faster than 118 miles an hour. Well, not being much of a speed fiend that would be plenty fast enough for us, but it seems as tho something should be done about it for the benefit of those who like to travel fast.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Masculine Martyrs.—Women smokers are blamed by State Forester M. B. Pratt for a large part of the increase in forest, brush and grain fires in California.

"It is a proven fact that women are more careless with their 'stubs' than men," said Pratt. "A man will grind the stub into the bottom of his ear or in some other manner extinguish the light."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Getting By.—Martin Jensen thought he had his full share of good luck when he flew across the Pacific in the Dole races last year, but now he knows that luck is still with him. In company with Bartlett Stephens, Assistant Superintendent of San Francisco's Municipal Airport, Jensen started to make a flight.

The plane speeded down the runway, started upward, careened to one side and nearly crashed, when Jensen seized the dual control, righted the ship and held her aloft.

"Gee whiz, Bart!" Marty yelled, "that's the sloppiest take-off you ever made."

"Me?" replied Stephens. "Hells bells, I thought you were at the controls. I wasn't."—*Wright Engine Builder.*

Clinging Vine.—The bride, if authorized, will be of suspension type.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

How Culture Grows—5.—Who wrote the poem, "Horatius at the Bridge"?

5—John Milton in his "Lays of Ancient Rome."—*Glendale (Cal.) paper.*

Goodies.—
BRIDE AND HUGE CAKE
SERVED AT RECEPTION
—*Ohio State Journal.*

Ouch!—Apply freely. The pain stops like magic! Keep the corn or callous wet for two minutes. Now it's ready to take out. Just start peeling it right off—foot and all.—*Ad in a Cedar Rapids paper.*

Locum Tenens?—In her latest book, the Countess of Oxford and Asquith has Lord Tilbury tell with joy of an "ad" he had seen in a paper: "Wanted, a strong donkey, to do entire work of country clergyman."—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Hollywood Astronomy.—
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Polish, Austrian, Swede or Mex.,
Twinkling with imported sex.
—*Life.*

Surprize Is Right.—Those who have not tasted lemon nog have a delightful surprize in store for them:

½ cup ice water
2 tablespoons sugar
1 or 2 shrdluhrdluhrdluhrdlhrdlhrdlhh
—*Washington Times.*

Place in the Sun.—They were discussing silk stockings.

"They were invented in Queen Elizabeth's time," said the man who knows everything.

"Yes," commented another, "but they weren't discovered till the twentieth century."—*Tit-Bits (London).*

Belated Victory.—Frenchman (sternly, to fellow countryman who has become a naturalized British subject)—"What have you gained by becoming naturalized?"

The Other—"Well, in the first place, you see, I win the battle of Waterloo!"—*From "Artists of the 1890's." By John Rothenstein (Routledge).*

Too Few, Gene.—"Before I do anything else," he told the reporters who found him there, "I wish to say that I do not want any questions asked. There are probably eighty questions each of you want to ask. As there are thirty of you here, that makes 240—too many."—*Tunney story in the Schenectady Union-Star.*

Shake, Stranger!—The caller was young and quite charming.

"If you like," said the young man at the desk, "I'll have your poem submitted to the editor."

"No," she answered positively. "I'll read it aloud to him. I prefer to have the editor submitted to the poem."—*Boston Transcript.*